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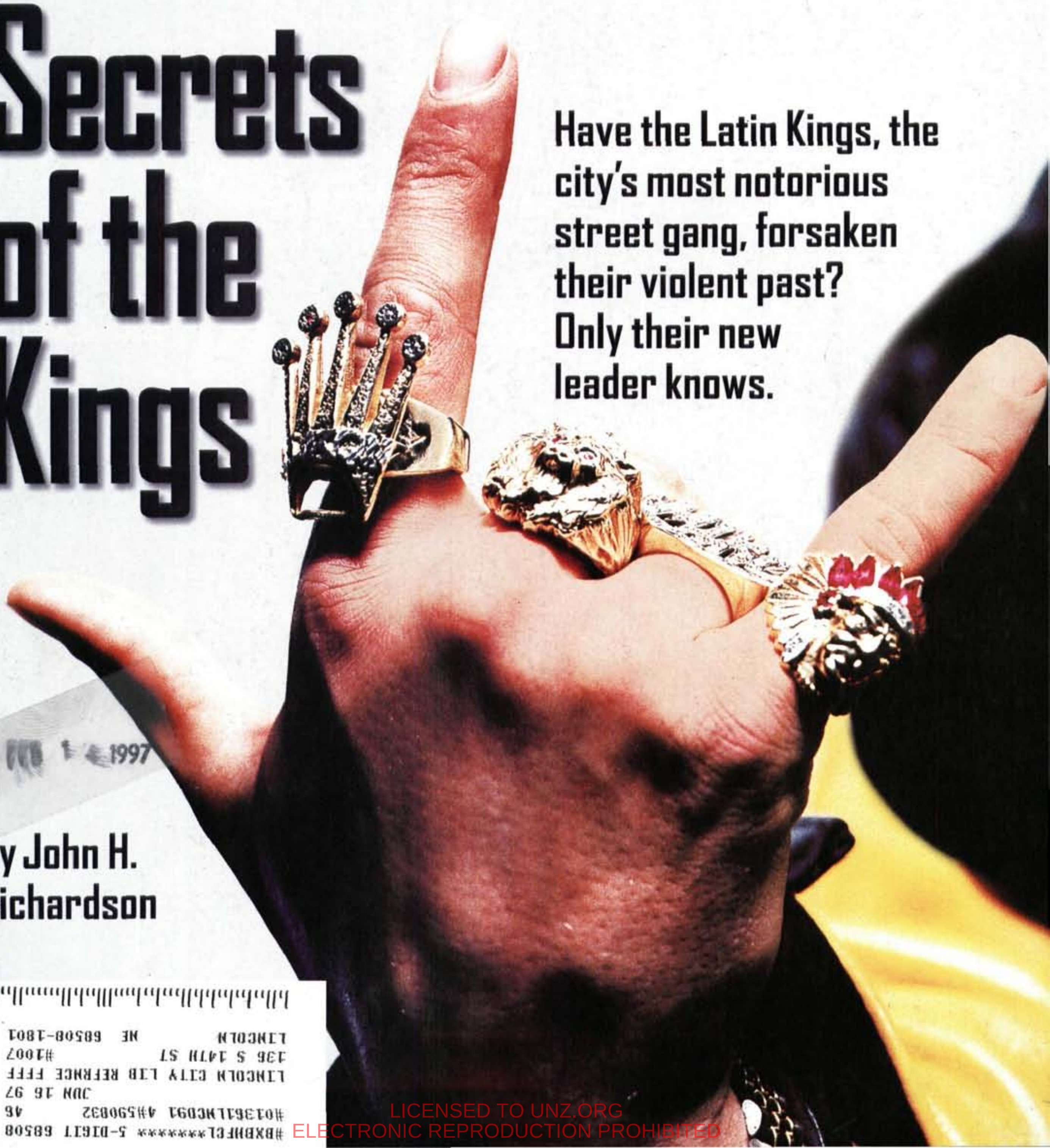
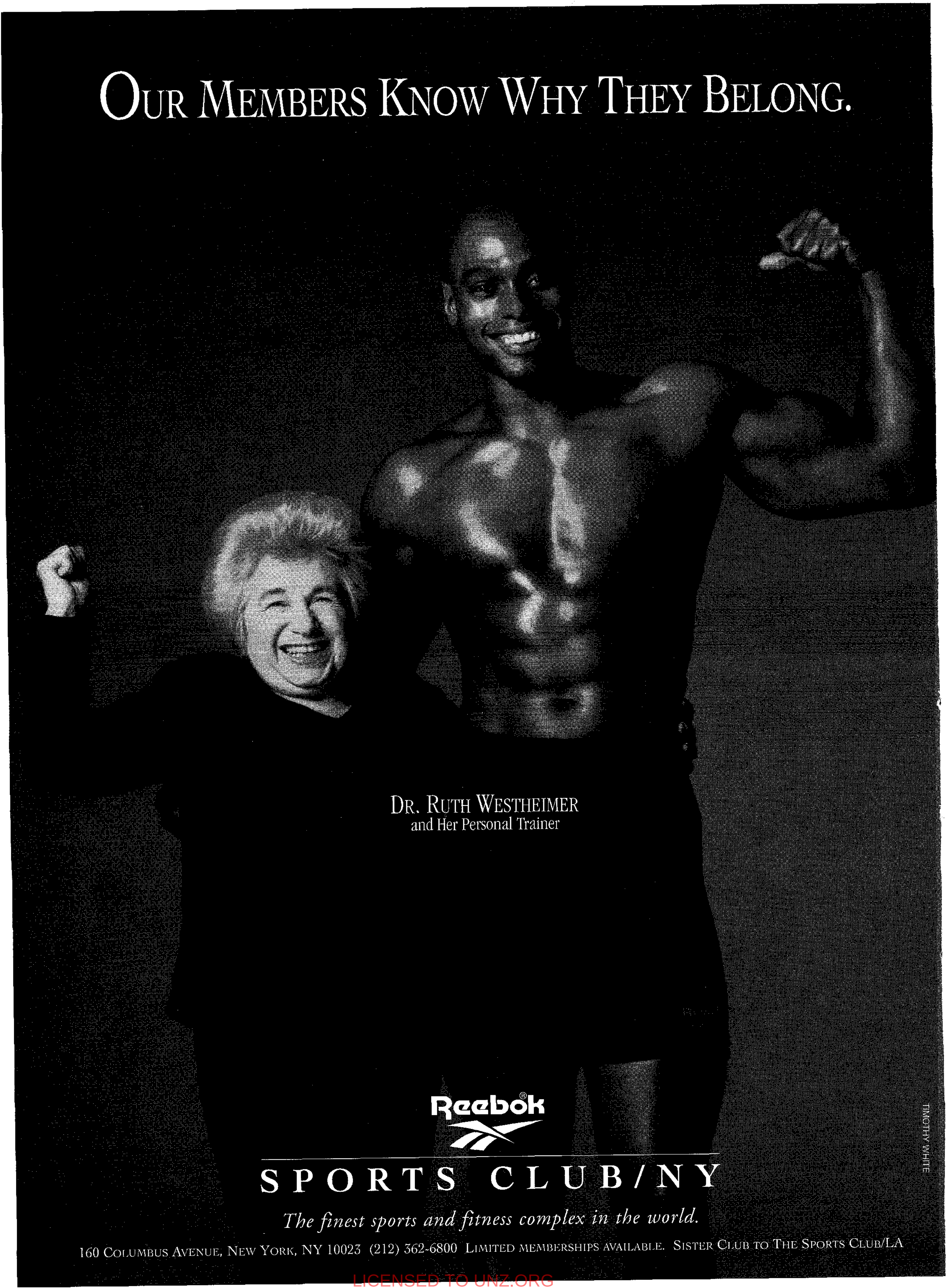


Secrets of the Kings

Have the Latin Kings, the city's most notorious street gang, forsaken their violent past? Only their new leader knows.

FEB 14 1997

By John H. Richardson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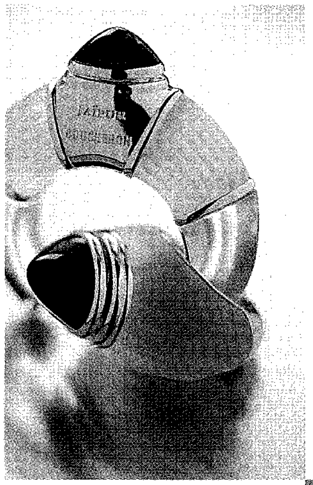

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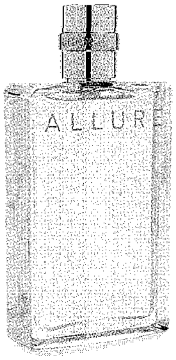

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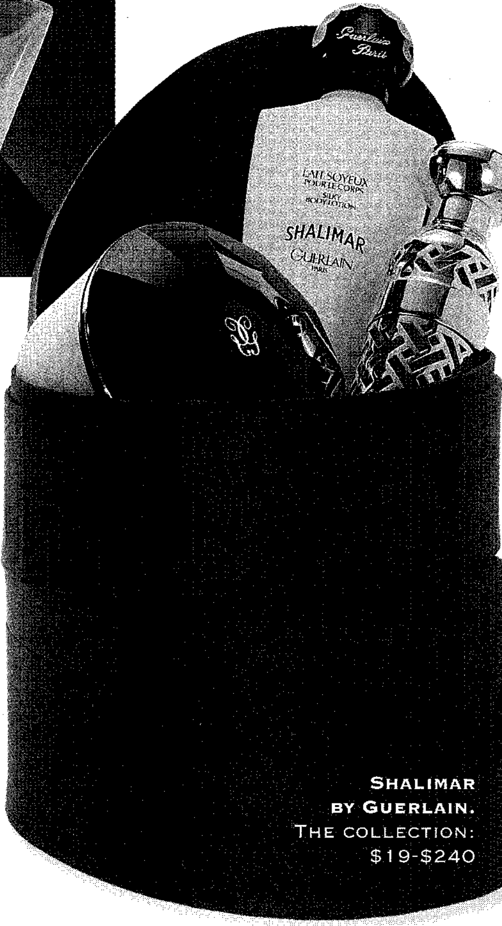

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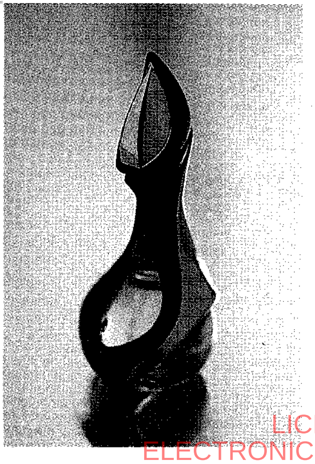

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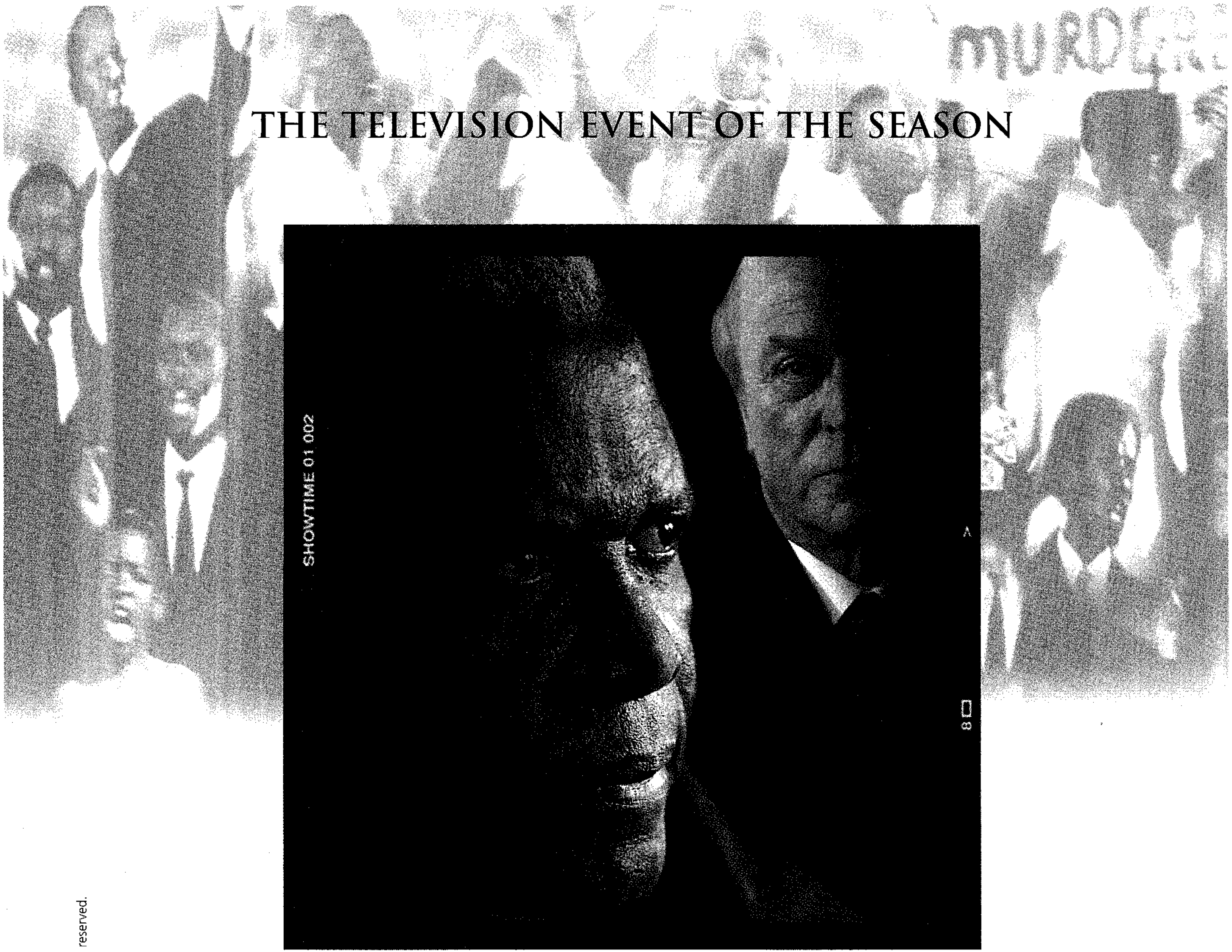

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Contents Feb. 17, 1997

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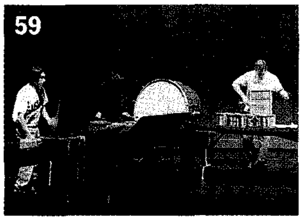

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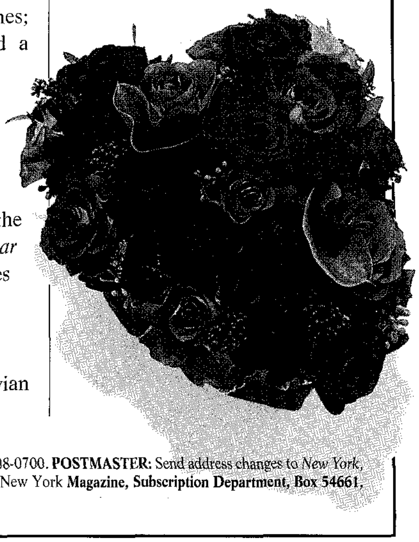

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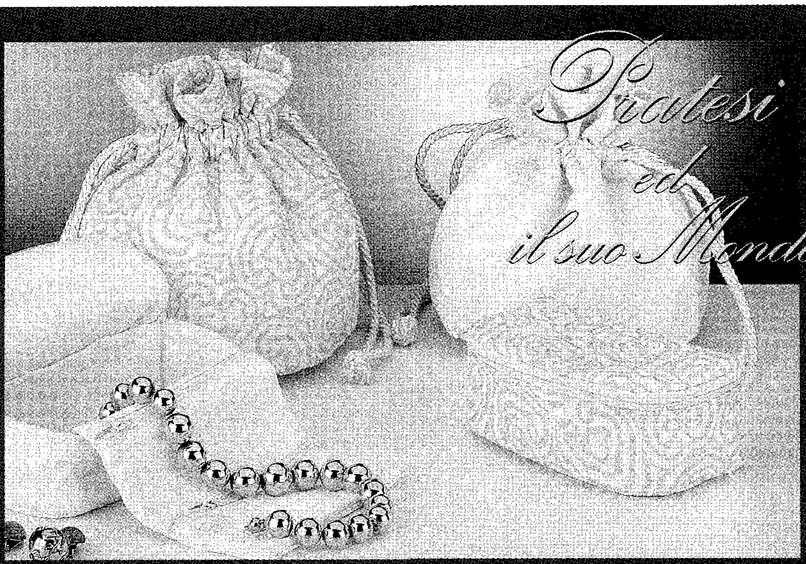

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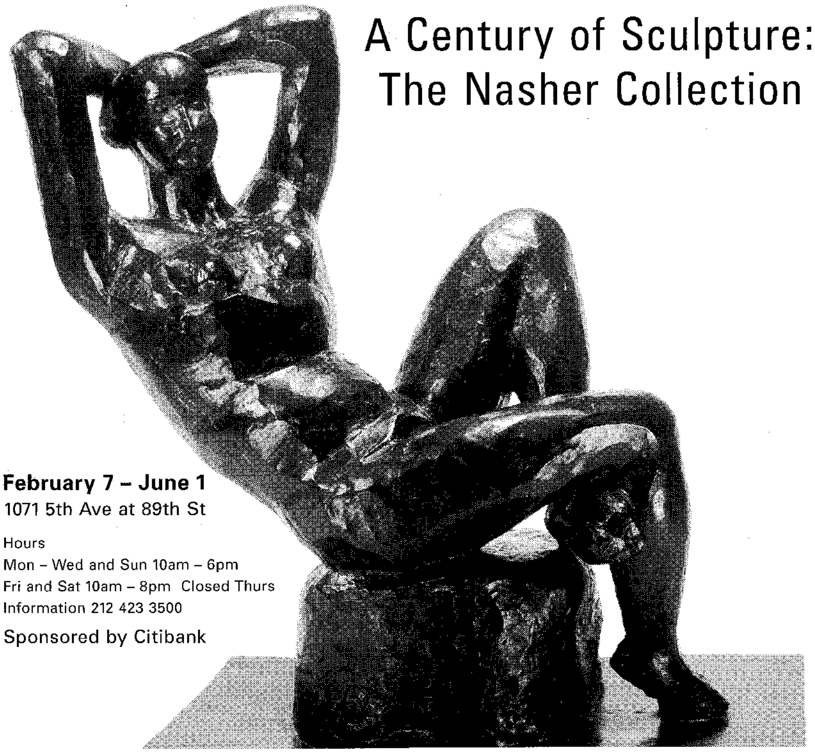

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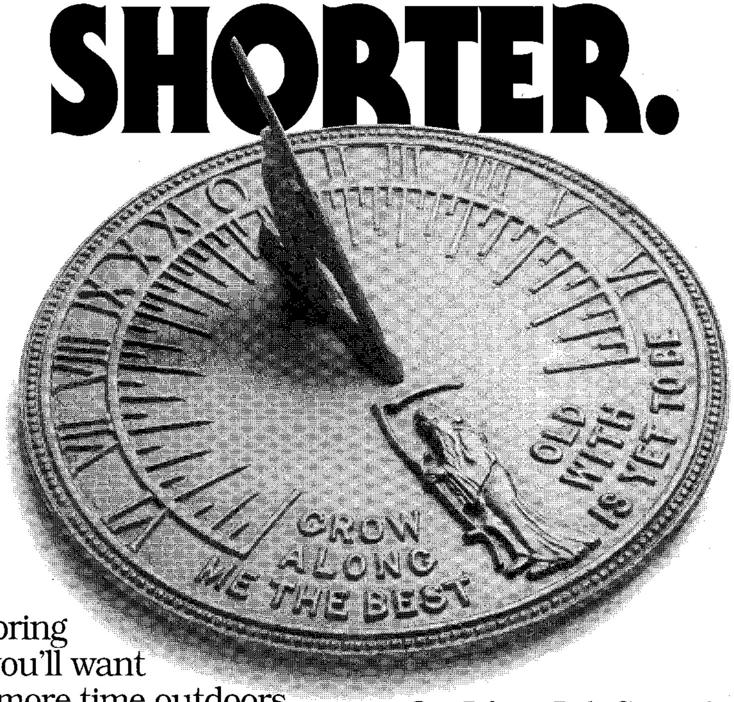

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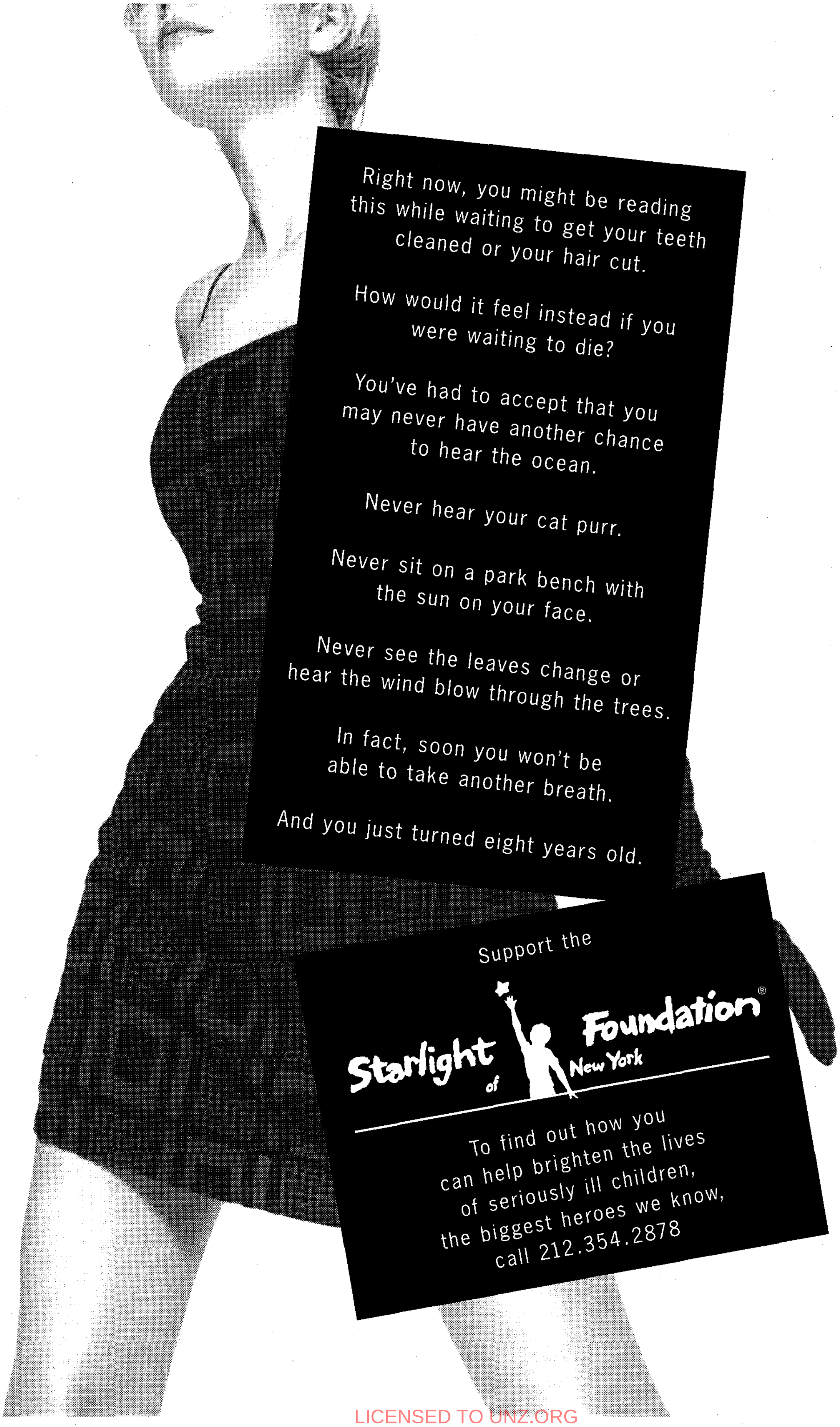

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LETTERS FEBRUARY 17, 1997

Harlem Knights

Who are the good guys in the battle to redevelop 125th Street?; the German émigrés aren't dead yet; unmechanized exercise; John Simon—a head case?

“THE BATTLE FOR THE SOUL OF Harlem” [By Craig Horowitz, January 27] ignored the diversity of opinions, talents, and accomplishments of an embattled community. It credited neither Congressman Charles Rangel for authoring the bill that provided the possibility for federal funding to Harlem nor the hundreds of Harlem community people who volunteered their time to develop the competitive proposal that was the basis for Mr. Rangel's bill.

The Harlem Empowerment Zone was truly a grassroots effort in its inception and initial development. Your story pitted me-generation Buppie wannabe–power brokers against the Harlem rank and file. It inaccurately painted respected community leaders as “old school” politicos who benefit from a blighted Harlem.

It is not ironic that Republicans like Mayor Giuliani and Governor Pataki are taking credit for “opening things up in Harlem.” Facing re-election, they are working hard to create “an environment where things can get done” in the best interest of corporate fat cats.

New Yorkers have a right to expect good jobs and decent neighborhoods. There are thousands of people in Harlem who are working to that end and more.

Ada G. Griffin
MANHATTAN

“THE BATTLE FOR THE SOUL OF HARLEM” was an interesting window on a large area of the city most New Yorkers know little about. It certainly seems self-evident that no one race should try to control an area with a population of almost half a million people, which, if it were a city, would be the country's twenty-second-largest. I agree with Deborah Wright and Van Woods that there is certainly enough good work to be done that anyone interested should be welcomed and cheered, whether black, white, or otherwise.

By the way, your opening paragraph was factually inaccurate. Abyssinian Development Corporation did not rehab the apartment building its offices are in—a white, Jewish developer (my company) did. Another white, Jewish developer lent Abyssinian money to purchase its limited-partnership interest. It is unfortunate that some members of the community still cannot see the value of working together toward a common goal.

Scott Metzner
President, Janus Management
MANHATTAN

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YOUR IN-DEPTH COVER STORY ON HARLEM is just the kind of reporting that used to make me feel I couldn't afford to miss a single issue. Now that the focus of *New York* is once again New York, I've resurrected my subscription. Welcome back.

Eric Marcus
MANHATTAN

Survival Tactics

I RESENT THE “GOTHAM” ARTICLE “TEUtonic Tourists Angle for City's Aging Émigrés” [By Debra Jo Immergut, January 13]. It is a total misrepresentation of the newspaper *Aufbau,* and it is offensive. A Jew can *never* be “Teutonic”! Immergut knew perfectly well, after spending so much time at our offices, that I am *not* the publisher and that the back pages are never filled with obituaries. The *Aufbau* has been in existence for almost 63 years, and it will exist many more years. The article sounds like an obituary—yet *we are alive and kicking.*

Lisa Schwarz
Vice-president, Aufbau
MANHATTAN

YOUR REPORTAGE ON *AUFBAU* BROUGHT back nostalgia galore. In no other newspaper could you read Erich Maria Remarque, Franz Werfel, and Carl Zuckmayer mixed in with recipes for liver dumplings, schnitzel all'Zingara, and Christmas stollen. Only at the Cafe Eclair could you hear heated discussion by Fritz Busch, Alexander Schneider, and Bruno Walter. That was then—the thirties, forties, and fifties. *Auf Wiedersehen!*

James May
LAKE WORTH, FLA.

Exercising Your Potential

THOSE WHO ARE LESS INTERESTED IN KEEPing up with the latest trends than they are in keeping fit [“The Trouble With Gyms,” by Ruth G. Davis, January 20] ought to consider that unglamorous perennial, lap swimming. You can swim well into old age without endangering your joints or your dignity. And unlike running, cycling, or stair-climbing, swimming works both the upper and lower musculature.

David English
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

IN “THE TROUBLE WITH GYMS,” RUTH Davis mentions her positive results with assorted sports, including running. We at the New York Road Runners Club have often referred to our organization as “the cheapest health club in the world.” Running and walking have long been among the best, most economical, and most convenient routes to good health and good shape, and we have 32,000 members to prove it!

Allan Steinfeld
President, N.Y. Road Runners Club
MANHATTAN

Heady Concerns

I HAVE FINALLY FIGURED OUT WHAT AILS John Simon [“Theater: Copping Out,” February 3]. His problem is a mismatched pea-brain and pumpkin-head, the latter being too big for the former, which must cause him a great deal of anxiety. If he were in proportion on the heroic scale, he could be another Butthead (“Uh-huh-huh, he said ‘head’ ”); if he were a properly matched petite, he'd be another Mr. Potatohead. Instead, there is this discomfiting discrepancy, unease with which forces John into a posture of overpuerility.

Gabriele Schafer
BROOKLYN

Corrections Richard's Interior Design (“Handmade Tales,” February 3) does not sell to the trade only. In last week's “The Next Hot Book,” by Eric Konigsberg, Cathy Hemming was misidentified. She is senior vice-president and executive director, Penguin USA. ▬

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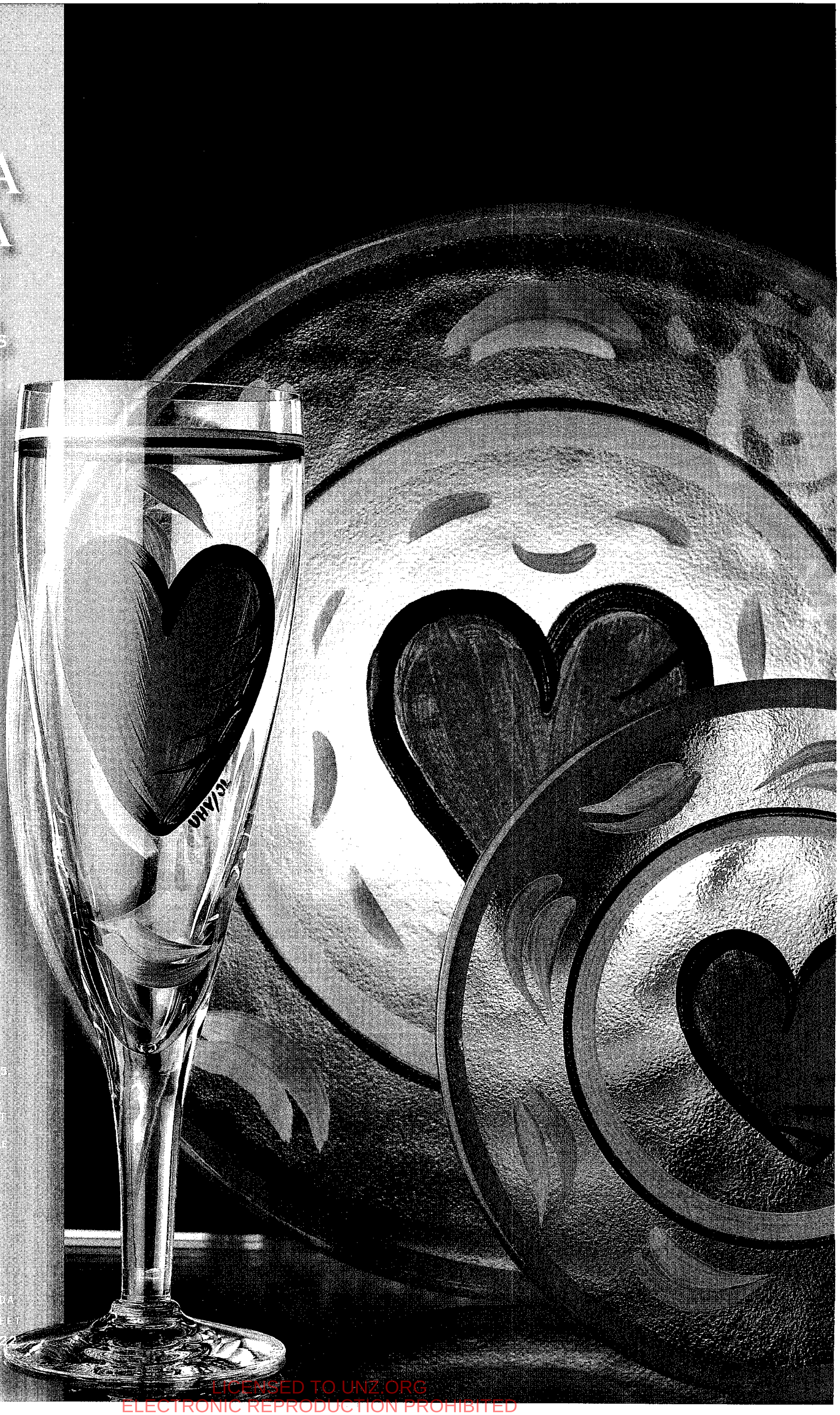

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

The bloom is off the rose for the folks who supply Dean & DeLuca with its exotic bouquets. **John Ackell,** owner of the City Rooster Flower Company, has been operating a flower concession out of the gourmet emporium for the past three and a half years. But after new owners took over D&D last year, Ackell was told that the store wanted a bigger slice of City Rooster's profits. When Ackell declined, manager **Michael McGovern** ordered him to vacate the premises within the week. Ackell claims store attorneys then informed him that equipment he'd bought at his own expense and intended to take back was deemed to be the property of Dean & DeLuca and would stay there. When Ackell showed up at the SoHo shop bearing his receipts for the equipment, D&D staff called the police and threatened him with a trespassing charge. Ackell says he was thrown up against a wall by police before being ejected. "We sell flowers. This isn't the Fulton Fish Market," he protests. McGovern stands by his actions: "Certain items, even though he paid for them, were designed by our designers specifically for this store," he says. "They are part of Dean & DeLuca. We offered to evaluate the fixtures and buy them, but he refused. We're trying to make life easier for him, but he showed up and tried to remove a sink." As both sides pursue legal action, Ackell is focusing on his new client, D&D rival Gourmet Garage. McGovern says Ackell will not be missed. "He is the ultimate child. Just like a baby in a crib—when you take his rattle away, he cries."

HIGH ANXIETY AT THE CFDA

Talk about social climbing: When several designers were forced upstairs to dine in the distinctly unfabulous balcony at last week's gala for the Council of Fashion Designers of America (CFDA), they responded to the snub by stalking out. "People who brought along their own movie star got to sit on the ground floor," snipes designer **Marcia Sherrill,** a CFDA member exiled to the bleachers along with **Victor Alfaro, Jeffrey Banks,** and **Dolce & Gabbana.** The situation was "so adversarial," she says, that the balcony castoffs weren't even allowed to mingle with their friends downstairs. "That annoyed me more than sitting upstairs," adds **Steve Fabrikant,** who says he felt like "a second-class citizen," forlornly watching the revelers below. The aggrieved parties decided to leave and donate their table to some homeless people, says Sherrill, "but the security guard said absolutely not." Instead, eight of the designers walked out and are asking for their $500 back. "We weren't there to have a sit-in or a protest rally. We were there to have a good time," wails glove designer **Carolina Amato,** who did stay for dinner. **Pauline Trigère** didn't. The venerable French-born designer, a CFDA honoree four years ago, claims not to know *where* her seat was. "I wasn't feeling well, and I left," she explains diplomatically, though one source insists she'd been stuck with strangers at an upstairs table. Tacitly admitting that downstairs *was* the more prestigious locale, CFDA president **Stan Herman** points out that it's hard to keep 860 status-obsessed fashionistas happy. "Next year, if there is an upstairs, I'm gonna sit up there," sighs Herman.

Pauline Trigère:
Taking the high road

Johnnie Cochran:
Switch-hitter

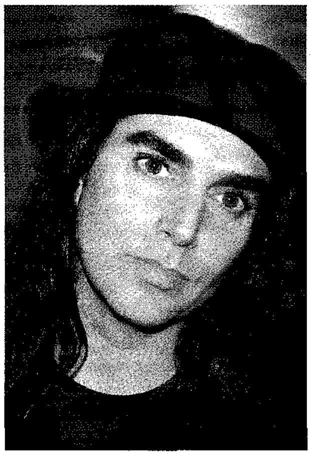
JOHNNIE COCHRAN PLAYS THE FIELD

Johnnie Cochran is nothing if not versatile. The race-baiting Simpson attorney has angered some of his supporters by backing a white Establishment institution that is being accused of racism by a black activist. For six years, Cochran has been representing the University of Southern California in a discrimination lawsuit filed by a former assistant athletic director, **Marvin Cobb.** While working at USC, Cobb came to feel that the university was defrauding many athletes, using them to earn money but not seriously educating them. His protests led to a 1990 lawsuit. During the trial, in 1994, Cobb's attorneys produced a dramatic USC memo suggesting that university employees had considered framing Cobb in a phony drug bust—weirdly foreshadowing the Simpson defense. "When I was watching Johnnie berate **Chris Darden** [during the O.J. trial], I was thinking, *You hypocrite,*" says Cobb. The case will be retried this April, with Cochran's associate **Carl Douglas** representing USC. But Cochran, while calling the memo "reprehensible," says there is more to the Cobb case than meets the eye. "You should not pigeonhole me," he says, pointing out that he will be in L.A. on February 27, trying to get a new trial for former Black Panther **Geronimo Pratt,** his longtime client. "That's the case that drives me, so you see, I haven't changed."

THE BUCK STOPS AT *HOUSE & GARDEN*?

Rumors are flying that **Joan Juliet Buck,** the editor of French *Vogue*, will be jetting back to New York in a few months. Condé Nast insiders

Photographs: top, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; bottom, Rifkin Roxy/Gamma-Liason.



Steven Meisel:
Flying high

Joan Juliet Buck:
Cleaning *House?*

claim that Buck may follow the same circuitous career path taken by **Anna Wintour,** who worked at British *Vogue* before returning to New York, where she bided her time at *HG* until **Grace Mirabella** was fired. Now sources say that the well-regarded Buck seems a likely candidate to replace editor **Dominique Browning** at the embattled *House & Garden* and is also being groomed to be Wintour's successor at *Vogue* someday. "Joan did a fabulous job at Paris *Vogue,*" says one insider, "and she does it with, like, two people." Both Condé Nast and Buck herself deny that she's packing her bags. "I'm terribly happy editing French *Vogue,*" Buck says, "and I ain't going anywhere."

MEISEL'S COSTLY WINTOUR GETAWAY

Is **Steven Meisel** trying to bring back to *Vogue* the kind of excess that cost **André Leon Talley** his job? The painfully peevish photographer hired a small jet to take the short hop down to Miami for a *Vogue* cover shoot. An extravagant expense? "Anna just loves those covers with daylight background," says a magazine insider of the editrix whose reluctance to expose her jaded eyes to daylight (or night light, for that matter) is rivaled only by Meisel's. "She has been yelling at people to reduce expenditures like limos and ultra-deluxe hotels, but for a cover, she will not cut corners," says *Vogue* spokesman **Paul Wilmot.** "They go down to Miami for the light. Steven and the crew take a little Lear you can't even stand up in. They pile the models, stylists, and assistants in and do a one-day turnaround. They don't even stay the night. It's actually cheaper this way, about $3,000 each way. Do the math." We did. According to representatives at both Air Charters, Inc., and Summit Aviation, the cheapest existing charters to Miami run from $8,000 to $9,000 round-trip, for a jet out of Teterboro Airport that comfortably seats six but could squeeze in as many as eight passengers. With fares to Miami easily obtainable for under $300 round-trip ($426 round-trip for a first-class seat on Pan Am). It would take a pretty hefty hotel bill to make up the difference. Maybe someone should invest in a calculator.

STARS TURN OUT FOR SAGAN; CROSS FIRE

JETTING TO CAMBODIA: Society's newest hot spot? Cambodia. **Don Hewitt,** the *60 Minutes* producer, went there over Christmas with his wife, the writer **Marilyn Berger,** and **Ahmet** and **Mica Ertegun.** They met up in Phnom Penh with **Penny Marshall** and **Jane Wenner,** who'd taken **Jann Wenner's** plane. Not to be outdone, Wenner and boyfriend **Matt Nye** flew there last week. Trekking over shortly: **Henry** and **Louise Grunwald, Saul** and **Gayfryd Steinberg,** and **Abe Rosenthal** and **Shirley Lord.**

BIMBOS AND BUCKLEYS: The newly aggressive publishing house Little, Brown & Co.—which paid **Paula Barbieri** $3 million for her book—has just hooked another big fish. Editorial director **Fredrica Friedman** got **William F. Buckley's** new novel, a book about Joe McCarthy and the fifties. "I think we will have our *All the King's Men,*" says Friedman.

COVERING ALL BASES: Here's how bad things are at Empire Blue Cross and Blue Shield, the health-insurance company that got walloped with a $1.1 million New York State fine last year. Even **Philip Briggs,** an executive brought in to save the company after a scandal three years ago, isn't covered on the Blue Cross health plan. He's still covered by his old employer, Metropolitan Life.

IN MEMORIAM: The memorial for the late astronomer **Carl Sagan** is drawing a star-studded lineup of guest speakers. Among the long list of notables who will be eulogizing Sagan on February 27 at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine: Vice-President **Al Gore** and Harvard's **Stephen Jay Gould.**

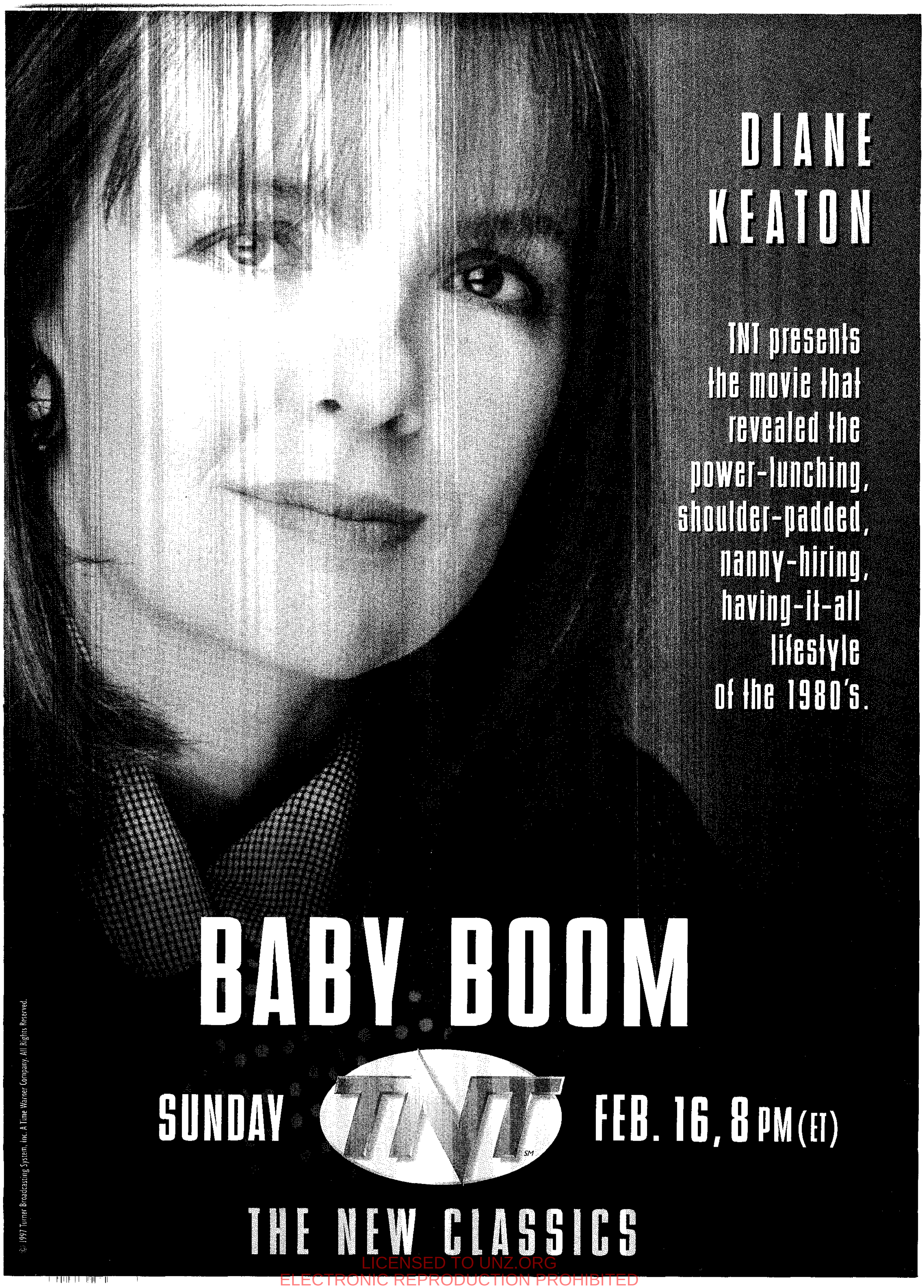
Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Zoe Wolff.

Carol Shaya:
Busted again

SHAYA'S SAPPHIC SCENARIO

Fired NYPD officer and *Playboy* centerfold **Carol Shaya** can add another job to her résumé—actress. This month, Shaya begins filming her first film, *Silent Prey,* a thriller in which she plays the role of, yes, a cop, who goes undercover in a Catholic girls' school. Once there, Shaya's character encounters Jennifer, a sexy lesbian who successfully seduces her. Shaya has final approval on the actress who will play Jennifer but has decided to call for a little help with her casting duties. The defrocked cop plans to appear on **Howard Stern's** radio show for an on-air, in-studio casting call. In return, Stern will be rewarded not only with the sight of dozens of eager lesbian wannabes but also with the "additional casting" credit on the film that the producers have offered. Apparently, engaging in a same-sex seduction won't be much of a stretch for Shaya. In response to rumors that she is gay, the married thespian responds, "I'm just open. I don't have any hang-ups. Who cares?" One person who might care is Shaya's co-star and "very close friend" **Jaid Barrymore,** whom sources spotted recently at Jet Lounge engaged in a steamy lip-lock with another woman. Unfortunately, Barrymore won't get to use any of her after-dark experiences on the set. Along with Mayflower Madam **Sidney Biddle Barrows,** she portrays one of the school's nuns.

Photographs: clockwise from bottom left, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Gerardo Somoza/Outline; Bill Davila/ Retna.



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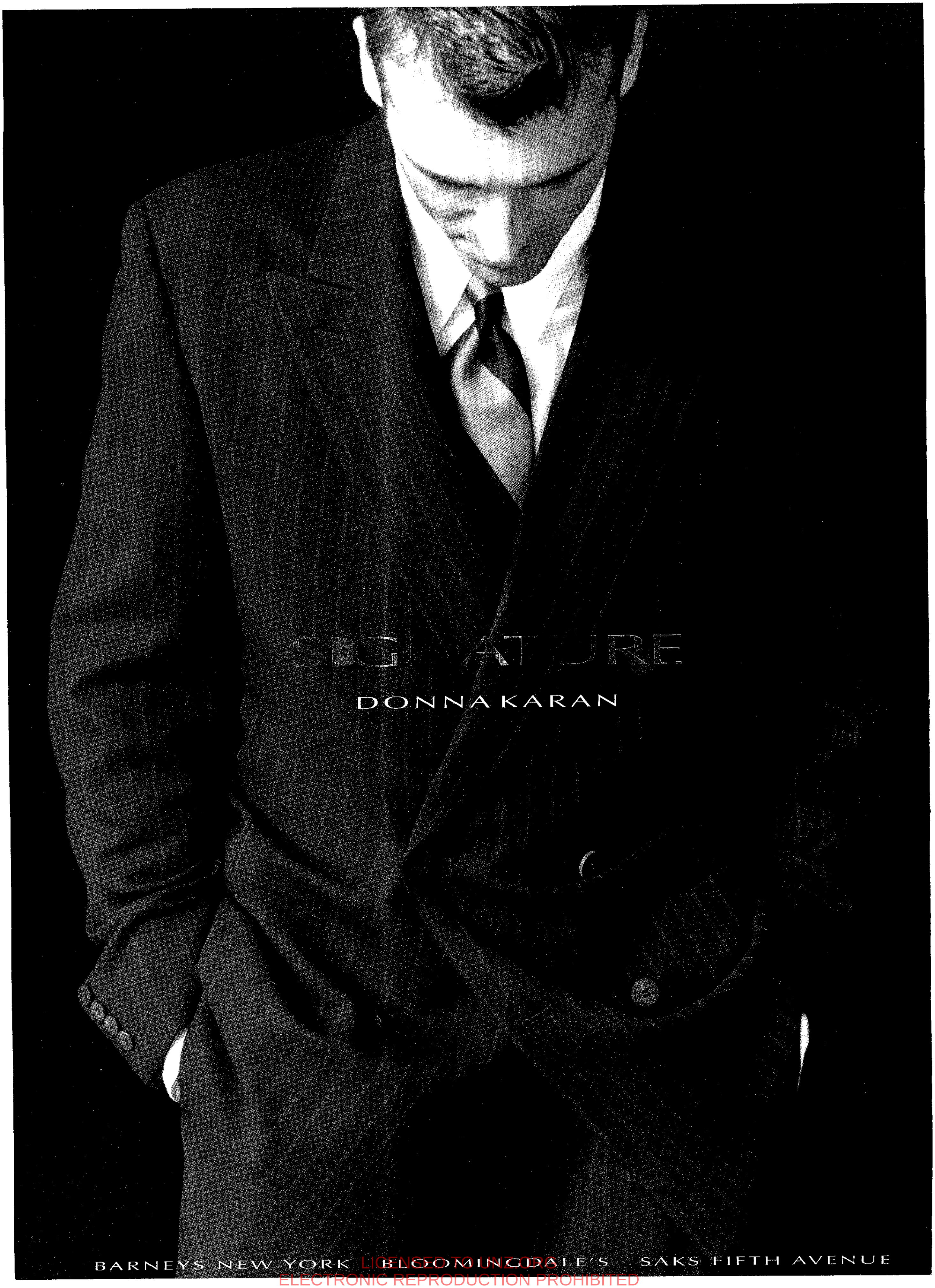
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BARNEYS NEW YORK
BLOOMINGDALE'S
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

GOTHAM

. . . a savage city, yet it had such tenderness—*Thomas Wolfe*

The Bar Scene

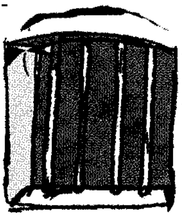
INMATE QUALITY OF LIFE CAN BE A HARD CELL

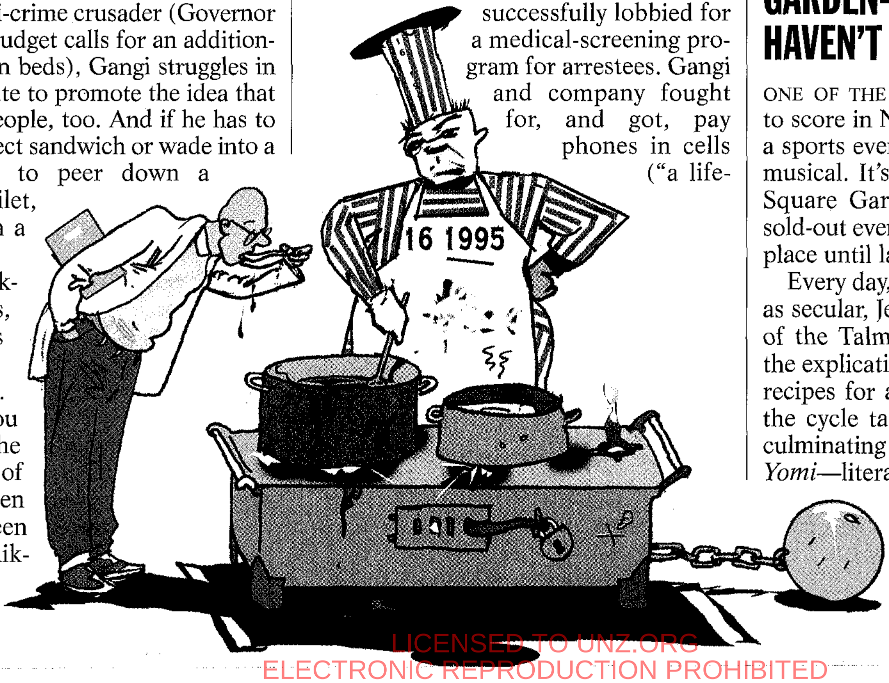
When there's a rumor of rotten bologna in the Brooklyn court pens, Robert Gangi is on the case. During a recent visit to the women's section of the borough's byzantine pretrial corrections facility, Gangi heard complaints of tainted meat and immediately requested a bologna sandwich. A staff member fetched one, and Gangi, ever fearless, took a bite. He grimaced. The verdict: deeply unappetizing—but not rotten.

Taste-testing jailhouse cuisine may not be the toughest part of Gangi's job as executive director of the Correctional Association of New York, but none of it is easy. While most New Yorkers take comfort in the plummeting crime rate, Gangi focuses on the flip side. Along with members of the nonprofit association's board, he works to improve conditions in jails and prisons filled to overflowing lately with the transient catch from the crackdown on "quality of life" criminals. As politicians compete for the title of most aggressive anti-crime crusader (Governor Pataki's new budget calls for an additional 7,000 prison beds), Gangi struggles in a hostile climate to promote the idea that inmates are people, too. And if he has to sample a suspect sandwich or wade into a crowded cell to peer down a clogged toilet, well, it's all in a day's work.

At the Brooklyn court pens, Gangi banters easily with a motley crowd. "When did you get here?" he asks a group of "jail cases," men who have been bused from Rikers Island for court appearances. Some were taken from their cells as early as 4 A.M., only to be sent back that night having never seen a judge. Even before they've been arraigned, the detainees—many of them picked up on minor charges such as loitering or peddling—may spend hours or in some cases days in packed cells with filthy toilets or vermin. "They're among life's losers," Gangi says of the court-pen inmates. "They're lying on the ground, and we seem to be giving them another kick."

Founded in 1844 by a group of prominent locals outraged by conditions in prisons like Sing-Sing (now the Ossining Correctional Facility), the Correctional Association maintains a friendly if adversarial relationship with New York City's prison bureaucracy. When the city experienced a rise in TB cases that threatened the prison population in the early nineties, the association successfully lobbied for a medical-screening program for arrestees. Gangi and company fought for, and got, pay phones in cells ("a lifeline to the outside world," says Gangi) and, more recently, floor mats for pregnant women.





"We find a pretty good middle ground with them," says Michael Jacobson, commissioner of the city's Department of Correction. "A lot of the stuff they'd like to see fixed tomorrow I'd also like to see fixed tomorrow. But it's not always going to happen."

Gangi, who is 52, grew up in Flatbush and cut his political teeth as a grassroots community activist. He knows he represents a constituency that scores low on the public-empathy meter. "Some people think I'm a bleeding heart stuck in the 1960s," he concedes. But as increasing numbers of people are arrested on lightweight charges, he says, "it's much more possible that the 'There, but for the grace of God' response really is on the mark." Gangi likes to quote W. H. Auden: "And the public know what all schoolchildren learn / Those to whom evil is done do evil in return."

Currently, the Correctional Association is campaigning to speed court-case processing. Leading the charge is Gangi, whom Jacobson, in a recent speech, good-naturedly called "a royal pain in the ass."

"I took that as high praise," Gangi says.

Debra Jo Immergut

Religion

GARDEN-PARTY HOPEFULS HAVEN'T GOT A PRAYER

One of the toughest pairs of tickets to score in New York these days isn't for a sports event, a concert, or a Broadway musical. It's for a gathering at Madison Square Garden to read the Talmud, a sold-out event that isn't scheduled to take place until late September.

Every day, groups of observant, as well as secular, Jews gather to study a section of the Talmud—oral law ranging from the explication of complex legal issues to recipes for aphrodisiacs. Start to finish, the cycle takes seven and a half years, culminating with *Siyum Hashas* of *Daf Yomi*—literally, "completion of the daily folio of Talmud study"—a kind of study hall–cum–celebration held in cities around the world beginning in 1923.

The trouble began last month when Agudath Israel of America, the Manhattan-based group organizing the September 28 event, announced that while tickets were not slated to go on sale until February 3, some would be available immediately to study participants via a toll-free hot line. The phones began ringing nonstop, logging thousands of reservations daily. Agudath Israel—which had booked both the main arena of the Garden and its smaller Theater—quickly sold out the 25,600 seats and stopped taking orders.

HAS OF THE DAF YOMI

Seven-and-a-half-year itch: The Garden in 1990.

But the requests continued to pour in. Some of the organizers converged on the Brookdale Senior Center in Flatbush to figure out how tens of thousands of their co-religionists could participate in the September *Siyum*.

Every arena, stadium, and armory within the tri-state area was considered for the overflow crowd from the Garden. (Similar celebrations are slated for Tel Aviv, Montreal, Los Angeles, Toronto, Chicago, Cleveland, and Baltimore, the anticipated 70,000 participants being the largest Jewish gathering since antiquity, the group claims.) There will also be a global satellite link from the Garden.

At one point, Shea Stadium seemed the likely victor, but Agudath Israel's head, Rabbi Moshe Sherer, overruled the idea, citing the chances of bad weather: "I know of many prayers to bring rain, but I know of none to stop it," he said.

In the end, the group decided on the Nassau Coliseum, which will provide about 18,000 more seats; they are selling out, too. Prices range from $18 in the nosebleed sections of the arenas to $5,000 for a pair of exclusive orchestra seats and access to special celebration-related activities.

The Flatbush committee members—many of them Eastern Europeans with Yiddish accents, wearing black hats and beards—also hashed out the complexities of accommodating a diverse Hasidic and Orthodox crowd (men and women in separate sections, please), including whether there would be kosher concession stands and where to park scores of school buses certain to jam the area for the gathering.

Since the program's last cycle, participation has more than tripled, according to the organizers, though precise figures are hard to come by. The Talmud may be ancient, but its devotees use the most up-to-date learning tools. On the Internet, nontraditional students can access a streamlined version of the daily lesson, available in multiple languages, without ever making themselves known to the head counters. "Dial-a-*Daf*," an $8-a-month service based in Brooklyn, provides similar lessons over the phone to tens of thousands more, according to its founder, Rabbi Eli Teitelbaum; tapes of its telephone lectures are used by commuters.

"Conventional wisdom has it that success is sweet," said Yitzi Parzen, an accountant who attended the Flatbush meeting. "Success can also be one heck of a nightmare." BINYAMIN L. JOLKOVSKY

Immodest proposals: The Bloomgardens of SoHo.

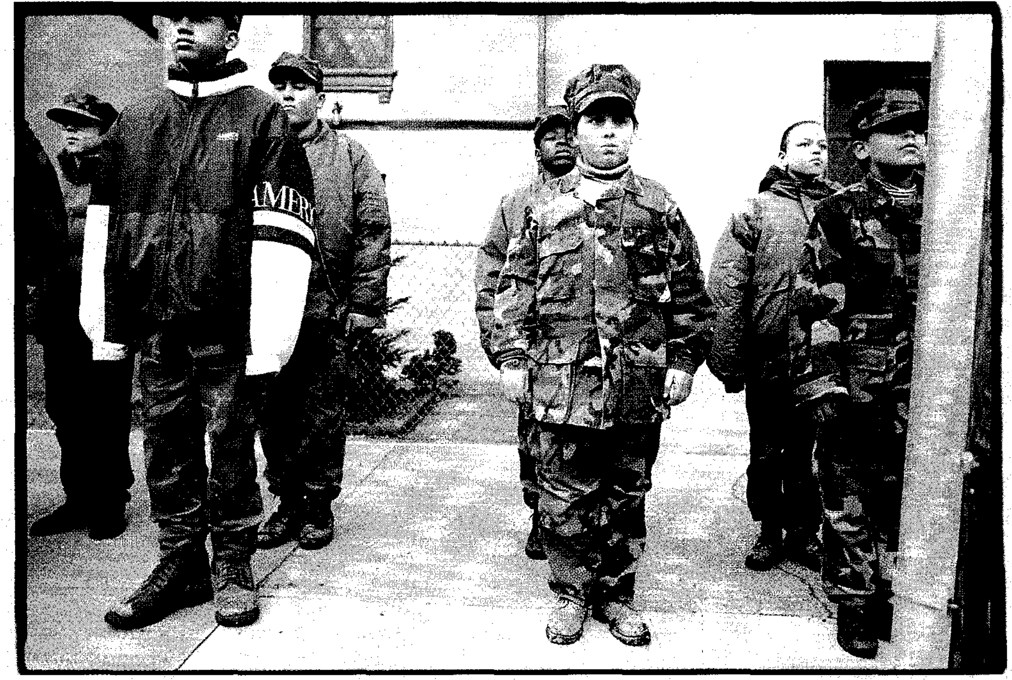
SoHo

PREMISES, PREMISES: WHERE LOVE IS APROPOS

LUCETTE BLOOMGARDEN APPROACHED THE Art Deco etched-glass doors to the inner sanctum of Belenky Brothers. The sixth-generation family-owned jewelry-and-contemporary-art gallery now run by Lucette with her husband, David, and her son Seth recently moved to SoHo from its old-school-diamond-district locale on Canal Street, where TV's *Law & Order* often made use of its vintage dark-wood décor. Its insider reputation for quality diamonds had always attracted engagement-ring seekers, but recently, something about the new space on Wooster Street, designed by the Bloomgardens and suffused with a magical, museum-like ambience, has prompted a rash of customers to spontaneously propose marriage—right there on the premises.

"There's an aura about this place that existed prior to our moving into it," said Lucette, an energetic mother of three sporting

SHOT



Marine cadets, 91st Street, Woodhaven, 3:50 P.M., February 1, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

Photographs: top left, George Kalinsky/Major League Graphics; top right, Andrew Goldberg.

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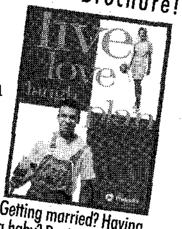

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a fair bit of gold herself. Her friendly reach extends from SoHo to her own cable-TV show, *Meet Your Neighbors.*

"Last Saturday, a man walked in this very room," she said, extending an arm. A painting of two plum-colored nudes covered one wall. "He said, 'This place is so romantic, so beautiful,' that he got down on one knee *right here.* We took pictures and got out the champagne. Everyone applauded."

Belenky Brothers even offers advice on how to pop the question. In fact, a promise to tell the play-by-play is often a requirement for purchase. "We're writing a book," Lucette said, smiling. One young man was going to propose in Cancun while out to dinner with her parents along. "I said, '*No!* Take her to the pyramids and bring champagne glasses in your backpack.' He thanked me later."

A young couple milled around, holding hands and pointing inside the rectangular shadow boxes displaying gems. "Another customer stood right by that *Samson and Delilah,*" Lucette continued, keeping an eye on the couple. She leaned in, whispering conspiratorially, "Single women have said to me, 'I'm going to hang out in here.' " Not a bad idea: Belenky Brothers's regular patrons have included celebrity athletes, CEOs, actors, even royalty.

People ask whether the artists mind being exhibited along with the jewels. Lucette offered politely, "You know, because artists are such purists." But that mix is the heart of the gallery, its Gestalt, as Lucette puts it. A recent showing that included abstract interpretations of the goddess Inanna's 50-orgasm capability and brown- and gold-skinned lovers reclining on a red bedspread (from the current "Latin Lovers" exhibit, timed for Valentine's Day) doesn't hurt the mood, either. Not every customer responds to such art. Then again, "other people, and it tends to be French guys," said Seth, "get it just like *that.*" SARAH BERNARD

FIELD MEMO

Blaming the Messinger

'Wake up, sleepyheads!" Nathan Lane is standing before a crowd at Ruth Messinger's first big hotel fund-raiser. The master of ceremonies is flustered. For some reason, the house lights are on. There's no music. Some 500 diners have been eating in eerie quiet.

It's the close of a long night of difficulties that begin when the other celebrity speaker, Harry Belafonte, forgets to introduce Messinger, then trots back to the stage and brings her on. Looking down upon her supporters, the candidate beams. "Sounds like you're ready for a new mayor!" she says.

But not everyone is so sure. A roomful of liberal Democrats watches anxiously, hoping Ruth will say the words, craft the clever mantra that can at last explain why Rudy must go. What she delivers instead is the latest in a series of speeches aimed at softening her lefty image. This symbol of liberal activism recently told an audience that the most important lessons she'd learned about politics came from driving around a car full of children ("A mother learns to pull over and say, 'I don't care who started it, just cut it out!' "). Tonight, she'll take the makeover a step further, morphing her beliefs (which are liberal) into "values" (which are universal).

The B.P. (Messinger) with the M.C. (Lane).

"The truth is, values *do* matter. And the most important value we need coming from City Hall is the value of community—to get New Yorkers to start pulling together and stop pulling apart." New York's leaders, she says, need "partnership, not partisanship;" "collaboration, not confrontation;" "consensus-building not opponent-bashing."

The audience responds to this fog of buzzwords with weak applause. Only when Messinger brands Giuliani's education record "a disgrace" does she manage to stir the crowd.

Messinger may need the political makeover she's pursuing, but she seems to miss the call of her followers tonight: Build the case against the mayor. Tell us why it's wrong to admire his accomplishments. Appeal to our liberal consciences. Play on our guilt for admiring him. Probably no one is better able to make that case than this veteran warrior for neighborhoods and civil liberties. Instead, her speech concludes with a vague call to a "new course for the future," before giving way to dinner. By the time Nathan Lane returns to wake things up, it's too late. The crowd clears out before dessert. Even the candidate leaves early. The event will not make the papers the next day. The dinner may not have quickened anyone's pulse, but it did raise half a million dollars.

Two days later, David Dinkins will announce that he may run for mayor, calling Giuliani "a bully" who "doesn't have the heart to be mayor." He'll frame the election as a choice between good and evil. He'll imply that the challengers have failed so far to make their case. And no one will need to shout, "Wake up!" ANDREW KIRTZMAN

Passages

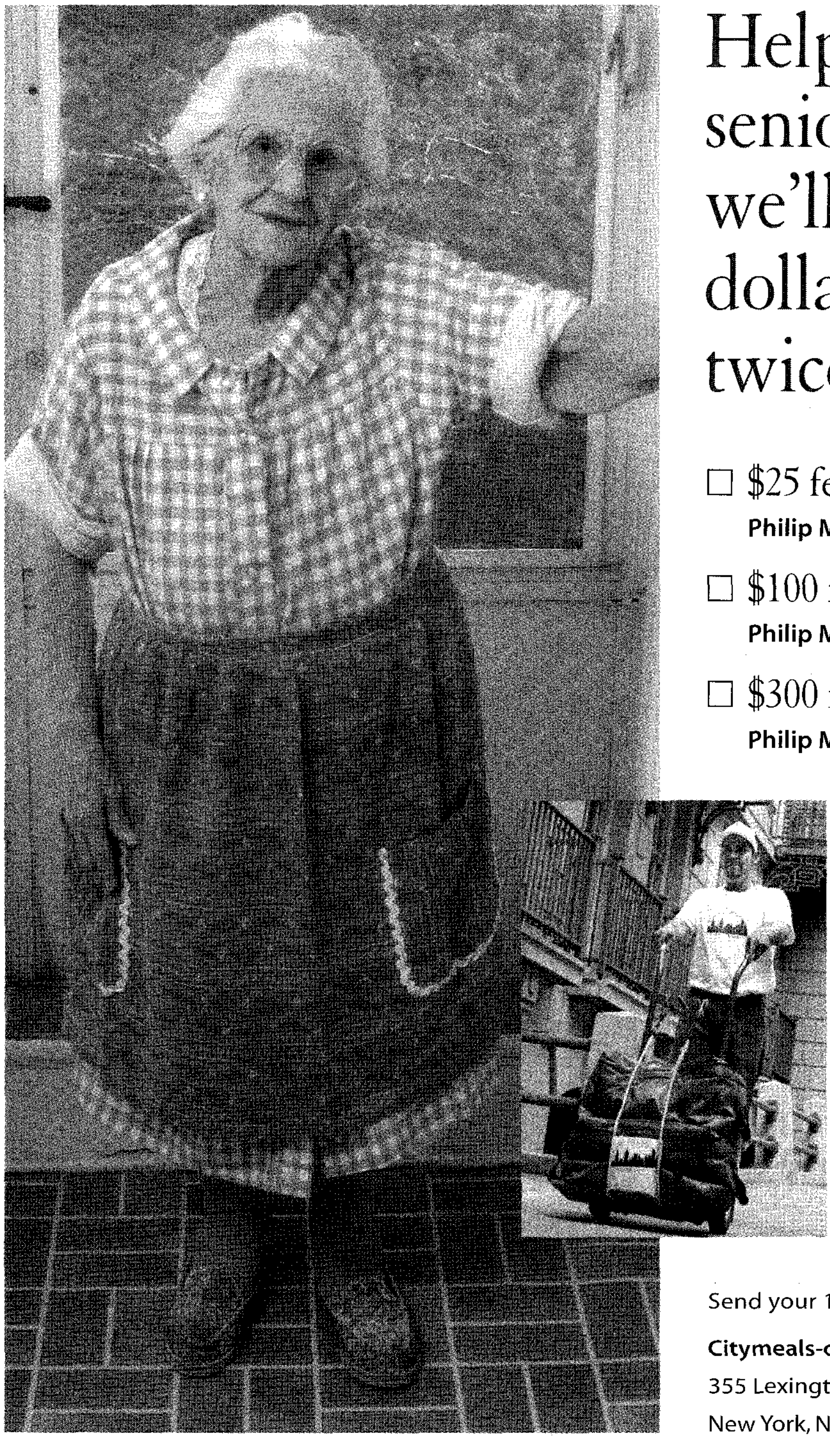
FRINGE FLACK FLIPS OUT, IN LOVE AND ERIE-BOUND

ATTENTION, ALL MEDIA: BRUCE LYNN JUST left New York and is missed—no, really. For nearly a decade, the irritable publicist epitomized self-made, low-budget chutzpa. Like a small-change riff on *The Sweet Smell of Success,* he was relentlessly pushing fringe movies and glitzy, outrageous nightclubs most publicists wouldn't be caught dead hanging out in, let alone promoting. Puffing on a cigarette as he set up photo ops, chattering away in his gravelly Harvey Fierstein voice, Lynn was a New York original, an extreme case who generally greeted you rubbing his forehead and moaning, "Don't ask." To the press, Lynn was mostly double trouble. Flacking such bizarre indies as *The Search for One-Eye Jimmy* and *Glory Daze,* Lynn was his own messenger, dropping off videos at your door via Pathfinder van and concur-

THE SKINNY

THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO REPRINT Their TV news divisions may be spending lots of money to advertise their superiority, but at NBC and Fox, the giant 24-hour news tickers that adorn both buildings are running exactly the same stories at exactly the same time, just as they come off the Associated Press wire service. "News is news," said the *Today* show's manager. "Whether it's Tom Brokaw or Dan Rather, it's the same news." Fox News's director of production agreed. "It's not a competitive thing at all," he said.

Photographs: left, Chrystie Sherman; right, Photofest.



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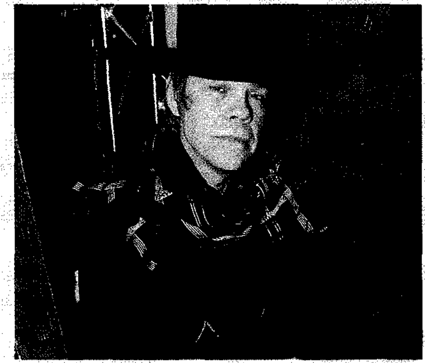
THE SCENE

Men Make the Clothes

At the men's fall '97 fashion shows, and at parties around town.

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

Above left, Rod Parker and Ivana Trump-Mazucchelli explore DreamShop, Time Warner's new Website. Above, Pauline Trigère and Nicole Miller at the CFDA annual awards gala.



Clockwise from above: David Johansen backstage at the fashion show for New Republic clothiers; at Judy Green's party for Esther Williams, the guest of honor with Connie Stevens; John Waters and Skeet Ulrich at the supper party following the New York premiere of Paul Schrader's *Touch;* Mikhail Baryshnikov, Massimo Mamberti, and Lauren Hutton at the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the 1997 Michelangelo Shoe Awards; models at the Joe Boxer Fashion Show, part of Men's Fall '97 Fashion Week; Vendela and Claudia Schiffer at the Victoria's Secret Spring Revelations Fashion Show, held at the Plaza Hotel.

rently doing damage control for nightlife czar Peter Gatien. In his prime, Lynn worked Mars and Limelight and the Palladium, and he'd almost made people care again about Barbara Eden and Donna Douglas.

Lynn's last stunt was his own farewell party in the Palladium's Mike Todd Room, where, sad to report, the photo ops proved to be pretty scarce. Due to the cold, maybe, and the short notice, maybe, and the belief, maybe, that Lynn couldn't really be leaving the city he seemed as intrinsic to as Disney Stores and sinkholes—not for Erie, Pennsylvania, anyway—only about ten people showed.

At least they were all choice. There was renegade director Monika Treut, who told me, "*Evita* celebrated fascism. To you it was just a Christian Dior commercial?" There were Scott and Barbara Siegel, who've written books like *Jack Nicholson: The Unauthorized Biography*. Actor Maxwell Caulfield didn't make it ("He said his roommate erased the message," the guest of honor explained later), but there were some of the faithful press crowd he'd so often lured to the arcane corners of the culture he was forever begging us to peer into.

Now Lynn has fled with his two Labs (one of whom had to have a leg amputated after a car accident). He insists Gatien's "unfortunate situation" has nothing to do with it. It's just that his lease ran out; he likes Erie's low rents, quiet pace, and cable channels ("I live for TV Land!"); and he found a Pennsylvanian boyfriend—an information operator named Bob Burford.

"He's blond, blue-eyed, all-American white bread," exults Lynn, giving the 411. "He's 27, which does a lot for my metabolism and my karma." Oh, he's also a part-time drag queen who was recently crowned Miss Erie, but Lynn says, "I'm not killing myself to see him in drag. I just roll my eyes."

Looking back, he got misty-eyed recalling the opening night of Pulse, "when Robert Downey Jr. walked in coked out of his mind, said 'No way,' and walked right out. Dean Stockwell was the host—the nastiest person I ever dealt with. Every time I went over to him, there were daggers in his eyes. But Rain Pryor was a joy."

And? "I got to work with Amanda Donohoe on *Dark Obsession*!"

Lynn will still do non-club publicity (long-distance, he's handling an all-black *Godspell* and a Richard Lewis movie called *Drunks*). "I've always been a guerrilla kamikaze publicist," he says, "refusing to do things by the book."

He pauses to scream at his dog: "Thank you, Butch, for breaking my computer!" With only three legs? Don't ask.

MICHAEL MUSTO

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THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

A Bite Out of Crime

Freddy Ferrer launched his mayoral bid by going after Rudy on the most improbable issue—crime. Can the Democrats find convincing ways to make such attacks stick?

A COUPLE OF MONDAYS AGO, Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer bounced up to a lectern in a ballroom at the Waldorf-Astoria to announce that he was running for mayor. It was typical of such affairs, which is to say that there was the throng of supporters, the handful of friendly pols on display, and the speech laying out the broad themes and evoking the sympathetic image of one man's rise from poverty to (potential) glory.

Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer thinks City Hall is within his reach.

There being no real advantage in it, politicians usually refrain from saying anything genuinely interesting on these occasions. But Ferrer broke that mold when he brought out some illuminating crime statistics. Yes, we applaud what Rudy Giuliani's done on crime, he said, but there are certain numbers he's not sharing with you, and in fact, from 1995 to 1996, homicides actually increased in 28 of the city's 76 precincts, and rape went up in 32.

One was forced, at least, to admire Ferrer's spunk. Attacking the mayor on the one issue on which, as conventional wisdom has it, he stands defiantly above reproach took just the sort of pluck that some Democrat will need to make this race interesting.

A few days later, out came David Dinkins, issuing his Janovian primal scream in full view of the entire city. Hard to figure why the former mayor insists on dragging himself through these turbulent rivers of vendetta and fantasy, but let's say just this much in his defense: He, too, came out swinging, and tried to make the strongest case he could against the incumbent, emphasizing Giuliani's casual attitude toward thuggish cops and struggling schoolchildren.

At this point, we can say the incumbent is outfoxing the challengers. But Ferrer and Dinkins combined to provide us a useful outline of the arguments the Democrats will be using as they try to persuade us that Rudy's New York is less hospitable a place than the mayor makes it out to be.

Let's go back to Ferrer's crime numbers. While it's true that homicide and rape were down overall, it was startling to hear that the reductions have been so uneven. In the East Village's 9th Precinct, four 1995 homicides became thirteen the next year. In the Bronx's 52nd, where Ferrer makes his home, 19 shot up to 28. And, horror of horrors, on the Upper East Side, a single homicide in 1995 gave way to six in 1996. Now, I'd venture that if you asked some average Upper East Siders whether they felt six times more at risk of becoming a grisly statistic last year than the year before, they'd laugh and praise the mayor to the heavens. But facts are stubborn things.

So Ferrer brought out an interesting point: We feel safer, and evidently we *are* safer, yet there are some jarring inconsistencies out there that don't seem to get much attention. But can he gain political advantage from the issue? Dick Morris, who advised Ferrer briefly last year, thinks not. "If I were advising Freddy, I would not have advised him to do that," Morris says. "Issues have an ineradicable, immutable tilt. And you can't change that. All you can do is ratify something as a central issue. Crime is Giuliani's issue."

Hank Sheinkopf, who actually is advising Ferrer, thinks otherwise. Beating Giuliani on crime, Sheinkopf says, "is not the issue. The issue is credibility. Credibility on education, credibility on employment figures, credibility on police deployment."

Morris probably has this right—no Democrat is going to beat Giuliani by saying crime isn't down enough. But what Sheinkopf and his client are trying to do is lay the groundwork for an argument that will have to be stitched together piece by piece over a period of months. Giuliani will brag about this and that achievement, and there are real ones. But he can be counted on to overstate the case. He talks about the city's tremendous job growth during his term, but state comptroller Carl McCall—yes, a Democrat, but a straight shooter—issued numbers showing that New York City's modest employment growth lags far behind that of most other major cities. As he unveiled his financial plan recently, the mayor talked of 400,000 jobs lost under Dinkins, and yet, as the *Observer*'s Jesse Drucker pointed out at the press conference, the mayor's staff had just handed reporters a book showing that the job loss was closer to 300,000 (a number that one would not think required embellishment). Drucker asked the mayor about this, and Giuliani said the higher figure was based on a different study (which he didn't identify) and just brushed the whole thing

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

off. That's typical Rudy for you. "They just say, 'We're right and everybody else is wrong,' " says consultant Hank Morris (no relation to either Hank Sheinkopf or Dick Morris). "And they hurt their credibility." That word again.

Nevertheless, Giuliani must have felt Ferrer was on to something, because the next week, he announced a new package of crime initiatives that included redeploying 500 detectives—that's a lot of detectives—out to precinct squads. It was another example of the way Giuliani keeps succeeding in neutralizing the Democrats' best weapons. "I think the best way to look at what his vulnerabilities are," says consultant Phil Friedman, "is to look at what *he's* saying, not what *they're* saying. And he's further along in developing themes that will protect him than they are in developing themes that will hurt him."

And so Giuliani said, in his State of the City speech, that he and Police Commissioner Howard Safir are starting to train cops to be nice to people and will include brutality allegations in their daily roundup of police stats for the first time. Also for the first time, he's increasing spending on education, after having cut more than $1 billion during his first two years. He has positioned himself as the immigrant's friend. And so on.

For now, it's working. But not many people are paying much attention yet, and there remains the niggling suspicion that Giuliani is not in as strong a position as many people assume. The two polls that came out showing him beating Dinkins, one of them by a two-to-one margin, could actually be read as measures of Giuliani's weakness, because neither showed him above 50 percent, a talismanic hurdle in pollsterland.

Doesn't it seem odd, given the crime numbers alone, that even, say, 55 percent of New Yorkers will not express a preference for him? Maybe things out in the neighborhoods aren't as great as Rudy says they are. Maybe, as candidates Ruth Messinger and Sal Albanese insist, quality of life has improved only for the few (which includes editors and reporters). And maybe people just don't like the guy—I mean, can you imagine a more dour messenger of good news? It's like having Cromwell over for Christmas.

Still, Fort Rudy is looking pretty sturdy, and the Democrats will have to attempt several approaches to have a shot at getting past the moat. The best they've shown so far is "Things are good, but not as good as he says they are." You don't have to be Dick or Hank or Morris or Sheinkopf to know that won't cut it. ▬

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CITYSCAPE KARRIE JACOBS

Video Killed the Gargoyle

Walking the streets of New York these days is like channel-surfing—television sets everywhere. Electronic messages are the latest in architectural ornament.

MSNBC
NEW ORLEANS

NBC's talking heads keep the pedestrians company outside the *Today* show's glass-walled studio.

ON A QUIET CORNER IN THE MIDdle of Rockefeller Center, I have an encounter with the obvious. To my right is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, originally the RCA Building, its entryways decorated with Art Deco carvings symbolizing man's mastery of light and sound. To my left is 10 Rockefeller Plaza, where the ground floor houses a glass-walled broadcast studio, home of the *Today* show. Facing outward, above the big display windows where a cornice line should be, are ten television sets. Bright and early, these screens allow the *Today* show's curbside mob to enjoy the program as if they were watching at home. The rest of the day, the sets are tuned to MSNBC: just talking heads with no sound.

Decorating 30 Rock are mythic figures hewn from stone. Decorating 10 Rock are pixel images of men and women with chiseled features, stiff hair, and frightening smiles. Here is the obvious part: These electronic faces are the contemporary equivalent of gargoyles.

On the streets of New York, I have begun to notice more and more television sets consciously used as architectural ornament. In October, the Fox News Channel set up its own see-through studio at Sixth Avenue and 48th Street and covered the building's façade at cornice line and street level with screens. TV sets stacked like firewood or screens three stories tall—the kind of electronic overkill we expect in Times Square—have become a commonplace throughout the city, in health clubs, stores, offices, and even the occasional public library. All these TV sets arrayed on walls make me believe that electronic imagery is a genuine form of architectural ornament—and the only one that's truly ours, not borrowed from history.

This notion has been floating around the world of architectural theory for a decade or two, inspired, in part, by video artists like Nam June Paik and the movie *Blade Runner.* More recently, influential architects such as Toyo Ito of Japan and Jean Nouvel of France have been using electronic imagery almost as if it were marble, glass, or limestone. For one commission in the early nineties, Ito erected his "Egg of Winds," a zeppelin-shaped object mounted atop a building in Tokyo that, at night, is illuminated with rear-projected video imagery.

In 1994, American architect Robert Venturi wrote that "the sparkle of pixels can parallel the sparkle of tesserae, and LED can become the mosaics of today." Venturi's clients have not always agreed: His firm's designs for Manhattan's Whitehall Ferry Terminal—festooned inside and out with electronic detailing such as zippers and screens—have been repeatedly rejected by city officials.

Municipal resistance notwithstanding, video has become an almost routine ornamental element. As the figures that decorated the buildings of earlier societies revealed much about their beliefs and aspirations, our electronic friezes symbolize a civilization in thrall to its own technological mastery, one in which entertainment and information have become the chief sources of economic and cultural power.

Visitors to the All Star Cafe in Times Square may believe that television screens cling to every surface in the room so they can watch endless footage of hockey fights, but according to the restaurant's architect, David Rockwell, they are ornament. He insists, for example, that the fourteen screens that form a circle above the central bar are "the crown molding of the room." While it's easy to dismiss the All Star Cafe (it's a theme restaurant *and* it's in Times Square), TV sets are also being used as ornament in much more subdued environments such as the nouvelle Asian restaurant Mirezi in Greenwich Village. There, tiny screens discreetly embedded in cream-colored walls show baffling snippets of Asian television programming. What Rockwell says about his maximal approach—"It's a way to liter-

Photograph by Ludmila Kudinova.

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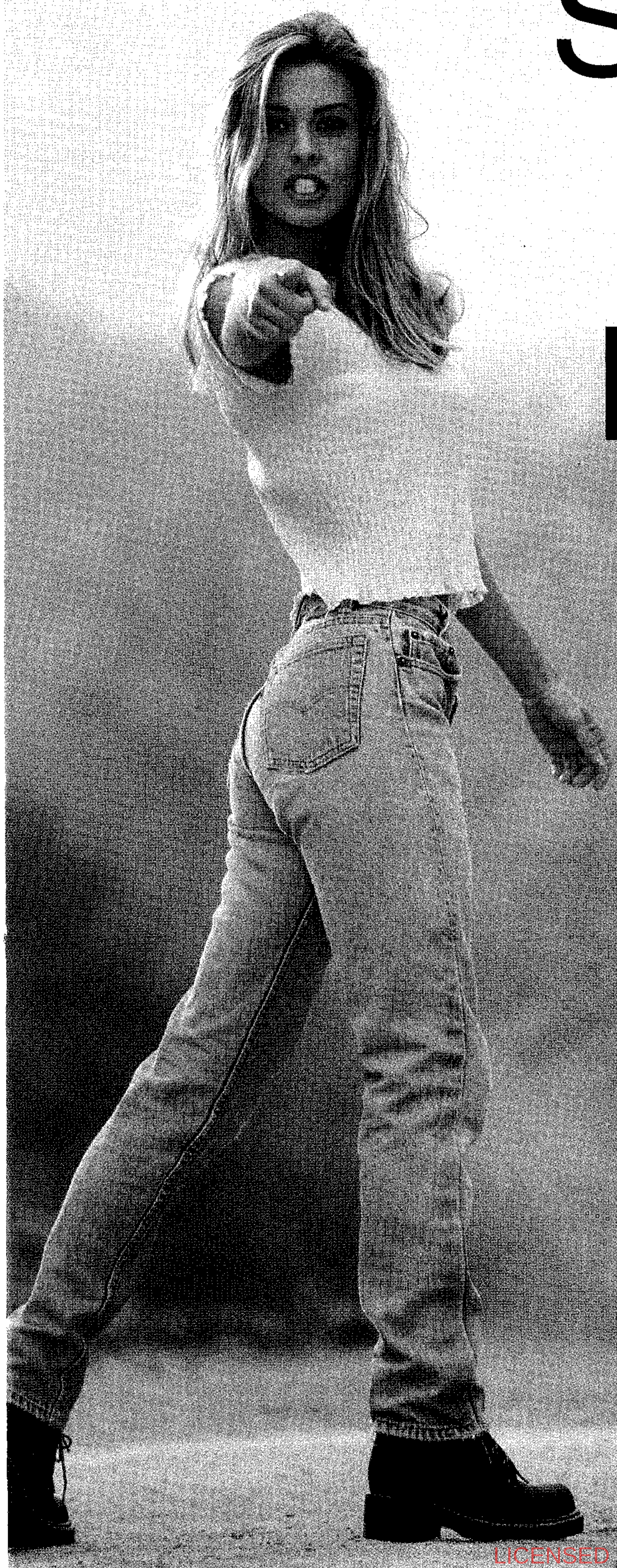

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CONTRAINDICATIONS: *Famvir* is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to the product.

PRECAUTIONS: Efficacy has not been established for initial episode genital herpes infection, suppression of recurrent genital herpes, ophthalmic zoster, disseminated zoster or in immunocompromised patients. Adjust dosage when administering to patients with creatinine clearance <60 mL/min. The safety of administering *Famvir* to patients with renal dysfunction is unknown. Safety and efficacy in children under the age of 18 years have not been established.

No clinically significant alterations in penciclovir pharmacokinetics were observed following single-dose administration of 500 mg famciclovir after pre-treatment with multiple doses of cimetidine, allopurinol, or theophylline. Probenecid and other drugs significantly eliminated by active renal tubular secretion may result in increased penciclovir plasma concentrations. Conversion of 6-deoxy penciclovir to penciclovir is catalyzed by aldehyde oxidase. Interactions with other drugs metabolized by this enzyme could occur.

Famciclovir was administered orally unless otherwise stated. Two-year dietary carcinogenicity studies on famciclovir were conducted in rats and mice. The high dose tested in rats and mice was lowered after 7 to 8 months of drug administration to ensure long-term survival (female rats and male/female mice from 750 to 600 mg/kg/day; male rats from 300 to 240 mg/kg/day). A significant increase in the incidence of *mammary adenocarcinoma was seen in female rats receiving 600 mg/kg/day (1.5 to 9.0 times the human* systemic exposure at the recommended oral dose of 500 mg t.i.d. or 125 mg b.i.d. based on area under the plasma concentration curve comparisons [24 hr AUC] for penciclovir). Marginal increases in the incidence of subcutaneous tissue fibrosarcomas or squamous cell carcinomas of the skin were seen in female rats (dosed at 600 mg/kg/day) and male mice (dosed at 600 mg/kg/day; 0.4 to 2.4x the human systemic exposure, based on 24 hr AUC for penciclovir), respectively. No increases in tumor incidence were reported for male rats treated at doses up to 240 mg/kg/day (0.9 to 5.4x the human AUC), or in female mice at doses up to 600 mg/kg/day (0.4 to 2.4x the human AUC).

Famciclovir and penciclovir (the active metabolite of famciclovir) were tested for genotoxic potential in a battery of *in vitro* and *in vivo* assays. Famciclovir and penciclovir were negative in *in vitro* tests for gene mutations in bacteria (*S. typhimurium* or *E. coli*) and unscheduled DNA synthesis in mammalian HeLa 83 cells (at doses up to 10,000 and 5000 mcg/plate, respectively). Famciclovir was also negative in the L5178Y mouse lymphoma assay (5000 mcg/mL), the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test (4800 mg/kg), and rat dominant lethal study (5000 mg/kg). Famciclovir induced increases in polyploidy in human lymphocytes *in vitro* in the absence of chromosomal damage (1200 mcg/mL). Penciclovir was positive in the L5178Y mouse lymphoma assay for gene mutation/chromosomal aberrations, with and without metabolic activation (1000 mcg/mL). In human lymphocytes, penciclovir caused chromosomal aberrations in the absence of metabolic activation (250 mcg/mL). Penciclovir caused an increased incidence of micronuclei in mouse bone marrow *in vivo* when administered intravenously at doses highly toxic to bone marrow (500 mg/kg), but not when administered orally.

Testicular toxicity was observed in rats, mice, and dogs following repeated administration of famciclovir or penciclovir. Testicular changes included atrophy of the seminiferous tubules, reduction in sperm count, and/or increased incidence of sperm with abnormal morphology or reduced motility. The degree of toxicity to male reproduction was related to dose and duration of exposure. In male rats, decreased fertility was observed after 10 weeks of dosing at 500 mg/kg/day (1.9 to 11.4x the human AUC). The no observable effect level for sperm and testicular toxicity in rats following chronic administration (26 weeks) was 50 mg/kg/day (0.2 to 1.2x the human systemic exposure based on AUC comparisons). Testicular toxicity was observed following chronic administration to mice (104 weeks) and dogs (26 weeks) at doses of 600 mg/kg/day (0.4 to 2.4x the human AUC) and 150 mg/kg/day (1.7 to 10.2x the human AUC), respectively.

Famciclovir had no effect on general reproductive performance or fertility in female rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg/day (3.6 to 21.6x the human AUC).

Two placebo-controlled studies in a total of 130 otherwise healthy men with a normal sperm profile over an 8-week baseline period and recurrent genital herpes receiving oral *Famvir* (250 mg b.i.d.) (n=66) or placebo (n=64) therapy for 18 weeks showed no evidence of significant effects on sperm count, motility or morphology during treatment or during an 8-week follow-up.

Pregnancy–Teratogenic Effects–Category B. Famciclovir was tested for effects on embryo-fetal development in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 1000 mg/kg/day (approximately 3.6 to 21.6x and 1.8 to 10.8x the human systemic exposure to penciclovir based on AUC comparisons for the rat and rabbit, respectively) and intravenous doses of 360 mg/kg/day in rats (2 to 12x the human dose based on body *surface area [BSA] comparisons) or 120 mg/kg/day in rabbits (1.5 to 9.0x the human dose* [BSA]). No adverse effects were observed on embryo-fetal development. Similarly, no adverse effects were observed following intravenous administration of penciclovir to rats (80 mg/kg/day, 0.4 to 2.6x the human dose [BSA]) or rabbits (60 mg/kg/day, 0.7 to 4.2x the human dose [BSA]). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, famciclovir should be used during pregnancy only if the benefit to the patient clearly exceeds the potential risk to the fetus.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

Herpes Zoster: In four clinical studies involving 816 *Famvir*-treated patients with herpes zoster (*Famvir*, 250 mg t.i.d. to 750 mg t.i.d.), the most frequent adverse events associated with *Famvir* were headache and nausea. The table below lists adverse events occurring on-therapy with an incidence of ≥2% per treatment group in *Famvir* clinical trials. The frequency and types of reported adverse events in trial 008 were representative of the safety experience in the active-controlled herpes zoster *Famvir* trials (007 and 094).

Recurrent Genital Herpes: In three placebo-controlled clinical trials involving 528 *Famvir*-treated patients with genital herpes (*Famvir*, 125 mg b.i.d. to 500 mg t.i.d.), the most frequent adverse events associated with *Famvir* were headache and nausea. The table lists adverse events occurring on-therapy in *Famvir* clinical trials with an incidence of ≥ 2% per treatment group.

Adverse Events Reported by ≥2% of Treatment Group in Patients in One Herpes Zoster and Three Placebo-controlled Recurrent Genital Herpes Famvir (famciclovir) Trials*

	Incidence			
	Herpes Zoster		**Genital Herpes**	
Event	***Famvir* (n=273) %**	**Placebo (n=146) %**	***Famvir* (n=640) %**	**Placebo (n=225) %**
Nervous System				
Headache	22.7	17.8	23.6	16.4
Dizziness	3.3	4.1	5.5	4.9
Insomnia	1.5	1.4	2.5	2.2
Somnolence	2.6	2.7	1.6	0.4
Paresthesia	2.6	0.0	1.3	0.0
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea	12.5	11.6	10.0	8.0
Diarrhea	7.7	4.8	4.5	7.6
Abdominal Pain	1.1	3.4	3.9	5.8
Dyspepsia	1.1	1.4	3.4	2.2
Flatulence	1.5	0.7	1.9	2.2
Constipation	4.4	4.8	1.4	0.9
Vomiting	4.8	3.4	1.3	0.9
Anorexia	2.6	4.1	1.1	0.9
Body as a Whole				
Fatigue	4.4	3.4	6.3	4.4
Pain	2.6	2.7	2.0	1.8
Injury	2.6	0.0	0.8	1.3
Fever	3.3	4.1	0.8	0.4
Rigors	1.5	2.7	0.5	0.4
Respiratory				
URI	0.7	0.7	3.3	2.7
Pharyngitis	2.6	4.8	2.7	2.2
Sinusitis	2.6	1.4	1.3	1.3
Musculoskeletal				
Back Pain	1.5	2.7	1.9	2.2
Arthralgia	1.5	2.1	1.3	0.0
Zoster/Genital Herpes-Related Signs/Symptoms/ Complications	2.9	3.4	1.7	2.2
Skin and Appendages				
Pruritus	3.7	2.7	0.9	0.0

*Patients may have entered into more than one clinical trial.

During clinical practice, confusion (including delirium, disorientation, confusional state) has been reported. While infrequent, most of these spontaneous reports have occurred in the elderly.

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1. Sacks SL, Aoki FY, Diaz-Mitoma F, et al. Patient-initiated, twice-daily oral famciclovir for early recurrent genital herpes: a randomized, double-blind multicenter trial. *JAMA*. 1996;276:44-49.

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ally transform the color, content, and emotion of a room"—is equally true of Mirezi architect Min Yang's subtler tack.

Some would argue that screens, whether they show video images or computer data, are appearing on building walls because they dispense information. I suspect the screens (and their cousins, the news zippers) proliferate because they represent the *look* of information. A case in point: the Business Information Wall, a 40-foot-long composition of TV monitors and electronic signs that was unveiled in the lower lobby of the Science, Industry and Business Library (SIBL) in November.

Conceived and designed by Edwin Schlossberg, the Business Information Wall is a mosaic of 21 television sets in varying sizes, each framed as if it were a work of art, each tuned to an all-news channel: CNN, C-SPAN, Bloomberg, MSNBC, or Fox. Some of the sets have an earphone so that patrons can actually hear what's being said, and others are there simply for visual effect. Nearby, a sign—a message from the wall's sponsor, PaineWebber—states: THE SYNTHESIS AND INTERPRETATION OF ORIGINAL AND TIMELY INFORMATION ARE THE CORNERSTONES OF EVERY ENLIGHTENED BUSINESS DECISION. I pick up an earphone and learn from one nicely groomed anchorman that it is the sixtieth anniversary of the soap opera *Guiding Light*. On another set, Princess Di attends a Weight Watchers meeting.

Meanwhile, NASDAQ, the stock market where all the trading is done electronically—invisibly—is installing a 55-foot-long, 16-foot-high, 100-screen wall in its Whitehall Street office. Thomas Apple, who used to be a NASDAQ vice-president (and is currently the chief operating officer of Imtech, the New Jersey firm that created the wall), calls NASDAQ "a black box with no tangible reality to it." Unlike the New York Stock Exchange, there is no place that investors or the general public can go to see NASDAQ in action. Apple, after watching the umpteenth newscast filmed from the balcony of the NYSE—a report that was about NASDAQ-traded biotech stocks—decided the exchange needed a visual component.

Having a look that *says* "information," it turns out, is almost as important as actually having information. The NASDAQ wall offers newscasters a telegenic backdrop for stock-market reports and is designed to transform the abstract data of stock trading into easy-to-read visual language. Some screens are devoted to television news and business stations. A ticker features readily identifiable corporate logos instead of the arcane symbols companies use in the stock market. Stocks going up are represented by green boxes. Stocks going down are in red. Apple calls it "intuitive communication." I think of it as a mood wall.

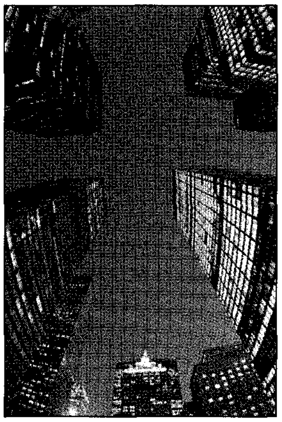
The best evidence that the TV screen is the late twentieth century's most genuine form of architectural ornament is that we've begun deploying it in a manner that is positively baroque. Entire racks of video monitors keep popping up in record stores, building lobbies, and restaurants. In the Virgin Megastore on Times Square, I counted 82 screens and probably missed a few. As with architectural ornament, when screens are this common, you forget they're there.

The next step, a seamless integration of building and electronic image, is suggested by a couple of the proposals for the Coliseum site on Columbus Circle. HLW International, for instance, has designed a building for developer Peter Kalikow that promises to merge the two most iconographic boxes of the twentieth century, the TV set and the skyscraper.

The glass skyscraper was the symbol of the Modernist vision of a world without bric-a-brac. To use the glass surfaces of office buildings as screens, as decorated surfaces, turns Modernism on its head. HLW design partner Paul Boardman envisions a pair of glass walls ten or fifteen feet apart that follow the contours of Columbus Circle. Colors could be flashed onto the layers of glass and into the paved passageway that runs between the layers. In the evening, the archives of the proposed building's anchor tenant, a "major media company," could be tapped for images. Instead of displaying banners promoting arts events, this building would have moving pictures on its exterior. Boardman disavows any connection between his Columbus Circle fantasia and the signage-saturated zone a dozen blocks south. "Times Square," he contends, "is the chewing-gum version of what we're doing."

Chatting with Boardman, I can picture a future New York in which midtown's glass towers are converted into glowing, animated screens: a psychedelic city, a twenty-first-century Florence. It's a lovely dream. Meanwhile, we've got loads of screen-covered walls dishing out prosaic fare: plugs for Caesars Palace on a 55-square-foot screen above Times Square, athletic propaganda films three stories tall at Niketown, and Katie Couric's toothy countenance at cornice level in Rockefeller Center. TV sets adorn buildings all over town, and still there's nothing to watch.

If you think the buildings are big in New York...



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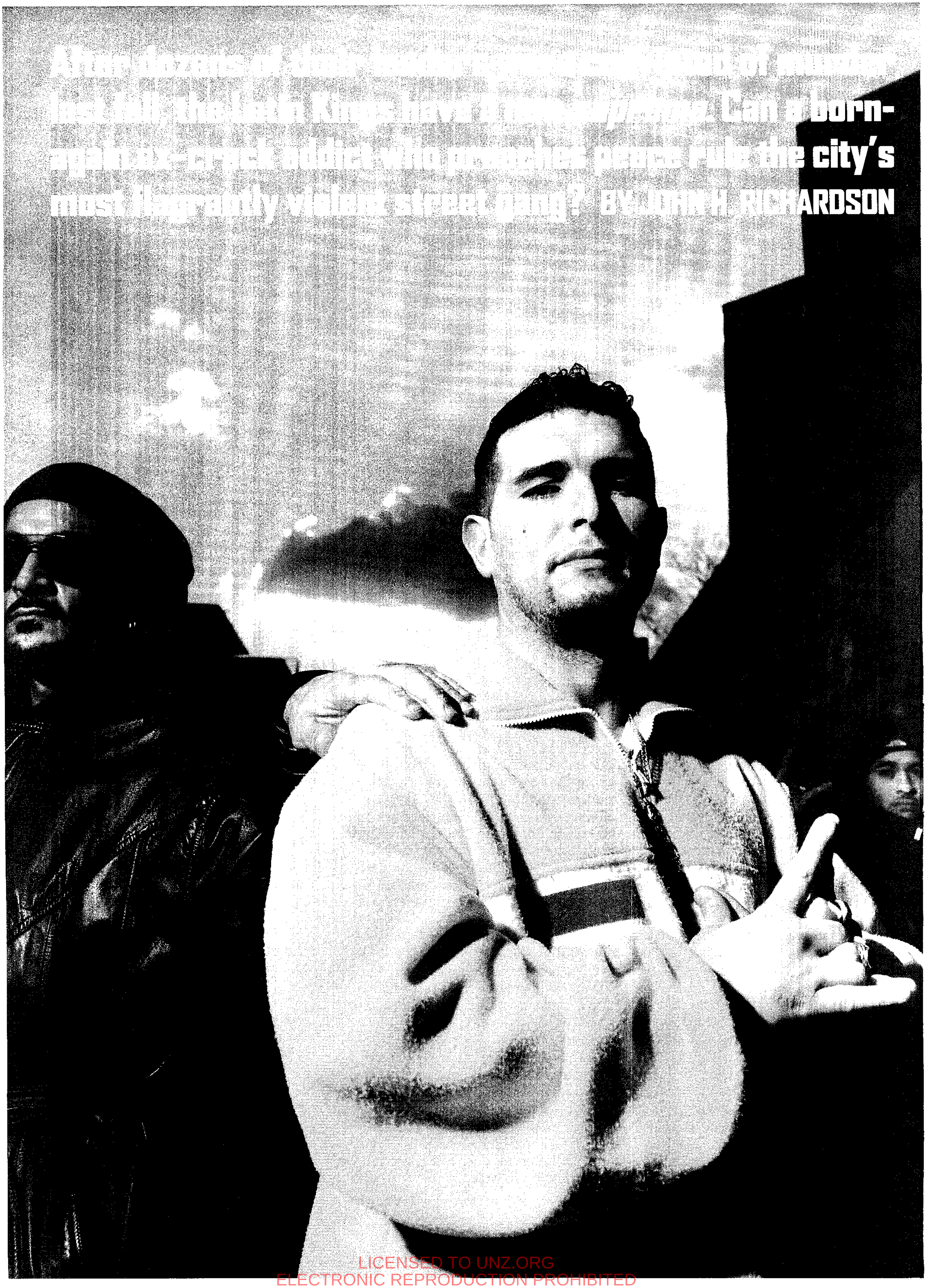
After dozens of [illegible] of murder last fall, the Latin Kings have a new *presidente*. Can a born-again ex-crack addict who preaches peace rule the city's most flagrantly violent street gang? BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON



The LATIN KINGS Play Songs of Love

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANNY CLINCH

KING WIZ HAS TWO HOLES IN his head. One bullet went through his brain and came out the other side. The other exploded his eye into a bulging red pulp. Right now, a plastic plug holds his mouth open to make room for the tubes that are keeping him alive.

King Tone approaches the bedside and puts two fingers in Wiz's open hand.

"This is King Tone," he says. "I love you, man."

The life monitors beat out the time.

There's a crust of dried tears running down the side of Wiz's head, a tattoo of a crown above his heart—the symbol of the Almighty Latin King Queen Nation.

"You going to be all right, all right?" Tone says. "We'll all be waiting for you, all right?"

The monitors pulse.

"I'll be back," Tone says. "Be strong."

Then he goes downstairs, to the lobby of the hospital, where the kid everyone thinks shot Wiz is waiting—waiting to see whether Tone will let him live.

ALL LAST FALL, WE READ THE LURID HEADLINES: LATIN KING BOSS ORDERED SAVAGE KILLINGS FROM JAIL. HISPANIC GOODFELLAS FORMED MURDER INC. Virtually unknown in New York just five years ago, the Latin Kings were now routinely described as the most notorious street gang in the city. In a federal courtroom in downtown Manhattan, government prosecutors described the Latin Kings as a highly organized "criminal enterprise" responsible for twelve murders and seventeen attempted murders. Despite the gruesome details—one victim had his head and hands cut off, his corpse set afire in a bathtub—the gory headlines actually underplayed the scope of the government's case: In the end, nearly 50 Latin Kings were convicted of murder, attempted murder, or assault—among them Luis Felipe, a.k.a. King Blood, the 34-year-old founder and "Inca" of the New York Kings.

KING SKEEBEE IN FULL REGALIA. HE BECAME A KING IN PRISON.

Now the Latin Kings had a new leader, a 30-year-old former crack addict named Antonio Fernandez. For the past six months, Fernandez—known as King Tone—and his Kings had been appearing at rallies across the city. They'd marched against police brutality, marched against gentrification, made common cause with the family of Anthony Baez, whose death at the hands of police officer Francis Livoti enraged much of New York's Latino community—and police would later accuse them of subcontracting (for $5,000) a retaliatory sniper attack against police captain Steven Plavnick. They had formed alliances with a group of left-to-radical community leaders like Al Sharpton, Vicente "Panama" Alba, and Richie Perez. They even had a priest in their corner, Father Luis Barrios of Harlem's St. Mary's Episcopal Church.

All through Felipe's trial, King Tone brought a squad of fresh-faced young Kings and Queens to federal court to support him. Identifiable by brown skin and black and yellow clothes—black and gold are the Latin Kings' colors—the young Kings and Queens seemed intimidated by the grandeur of the federal courtroom: the 25-foot ceilings, the mahogany paneling, the whole somber ritual of justice. One young Queen wore a sweatshirt decorated with a teddy-bear appliqué and took detailed notes in a schoolgirl's three-ring binder.

In court, I tried to figure out which King was King Tone. Was it the watchful man in the leather jacket? The somber guy with the deep pockmarks? The last one on my list was a goofy-looking guy who looked white but dressed ghetto. Pigeon-toed and bowlegged, his hair shaved up the sides of his head in a hip-hop fade, he walked around in a puffy black-and-yellow coat looking like a homeboy bumblebee. One day, I saw him grinning at a spectator. "I came to see my father," he said, pointing to Felipe. "Would you believe that's my father?"

THAT WAS KING TONE. FOR WEEKS, HE AND the other Kings listened as the state's witnesses testified. One day, defense attorney Lawrence Feitell asked a prosecution witness named Nelson Torres what it was like to kill. Torres had been the Kings' No. 3 man in Brooklyn—the "warlord."

"When you shoot people, do you get nervous?"

"I get a rush," Torres answered.

"Have you ever been referred to as the Demolition Man?" Feitell continued.

"Yeah. That meant when I hit somebody, they're going to go down."

"You look on that as a compliment, do you not?"

"I hit hard," Torres answered.

And that was the *defense*. The prosecutors presented the Kings as a bizarre killer cult with a fetish for rules and regulations.

They had a particular respect for the written word, keeping individual "Bibles" of Kingist teachings, which range from their history to advice on pregnancy. Even the TOS—"terminate on sight"—orders were written down. As were pardons: "I, King Blaze, supreme crown of Rhode Island, use the power of my crown to declare a stop to the TOS on Pete Rock."

Felipe's letters—thousands of them—were the heart of the trial. They were stunningly incriminating, a prosecutor's dream. "About Mousey—that dude is a real threat to our nation, and before he do any more damage he must be terminated," he wrote in one. Mousey had dared to rewrite the King lessons. In another: "If by this time next year he ain't done yet, I'll do him myself and it will be a pleasure."

It was a classic open-and-shut case, except for one thing: The prosecutors had charged the Kings under the RICO "racketeering" act, and it quickly became clear that there wasn't much money in being a King—no big drug schemes, extortion, or prostitution. The King constitution frowned on use of "hard" drugs, and Felipe himself depended on irregular $20 donations to buy stamps.

So why all the killing?

And why were all these kids visiting the courtroom every day?

MARRIED TO THE NATION: LATIN QUEENS AT THEIR INCA'S 30TH-BIRTHDAY PARTY.

ONE SATURDAY, I WENT TO BROOKLYN TO meet King Tone. As the El rumbled by ten feet away, we sat on the steps of a graffiti-marked building just off Knickerbocker Avenue. For the next three hours, Tone told me how he and his "Supreme Team" took control of the Kings, ousted the most unruly members, and made peace with rival "street organizations." The Latin Kings are notorious for fighting in packs, but Tone said he'd banned "911s" (the King calls to battle). The Kings were also famous for giving "physicals" to members who try to quit, but Tone had created a "Golden Gate" form to release disgruntled members peacefully. The King constitution ordered Kings to obey their "Crowns" without question, but Tone changed it so they only had to obey the orders that were "righteous." He filed to make the Kings a legal corporation. He got wives and children involved, and changed the gang's name to the Almighty King *Queen* Nation. He even put together a press kit.

"I got to show these guys," said Tone, "we could kill him if we want to. We just don't want to."

The prosecutors told me this was nothing but a smoke screen, that the Kings had done the misunderstood-youth act for reporters before. And at times, Tone's story did seem too good to be true. "I teach these kids how to study," he insisted. "I taught them when you go home, turn off the Atari, turn off the damn TV, and you give yourself three hours of quality time. And now they come through flying colors with their schools."

But Tone had charm. At times, he slipped into a preacher's rhythms, often ending a story by turning his face into a kind of smiling griot mask: So-there-you-have-it, my brother. Squint and he became a venerable ancient narrating the traditions of his tribe.

And many of his answers seemed quite honest. Why did the Kings decide to go public? "I knew Blood's jury would be picked in New York, and I knew we needed to change our image fast."

What about the police insistence that there were still Kings involved in crime?

"There must be," he agreed. "Just like there still must be cops out there still doing corrupt things."

Tone didn't even try to convince me Felipe was innocent. He described life in prison, 23-hour-a-day lockdown with nothing but a pen and paper and a strange kind of long-distance power. "I believe he lost . . . sanity," Tone said.

But that didn't change the Kings' loyalty—if anything, it intensified it. "People don't understand," Tone continued. "I'm not loyal to him. I'm loyal to the dream."

WHAT WAS THAT DREAM? WHAT WAS WORTH killing for? Dying for?

As Tone tried to explain, a living answer walked by. He looked barely 20, handsome as a Disney prince. His name was King Giz.

"Show him your belly," Tone ordered.

Giz pulled up his T-shirt: a row of Band-Aids climbed out of his pants to his ribs.

Just two weeks earlier, Tone explained, Giz had almost died for the Kings. As Tone told the story, it began when the Kings got a tip that an ex-King named José was telling people that Tone was a snitch. On the streets, snitches tend to have a short life expectancy, so Tone sent three men over to José's house to talk to him—unarmed. He sent Giz because Giz was one of José's best friends. But the cops stopped them and searched them, and by the time they got to José's house it was after midnight and one thing led to another and a King hit José and José pulled out a knife. Tone says Giz took twenty stitches and almost died.

Which left Tone with a decision to make: "Do I go the old school—you know, kill this guy or whatever?"

While Tone was making plans, the cops picked up José. They charged him with attempted murder and tried to get him to turn on Tone, offering him clemency and relocation. When José refused, they put him in a jail cell with "seven Latin guys that are supposed to be Kings."

Five stab wounds later, José was ready to start a war. And he had some very well-armed friends.

But the point Tone was trying to make was that he didn't go the old school. Instead, he held a peace meeting with José: "I told him that I was wrong, because I shouldn't have sent my men at that time of night to create such a misfortune, and *you* relate to all your little drug dealers that you were wrong for stabbing my brother. And it's ended!"

Clearly, Tone wanted me to see him as a peacemaker, struggling to keep a lid on violence that was always on the verge of boiling over. He was admitting that despite all their we've-reformed publicity, Kings were still confronting their enemies in the middle of the night. Even now, he continued, some Kings didn't think José's five shallow stab wounds punishment enough. "These guys don't want somebody they think is going to crumble every time there's a problem," he said. "So I got to win battles . . . without wars. And it's a thin line, 'cause sometimes it's, 'Fuck Tone, we're the Latin Kings!' "

THE ALMIGHTY LATIN KING NATION began in Chicago in the forties, one of dozens of street-and-prison gangs in the city. What made the Kings different was their mixture of intense discipline and revolutionary politics with a homemade religion called Kingism, adding idealism and a boot-camp rigor to the usual gang camaraderie—a potent mixture for troubled ghetto kids whose lives lacked structure and hope.

Luis Felipe was one of those kids. Born in Cuba in 1962, he smuggled himself into Florida on a fishing boat, drifted north, and joined the Kings in Chicago. He then moved to the Bronx, where he was convicted of manslaughter in the death of his girlfriend—he claims they were struggling over a gun—and sent to Collins Correctional Facility in upstate New York.

It was there, in 1986, that Felipe started the New York branch of the Kings. As he described it later in letters and an interview, he began with two friends named Chito and Diablo, telling them about the King ideals. At the time, black gangs dominated the prisons, making life difficult for Latinos. A week later, Felipe had 9 followers, 60 more two months after that. Then a Black Muslim jumped a King, and "the shit hit the fence in the middle of the summer of '87 in Collins #2 yard," as Felipe later wrote. "The Almighty Latin Kings nation went to they first real war in the state of New York!"

In an effort to break up the nascent gang, prison officials transferred the Kings to different prisons—where they spread the new faith even faster. By the early nineties, the Kings were starting to emerge from prison onto the streets. In 1992, an anthropology professor named Ric Curtis was working out of a storefront in Bushwick studying street culture. "That summer, a bunch of guys went into prison, and the next summer they all came out Latin Kings," he told me. "It was that quick." Ironically, Curtis attributed the rise of the Latin Kings to the rising incarceration rates of the drug war—a literal return of the repressed.

Around the same time, a Housing Police officer approached Elizabeth Glazer, then head of the U.S. Attorney's Organized Crime unit, telling her of a peculiar rooftop murder in the Bronx. "It was done in what seemed essentially to be a ritual manner," she recalled recently. "He had his arms crossed, black and gold beads, shot in the back of the head." Federal investigators started looking into it and soon noticed a pattern of similar unsolved murders.

Before long, the FBI, the NYPD, the Housing Police, and the Corrections Department began cooperating to develop a RICO case against the Kings, each contributing a piece of the puzzle. Guards in Attica steamed open Felipe's mail, and the FBI and police linked the letters to actions on the street. "It was evolving each day," said Steve Cohen, the assistant U.S. Attorney who took charge of the investigation. "The cops tell you they saw 150 Kings at a meeting in the Bronx, and you start to say, hey, we're dealing with some large numbers."

Eventually they put it together: King Russ, killed for running from a fight; King Lite, killed for kissing Felipe's "wife"; King Ace, killed for accusing other Kings of stealing; King Lex, killed for warning King Ace he was marked for death . . . the list goes on. "The most disturbing thing was this very public cruelty," Cohen said. "They profess love, yet they think it's fun to watch this brother get beat to a pulp in front of them. It breeds this sense that they're their own nation, that Kings and Queens are above the law."

By the summer of 1994, they were ready to start making arrests.

"A member must speak the truth at all times," reads one entry in a King Bible. "Traitors must die at all costs," says another.

KINGS GREET EACH OTHER BY THROWING their crown—a three-fingered slap to the shoulder—and hugging each other tight. "Giving love," they call it. Which means there's always a lot of hugging at Charas, a community center on the Lower East Side where the Kings hold many of their meetings. One night, I watched them clean out a classroom, carrying desks and chairs past a blackboard covered in graffiti.

When the room was empty, 45 Kings formed a circle.

"Amor de rey," someone said. Love of the king.

And the whole group shouted it back: *"Amor de rey!"*

Then the Kings knelt—right knee pointing down to hell and left knee up to Heaven. "My Father that made us, yesterday today and tomorrow, Almighty Father, king of kings . . ."

"Amor de rey!"

Finally, Tone entered the circle. Kings bowed to him, kissing their crowns. After a warning about the media—"Every little thing you do is being watched, so watch everything you do, you understand?"—Tone launched into a sermon on the three wise kings who brought gifts to baby Jesus. A rousing mixture of inspiration and social resentment, it drifted from praise of the "warrior spirit" of Jesus to the evil of racist cops to an attack on America itself:

"They lost touch with reality. That's why they got homeless, that's why their biggest industry is prisons—because they no longer under God. They think they're above him. And that's where we kick them in the butt, say, 'We're not above God but we're not under you, America, and your nasty-ass teachings, and your foolish plan to put me in jail and make you rich. Kings are the ones who are going to make a change! They can call us crazy, they can say what they want, but we're going to keep pumping until everybody wakes up and recognizes who we are!"

"Amor de rey!"

THE DREAM WAS ALL ABOUT PRIDE. THE KINGS and Queens talked about distributing food to the homeless, about respecting one another, about going to school and keeping steady jobs. They gave book reports on Puerto Rican history. Inside their circles, they weren't just despised street punks but Kings, members of a nation "360 degrees strong." And their nation gave them recognition—as one King leader told me, "I work at this low-level flunky job, but I lead thousands of people through the Nation."

But one night Tone and I bumped into another young King with trouble on his mind. We were on the M train going from Brooklyn to Manhattan. "I'm going to go in with you to the D.A.'s office," Tone said, shouting over the subway noise. "If you don't leave, I won't leave, either."

The young King—a sleepy, amiable guy named Era—nodded and grinned, but he seemed very uncomfortable. Later I learned that he'd witnessed a shootout last March that left a King called Bishop Jr. dead. The beef started when Era saw Bishop Jr.'s girlfriend with another man. When Era told him, "He started crying—he said, 'I don't believe she did this to me, especially in my own house.' " The next day, Era and Bishop Jr. and some other Kings went over to take Bishop Jr.'s baby daughter for a visit—King brotherhood in action.

But the new boyfriend pulled out a gun. Moments later, Era was holding his dying friend as the shooter ran down the fire escape. "If we had a gun, to tell you the truth, he would have been dead," Era said.

Afterward, the Kings refused to cooperate with the police. Era went to Puerto Rico. Now he was back and Tone was trying to convince him to talk to the Brooklyn D.A. "I'm going to give them the key witness they need, and I'm going to see if Kings' blood is cheap again," he told me.

But could the Kings really move from street justice to straight justice? Would Era really go through with it?

"He will," Tone said, "because I told him to, and I'm his Inca."

ANTONIO FERNANDEZ WAS BORN IN 1966 IN Brooklyn, son of a bread-delivery man and a mother so religious she hasn't had a single cigarette or drink her whole life. He grew up in a single-family house, played baseball, and got good grades. Then he discovered crack. He loved it, everything about it, "the taste, the mint that numbs your tongue, the rush of the speedball." Before long, he was joining baby gangs and dabbling in petty crime. He repeated ninth grade four years in a row. He stole his mother's wedding ring to pay for drugs.

When Tone was about 19, he found Jesus. He joined the Victory Outreach Church and spent four years preaching in the streets. "He was one of those guys who really fall in love with God," said Victory Outreach pastor Larry Arreola.

Then Tone started smoking crack again, and a bust for possession landed him on Rikers Island. There he started fighting to "build up my dignity and my respect," as he put it. One morning four guys caught him in a deserted aisle and attacked him with razors. "When I got to the nurse, she said, 'Man, a little bit over and they would have cut your heart.' " On his release, Tone quickly got himself arrested again. But this time, he opted into the Shock program, six months of character-building boot camp, and it worked—he gave up crack and came out to a regular job as mailroom supervisor at an advertising agency.

By then he was also a dedicated Latin King. Kingism kept him off crack, gave him something to live for. Soon he became bodyguard to King Teardrop, the nation's No. 2 man and later one of the government's prize catches. After the federal indictments cleaned away much of his competition, Tone took over. During this period, tension was building between the Kings and another prison-and-street group called the Netas. As Neta leader Green Eyes told me later: "Everybody was running around 'cause my guys thought Tone was going to get to me first, and his guys thought I was going to get to Tone first." They finally came face-to-face two years ago in a garage in Bushwick, two small armies in "full war gear"—and decided to make peace. Even-

KING NOEL AND QUEEN ROSI EDIT *EL GRITO,* THE NATION'S MONTHLY NEWSLETTER.

tually, with the help of an ex-gangster turned social activist named Hector Torres, the Kings started the United Families, a citywide gang coalition. Peace was at hand.

In May of 1995, Tone was arrested for possession of a handgun. The arrest was peculiar—a cop searched him carefully enough to find (allegedly) marijuana in his pocket but didn't find the .38 in his jeans until he searched him again in the station house. Insisting he was framed, Tone made bail, only to have his parole revoked on the pending gun charge. After a campaign by the Kings to get him out, famed left-wing attorney Ron Kuby agreed to take his case, and with Latin Kings packing the courtroom—100 to 200 at a time—Kuby beat the charges.

Then Tone was indicted on *federal* gun charges—a third arrest for the same .38 special. This time, the judge's decision was withering: "It is extremely difficult to believe that the same officer [who found a small bag of marijuana] could have missed a bulky .38 caliber revolver hidden in the Defendant's pants," she wrote.

When Tone finally came out of jail last February, he emerged with a new political fire. Within days, he attended a march against police brutality. He got a job registering voters. He reorganized the Kings, bringing in young leaders without prison records. And he began attending the trial of Francis Livoti, the police officer accused of killing a Puerto Rican named Anthony Baez, becoming so close to Baez's mother, Iris, that when Livoti was found innocent, she sent everyone else away and broke down in his arms. "That's a day I'll never forget in my life," Tone told me. "It gave me so much more to fight for."

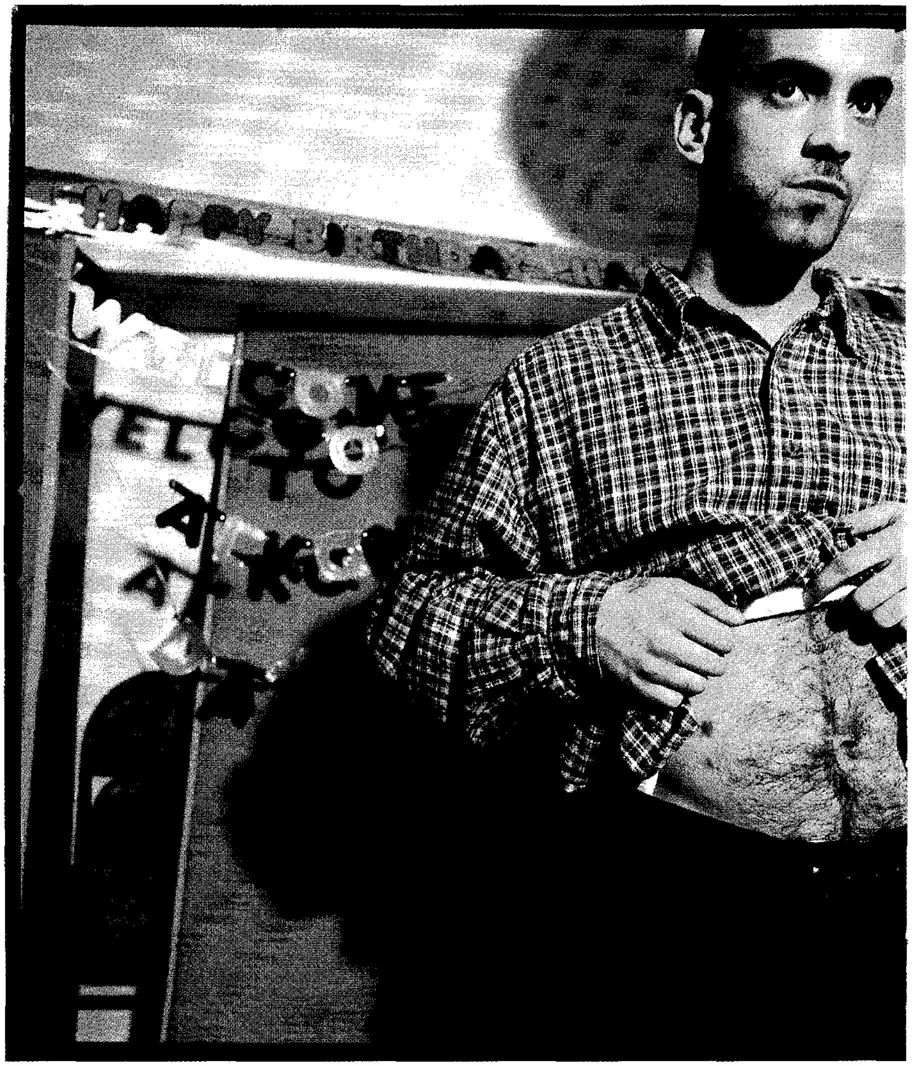
In the street outside the courtroom that day, Baez collapsed from grief. As hundreds of riot-gear-clad cops watched, Tone and the Kings surrounded her in one of their ritual circles until the ambulance came. Some reporters and police officers on the scene said they heard Latin Kings swearing revenge. A week later, when Captain Plavnick was shot in the back by a sniper, anonymous police sources immediately began blaming the Latin Kings.

AS THE WEEKS PASSED, I BEGAN TO LIKE Tone. He was funny. Sometimes he had an almost beatific sweetness. But I kept thinking that he'd been a King through the bad times, bodyguard to Teardrop. He couldn't be completely innocent.

And he wasn't. "There was rec time—once a week when they could drink a beer and beat up a kid and feel good," Tone said. "We used to come to a place like this"—he pointed out the car window to a pool hall—"pick any nigger, and all his friends wouldn't move, and start beating him, and nobody tell you nothing. It's power, my brother. These people were all about power."

And you, Tone?

"Truth is, I know what it is to give a physical," he said. "I know what it is to have a brother with his hands in his pockets and hurt him. But the thing that always made me different was, I was a cheater when it came to hurting my brother: I'm hitting him and I'm looking at the guy—*please act like it's hurting.* But no, I never killed anybody for this nation."



KING GIZ SAYS HE WAS STABBED WHEN HE TRIED TO TALK PEACE WITH AN EX-KING.

What stopped him?

"I had my morals, and it scalded."

So why bodyguard for Teardrop?

"I had to work my way up."

"In the Nation?"

"Yeah."

But *why?*

Tone seemed a bit exasperated. "I had to take it *over,*" he said.

But why not just get a job, raise a family?

Tone smiled. "This never would have happened. Fucking history wouldn't have been made."

I couldn't help laughing. History?

"Believe me," Tone insisted. "They talk about the fucking Young Lords—wait till they talk about the Kings twenty years from now. What I'm breeding is a true revolution. I believe ten years from now the Kings will be a big, big force, and you'll step to Kings and say, 'Ain't none of you from broken homes and out of jail? Why are you Kings?' And they'd say, 'Well, my father was a King . . .' "

And he smiled his griot smile.

TONE IS NEVER ALONE. MOST DAYS, HE'S ACcompanied by Hector Torres, who's put his other activism on hold to become Tone's full-time cheerleader and adviser. By nighttime, Tone usually hooks up with King Noel, a somber young man who works security at a law firm and spent years as a New Age "rebirther" before turning to Kingism. Also Queen Rosi, a bright young woman who works at a bank and has a degree in child development from Fordham. Or King Lalo, a watchful 28-year-old who boxed Golden Gloves in the army before going to Rikers on a gun-possession charge. (Over pizza one day, Lalo told me that his title—Warlord—had been changed to Peacemaker.) Or King Mission, a high-school kid so well-behaved that when I gave him a ride one day, he first called his mother for permission to get in a stranger's car.

Most of the time, we went to rallies of one kind or another—the Kings are regulars on the protest circuit. At every church and school, we ran into Iris Baez and the grief-stricken mothers of Parents Against Police Brutality. Whenever she saw Tone, Baez hugged him. The Kings had been a rock and a comfort, she told me: "They're good kids once you get to know them."

ONE DAY, TONE TOLD ME THAT A BROTHER named King Wiz had been shot in the Bronx. Wiz was 28, liked to race cars, a generous guy who always had time to help people out. The shooter was rumored to be his best friend. After the shooting, he had been seen on the street wearing a bulletproof vest, but the cops had just questioned him and let him go. "So now everybody wants me to do something," Tone sighed. "Even the cops—that's why they let him go. So King Tone would have to act."

A few days later, we went up to the hospital to see Wiz, and when we came back down from intensive care with the image of that exploded eye in our heads—you couldn't *not* think of it—we found the kid everyone was sure fired the shots. He was small and dark brown, dressed in a puffy jacket and knit hat. He had come—with his mother—to visit Wiz.

As Kings took up point, Tone approached him. Wiz's mother followed, anger and suspicion on her face. The two mothers and two men went into a huddle, and after a few minutes Tone's voice rose loud enough to hear from ten feet away: "I'm not scared of you motherfuckers. Instead of you hiding, why don't you go out and find out who did it?"

Once again, Tone had chosen not to go to the old school. But five minutes after it was over, the kid still looked scared.

FELIPE'S ATTORNEY RESTED WITHOUT MOUNTing a defense. In his summation, he leaned heavily on the revolutionary rhetoric of the sixties—Felipe was really "a resister, a visionary," and the state was so "threatened" by his power that it was prepared to "carpet-bomb" the Kings.

The jury took five hours. As the foreman prepared to read the verdict, U.S. marshals flooded into the courtroom. But the Kings took it quietly, giving Blood an intense *amor de rey* as the Marshals led him back to his cell. Then they went downstairs and formed their circle on the sidewalk. Tone wept as he led them in prayer.

A block away, at the U.S. Attorney's building, prosecutor Rich Zabel walked in beaming. "Guilty on all counts," he announced. Congratulations rang out.

Upstairs, the prosecutors talked about the case. Although they tried to be evenhanded, admitting the Latin Kings' emphasis on cultural heritage and Puerto Rican solidarity, they seemed halfhearted. Neither they nor the FBI agents I talked to later saw much chance the Kings could ever change. They were bad guys, and that was that. Didn't their poverty indicate at least an effort at virtue? "They don't have a lot of money by the standards of major drug gangs," Steve Cohen said grudgingly, "but they had enough to buy guns." Those fresh-faced kids showing up in court every day? "It's disturbing that these fresh-faced kids are coming in to pay tribute to a man who has committed these terrible crimes."

And the religion?

"It's *Lord of the Flies* with automatic weapons."

I asked the U.S. Attorney what he thought about the Kings' religion. "*Lord of the Flies* with automatic weapons," he said.

THE SACRED DOCUMENTS OF THE Kings are supposed to be secret, but Tone finally agreed to let me see them. Cohen showed me others. Kept in individual "Bibles"—usually three-ring binders a kid might take to school—most of the rules and lessons are very idealistic: "A member must speak the truth at all times. . . . A member must not lust for pleasure in another members spouse. . . . A member must not steal." There are moments of real poetry—one lesson refers to "the power of indestructible things to make this broken world whole again"—and a constant, almost plaintive emphasis on racial pride: "Latinos are always willing to die with dignity and honor for our Latin race. . . . Latin Kings are people with morals and principles, with honor, dignity and pride. . . ."

The dark side is a scary militarism: "A King must never deny his superiors . . . never hesitate against an enemy of the nation. . . . Traitors must die at all costs. . . . If by death is the only way you will keep and honor our code of silence, you will die."

Both sides of Kingism came together the day I went to the Schuylkill federal penitentiary to see Luis Felipe. He came into the visiting room shackled and hid his hands under the table. He had a twitch, blinking his eyes hard two or three times in succession all through the interview. As he spoke in a street-rough voice of his love for history and his Latino brothers, he seemed to be a man of great will beaten to an explosive, wary stillness. When I asked him about the murders, he made excuses. But finally he just shrugged. "What I did, I did," he said. "The people that died were the ones that were destroying this nation."

TONE SAYS THE THREAT OF WAR IS THE ONLY way he can keep the peace. Say a kid comes up with a gun and starts running his mouth—Tone would just have to get in his face. "You want to fight—you want a war? Now the kid thinks, 'A fucking *war?* I got a gun and I'm pushing Tone now, but these motherfuckers are talking about sending *everybody* into my house.' "

He brought up, as an example, the day Giz got stabbed. "That's what I did to José," Tone told me, "I had Knickerbocker Avenue closed. I put 200 people on their block and said, 'Sell drugs now, motherfucker.' "

What if one of José's drug-dealer friends had pulled out a gun?

"I got to do it," Tone said. "If I didn't, they would have had the impression that José stabbed a King and nothing happened, and they could do it again. I got to show these guys, 'Yo, he got stabbed but don't get misled—we could kill him if we want to, we just don't choose to.' "

And if some Kings—tough Kings in jail, say—still don't feel that's good enough, Tone has to counterattack. "If you feel so strongly," he tells them, "you do justice in there."

And I wondered: Is that what he told the guys who stabbed José?

TONE'S PERSONAL LIFE IS A MESS. HE LIVES with a girl named Sapphire in a five-room duplex in a public-housing complex in Coney Island, but there's barely any furniture, the parquet floor is badly corroded and the kitchen sink leaks so badly they sleep downstairs. Plus the lease is in Sapphire's mother's name, and she hates him—she was a guard at Rikers while he was a prisoner.

One day I drove Tone to Coney Island Hospital, where his infant daughter was sick with bronchitis. Tone picked her up and took her straight to the dayroom. “He doesn't even kiss me,” Sapphire said. “He takes the baby and goes.”

Sapphire is just 17 and Tone isn't legally married to her, so Tone's mother had to come sign the baby out. She carried an elaborate leather-bound Bible and didn't seem to approve of her son. “I believe in Jesus,” she said. “He's the only King.”

FINALLY, I GOT A CHANCE TO TALK TO GIZ himself. We stood in the back bedroom of his sister's apartment, cold winter light coming in the window, mattress on the floor, the train rumbling by on the El twenty feet from the windowpane. He told me he was 21 and his birth name was Frank Del Valle, that he dropped out of school in ninth grade, sold some drugs, did some stickups, then a prison bid for robbery and arson. He joined the Latin Kings two years ago, “for the unity.”

“What I'm breeding is a true revolution,” Tone said. “Ten years from now the Kings will be a big, big force.”

He even liked the discipline. “It definitely put a lot of fucking knuckles on my head,” he said. “I used to get physicals and everything for the stupid shit I used to do.”

Like?

“Dumb shit, doing stickups in the avenue right there.”

Then Giz showed me his scars—an eraser-size puncture near his liver and the huge red welt the doctors carved on his belly. As he told the story, the three Kings Tone sent to confront José became six or seven. “We probably would have just beat his ass, you know what I'm saying, for talking,” Giz said. “If you're going to get into our shit, you're going to feel it.”

Giz talked about what it felt like to see a piece of his intestine hanging out of a hole in his belly—“Man, you should have seen that shit. It looked like a piece of braid.” He cursed José's name—the motherfucker lived just four blocks away, and sometimes they bumped into each other on the street. But Giz had no plans to take revenge himself. “Fuck it, he ain't worth it. He ain't worth destroying this whole beautiful nation that we have.”

Back in the living room, Giz's nephews were watching the Power Rangers. It was a poor apartment—plywood floor exposed in the kitchen, a broken fixture in the ceiling, a couple of tired velour chairs. But there was a feeling of warmth, and the smell of rice and beans on the stove, and 4-year-old Marky denouncing his 3-year-old brother Eric: “He's a punk and a puss!”

“I'm going to suspend you for two weeks for cursing,” Tone said.

Defiant, Marky threw his crown.

“You can't throw your crown—you're suspended.”

Marky threw it again.

“I'm going to strip you,” Tone said.

“I'm a King!” Marky said.

When we left a half-hour later, Marky yelled after us: “I'm still a King!”

ON TONE'S 30TH BIRTHDAY, THE ALMIGHTY Latin King Queen Nation showed up at St. Mary's Church in Harlem to celebrate. They lined up tribe by tribe and waited patiently, entering single-file. A 19-year-old King named Gil manned the door, hugging each arrival and whispering in his ear: “You have any weapons?”

One guy handed over a sap—a sock with a combination lock inside.

By four, the church was jammed, about 300 Kings sitting in the pews and another 100 or 150 standing. On the stage, four men in orange sweats stood with their hands crossed. Two others held up gleaming swords. As speaker after speaker gave tribute, Tone sat on a throne, smiling and dandling his baby daughter on his knee.

One of the speakers was a surprise guest—the leader of the Connecticut Kings. In a dramatic statement, he said the Kings up in Hartford were at war with a gang called Los Solidos. Many had died, and those who survived were bitter in their hearts. But now he was learning “from the brothers in New York” that peace was the better path. “So I am telling Tone today that as a birthday present for him, I will begin to meet with the Solidos,” he said.

“Amor de rey!”

Another surprise! The leader of Los Solidos got up and shook hands with his enemy!

Finally, Tone rose to speak. He thanked God and then his mother and father—who didn't show up—and plunged straight into Kingism: “My brother gets shot twice in the head; the cop doesn't investigate; I do. The cop don't go sit down with that brother's family; youse do. Look at the brothers from Connecticut, shaking hands amongst us, saying stop the killing. That's all I'm saying—stop the killing. And all the media and all those people that think I'm a phony and want to check me out: Bring on the heat, 'cause this piece of crown that's made out of gold melts and purifies every time you come. I may come down and I might stumble, but I refuse to fall. Giuliani and all these people that are attacking my nation—we ready, we will prevail. This nation will achieve its accomplishments. The Latino people in New York will have a voice. *Amor de rey!*”

“Amor de rey!”

Then King Giz and King Bishop got onstage. “These brothers are being blessed with red beads,” Tone explained, “'cause they went through a little ordeal where they risked their lives for this nation. . . . They lay there dying in a hospital just to get a message across, and the message was stop, we want peace. . . . So I thank you for not killing him, I thank you for being a humble King and letting justice prevail, and to show the man who stabbed you love, and turning the other cheek. That's why you wear the red beads. Amor de rey.”

“Amor de rey!”

As he put the beads around Giz's neck, he whispered, “I'd take a knife for you too.”

ALL THIS TIME, I HAD BEEN TRYING TO GET THE other side of the Giz story. José wasn't around, but his wife Jackie agreed to talk to me. She said she was standing behind him that night and saw everything. “As they were talking, King Lalo hit my husband . . .”

Ah, so it was Lalo who hit him. Lalo the Peacemaker.

“And he saw a couple of guys pull out box cutters . . .”

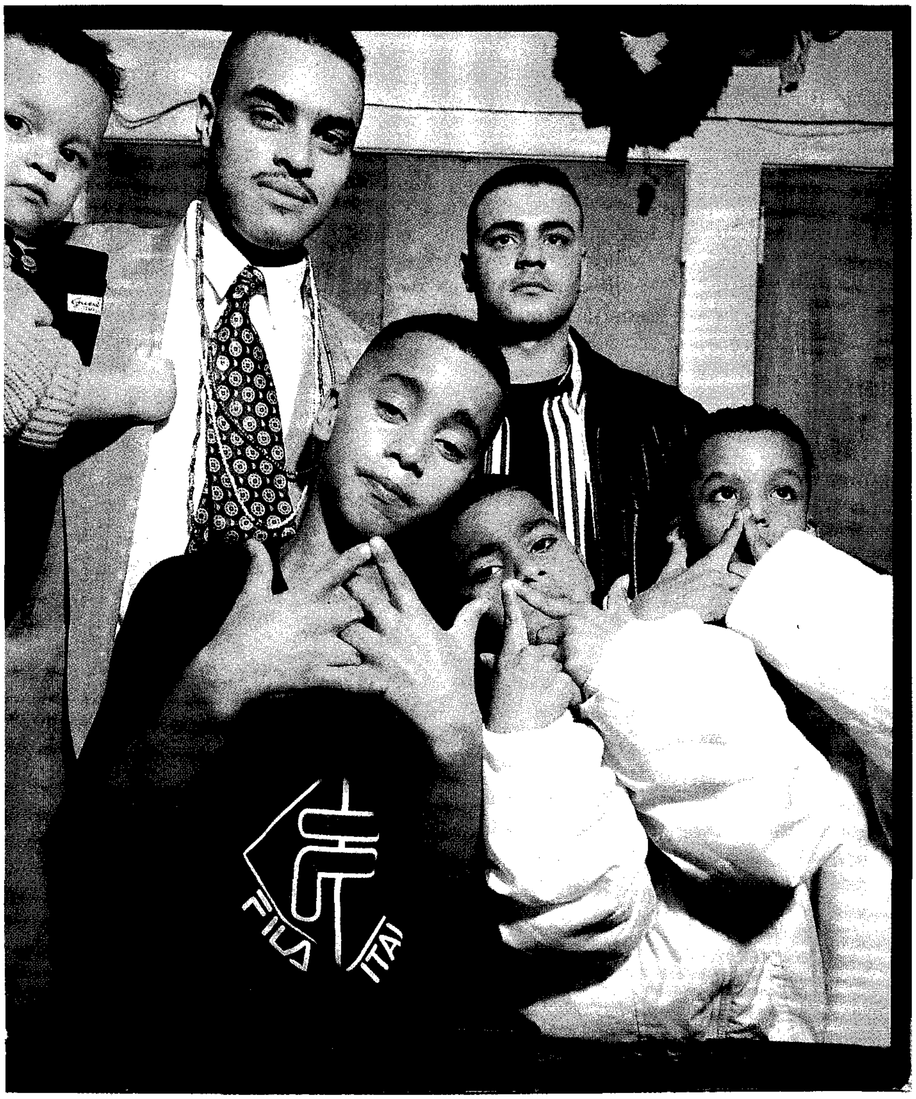
Box cutters?

“My husband must have thought if they get me down—I mean, they came to our house at two in the morning just to talk—if they came just to talk, why does fifteen guys come . . .”

Fifteen guys?

The best I could put the story together, there were probably around eight guys. I doubt they had box cutters—as Tone argued, “If they had box cutters, why ain't Jose shredded?”—and they definitely didn't have guns.

Both sides agreed the cops and the FBI tried hard to get José to give evidence on Tone. José's stabbing in jail is more problematic—there seems little doubt that the men who stabbed him were Latin Kings.



THE PEE WEE KINGS THROW A "PROBATION CROWN" UNTIL THEY COME OF AGE, AT 18.

Whether Tone ordered it personally is the $100,000 question. Tone told me he didn't, but his denial wasn't exactly reassuring: "Tell you the truth, I laughed when it happened," he said.

And there are more complications. José, it turns out, was not only a former King but also the ranking "crown" present the night Bishop Jr. got killed. Tone squeezed José out of the Kings as punishment. So the pain of that death was behind it all, and both assaults rose from the same vast need: to band together to make their broken world whole again. As Jackie put it: "They'll make something small into something very big, just to say we all stand together."

ONE DAY WHEN THEY WEREN'T EXPECTING me, I went to watch the Kings distribute food to the homeless. It was bitter cold, but they kept at it long after I was ready to go home. They didn't tell anyone who they were. They were visibly proud of themselves, happy to be doing good.

Another day, I talked to Herman Cintron Jr., the leader of Los Solidos up in Connecticut. He told me the war between the Solidos and the Connecticut Kings started in '93 when a Solid and a King fought over a girl. Two dozen men and a little girl have been killed. In fact, he was shot at just over the weekend, driving in his car. "Tell you the truth, I'm scared all the time," he said. "Tell King Tone to call us, 'cause we really need some help."

And another day, I met Tone and King Era at the Brooklyn Municipal Building, where Era was finally going to testify in the killing of Bishop Jr. Dressed in a white baseball cap and Tommy T-shirt, gold crown around his neck, Era was visibly nervous—as Tone said, "It ain't every day you walk into the D.A.'s office willingly."

But there he was, trying to do things right.

Then I overheard a striking detail, adding yet another layer of complexity to this endlessly complicated world: one member of the Kings contingent had a gun that night, and even shot at Bishop's killer as he escaped. Which was one reason Era didn't want to testify. So much for "If we had a gun, he would have been dead . . ."

AFTER MONTHS OF HANGING out with Tone, I still wasn't sure about him. Sometimes he seemed to be the perfect leader, a street-smart evangelist smuggling God's love under his tattoos. Sometimes he seemed to have too much street in him to go straight. And sometimes I would listen to his stream of glittering rap and think: *This guy's just a hustler.*

One thing is sure: The authorities won't back off any time soon. They don't seem to want to consider the possibility that Tone might be the real thing. As their prosecution gathered steam, the U.S. Attorney's office spun a piece of its organized-crime team into a new division called the Violent Gangs Unit. Early in January, the NYPD announced that the police would make fighting "youth gangs" their top priority in 1997. A few days later, the Bronx D.A. indicted three men in the shooting of Captain Plavnick. They weren't Latin Kings, but Assistant D.A. Dawn Florio blamed the Kings anyway—they had been offered $5,000 to kill a police captain in retaliation for the death of Anthony Baez, she said, and they had "subcontracted" the hit to members of the Ñetas. While this certainly seemed plausible—I remembered Tone saying, "If you feel so strongly, *you* do justice"—the D.A.'s case appeared to be based entirely on one unnamed confidential informant, and no Kings were indicted.

A week later, outside the Bronx courthouse, the Ñetas had a quick press conference. With six TV cameras rolling, Green Eyes called the arrests "a smoke screen to take attention away from the Livoti case" and said the arrested men weren't even Ñeta members. Ron Kuby invoked the FBI's COINTELPRO attack on the Black Panthers and said the police were trying to "foment gang violence" by pitting the Ñetas and the Kings against each other. Afterward, Tone lingered on the sidewalk with a group of Kings, huddling in the icy wind. He seemed subdued. Word on the street was that the cops' confidential informant was saying Tone personally handed off the $5,000 contract to the Ñetas. He turned to Kuby. "You know what I'm scared of? That this is the first felony in the RICO case they're building against me," he said.

"You should be scared," Kuby answered.

Tone grinned and gathered his men around him. Then they marched off into the South Bronx, looking for a place to get warm. ■

UNDERGROUND SENSATION

With a thriller set in a water tunnel 80 stories below the city, ex-sandhog [illegible] has burrowed his way into the literary Establishment.

BY NORMAN VANAMEE

TWO WEEKS AGO, TOM KELLY THREW HIMSELF A book party. His first novel, *Payback*, is due out from Knopf at the end of February, and he wanted to thank some of his friends for their help. So at 4:30 P.M. on Thursday, a group of ten guys—most in sweatshirts, blue jeans, and boots—gathered at Mustang Harry's on Seventh Avenue and 29th Street, ordered a round of beers, and began discussing their friend's improbable new career. "It's like watching your idiot-savant brother win the lottery," observed Kevin, Tom's younger brother, who then turned to the television to watch golf. "Tom was no damn good at anything else, so he had to become a writer," said Chickie Donohue, a stocky union man, who walked off to say hello to a couple of off-duty firemen standing at the bar. "He killed me off in a couple of pages *and* made me into a night watchman," growled John McDermott, a Local 144 representative, just before swigging at a bottle of Budweiser.

Payback—not surprisingly—is a novel full of hard-talking Irish construction workers. Set during the building boom of the early eighties, it follows one Billy Adare, a third-generation Irish kid from the Bronx, as he spends a summer working as a sandhog (a tunnel digger) to put himself through law school. It's a gritty, blue-collar thriller that's drawn glowing advance praise, including favorable comparisons to Elmore Leonard (in *Kirkus Reviews*) and Émile Zola (in *Publishers Weekly*). What Kelly lacks in nuance—the sandhogs and union bosses are *so* saintly, the contractors unremittingly contemptible—he makes up for with an aggressive plot and *noir*ish accounts of the sandhogs' subterranean haunts.

Kelly started writing the book more than ten years ago when he was splitting his time between the Gothic campus of Fordham University and the surreal underworld of New York City Water Tunnel No. 3—a mammoth water main that snakes from Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx through Manhattan and Brooklyn. Just like his protagonist, Kelly began each workday by taking a rickety freight elevator 850 feet down below the city—the equivalent of about 80 stories—where he and his fellow sandhogs would drill, blast, and shovel their way through black granite bedrock. Descriptions of this world make up the book's finer moments: "Strings of incandescent bulbs lined both sides of the tunnel, fading into the mist. The wet air was a garrote of diesel fumes and rock dust. The tunnel bellowed with sound. Water pumps sucked and spat. Diesel motors, some new and finely tuned, others old and struggling, rumbled and coughed. High-voltage lines buzzed, and air compressors hissed. Hoses and wires and pipes ran through the tunnel, a tangle of conveyances. Chaos, noise like the scream of a construction site jammed into a subway station."

KELLY GREW UP RIGHT ACROSS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE in the working-class town of New Milford, New Jersey. After graduating from high school in 1979, he and two friends packed up a twelve-year-old Chevy Impala and drove across the country. "It was right in the middle of the recession and there was no steady work here, and we didn't realize there was no work out there either," says Kelly. They settled in Monterey, California, paying the rent with freelance landscaping and occasional shifts at a squid-packing plant, until Kelly landed a construction job building the Monterey Bay Aquarium. In 1982, however, his father died, and Kelly moved back to the East Coast and thought about going back to school. "I realized that my dad had worked for 38 years for the railroad and had not done a lot of things he had wanted to," he says. In 1983, Kelly became a sandhog and enrolled at Fordham.

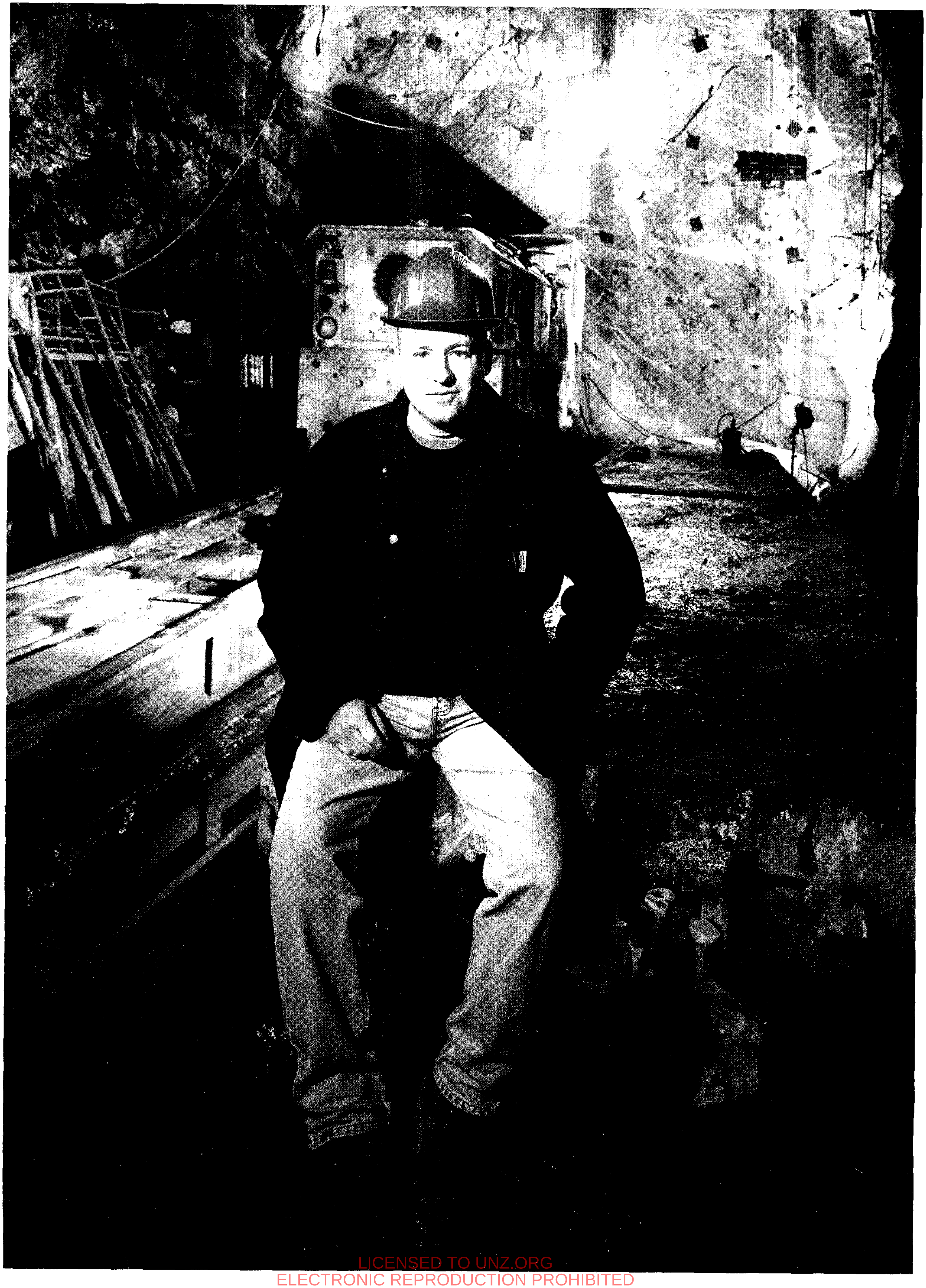
While working the swing and late shifts in the tunnels under Manhattan and the Bronx, Kelly managed to get excellent grades. He did so well, in fact, that in 1986 he graduated magna cum laude from Fordham, was selected as a Rhodes Scholar finalist, and then was accepted at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. "I was paranoid," he says. "I had been in all the retard classes in high school, so I felt like I had to work five times harder than everybody else." After Harvard, Kelly bagged a series of high-profile political jobs. He worked on the Clinton campaign and then as an advance man on both Dinkins's and Cuomo's failed re-election efforts.

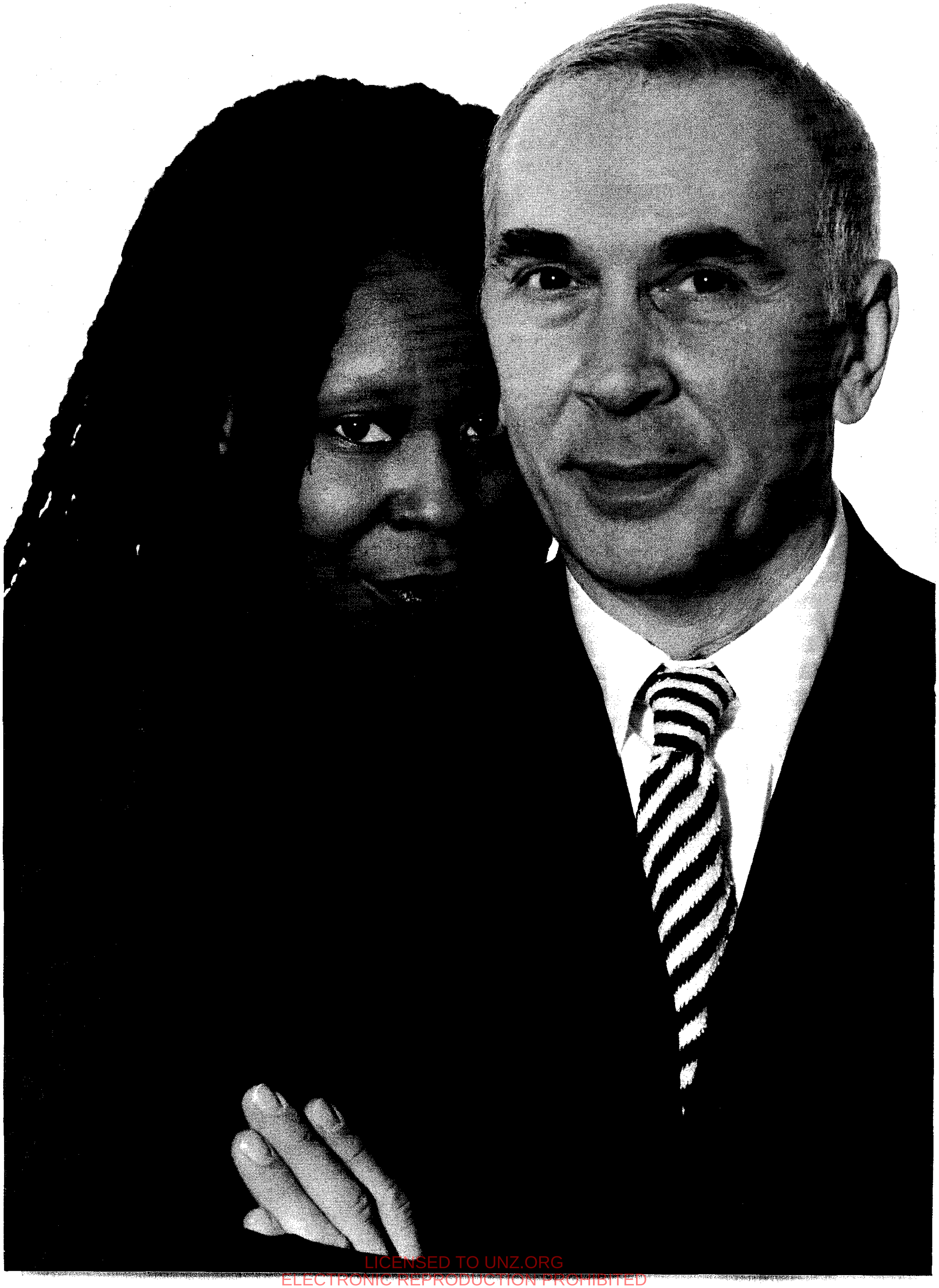
Kelly finally finished the book two years ago and—armed only with a casual introduction from Algonquin Books editorial director Shannon Ravenel, whom he had met at a wedding—dropped by at literary agent Nat Sobel's house. "I was in the middle of dinner and was very irritated," recalls Sobel, who represents James Ellroy and Richard Russo. "I thought, *All right, I'll get rid of this guy.* But I read the first pages and was immediately hooked." Two months and a modest rewrite later, Sobel sent out several copies of *Payback*. Knopf editor-in-chief Sonny Mehta called and asked if Kelly would come in and meet him—which, of course, Kelly did. The next day Mehta offered a reported $200,000 advance, a hefty figure for an unknown, first-time novelist. "It never happens this way," says Sobel.

THE TUESDAY BEFORE HIS BOOK PARTY, KELLY LOOKED A LITTLE apprehensive standing at the bottom of a 550-foot-deep shaft in Red Hook, Brooklyn. It's been a long time since he's done any construction work. A giant conveyor belt stood next to the opening, and wire mesh was bolted to the 28-foot-high ceiling. "All I really care about is that these guys get the recognition they deserve," Kelly said as he watched a mud-covered train rumble out from the five-mile-long section of tunnel. "They're the ones who risk their lives." Twenty-five men wearing coveralls, rain gear, and rubber boots piled out of the train and slogged through the deep mud in the middle of the tracks. Some looked at Kelly suspiciously, but most walked right by. Finally, a stooped guy in his fifties said, "Hey, aren't you Tom Kelly? What have you been doing?"

"I wrote a novel about the sandhogs," Kelly said. "A scumbag contractor tries to break the union. I mentioned you all in the dedication." The old guy smiled and said, "That's great. That's great. Are you working?" ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM TAVEE
FOR NEW YORK





Whoopi, Frankly

A funny thing happened on their way to Broadway: Whoopi Goldberg and Frank Langella fell in love. In a big way—as they will tell you. In her latest incarnation, she plays Fontanne to his Lunt.

By Nancy Jo Sales

IT WAS AN "OPEN REHEARSAL" of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,* which really meant that Whoopi Goldberg, the show's new star as of February 11, would deliver two songs to a throng of mostly videographers and paparazzi. Publicity.

The paparazzi stood waiting for an hour in the cold lobby of the St. James Theater, grousing and gossiping the way they always do. "Whoopi's put on some weight," said one. "She goes out with white guys," ventured another. "Now she's with that *Dracula* guy—Langella."

"She *hates* paparazzi," another said. He told a story about how the actress had chased a fellow photog-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT TRACHTENBERG FOR *NEW YORK* rapher down Madison Avenue, taking off her shoe and throwing it at him. The paparazzi laughed, appreciatively.

They were finally ushered into the theater. An unmistakable voice came over the sound system. "The use of flash photography is prohibited, because it bothers the performers and makes them *nervous.*" The photographers laughed again. This was Goldberg at her most disarming, in her best-known persona.

She came onstage and sang. There was no orchestra, only piano accompaniment. A few days before, the *Daily News* had run a gossip item saying that her singing "could augur the decline and fall of the Roman musical comedy." But Goldberg sounded fine—particularly during the number "Free," in which Pseudolus the slave tries to imagine himself (or in Goldberg's case, herself) liberated.

The paparazzi clapped for her.

"I see you, Michael Musto!" Goldberg flirted with the bespectacled *Village Voice* gossip columnist as she marched off jauntily, stage left. Musto, sitting in the theater, blinked.

"People either love her or they don't," said one paparazzo, growing philosophical. "But, *eh,* she's not bad."

The photographers dispersed into the street, toting their bags full of images of Whoopi.

WHOOPI GOLDBERG OPENS THE DOOR OF her hotel suite on the Upper East Side. Today her voice is a low, smoky purr. "Hey, how you doin'?"

It's 10 A.M. and Whoopi's draped in a coarse beige tunic and roomy pants, athletic socks, floppy shoes. She could almost wear the costume onstage in *Forum.* "They're making my toga a little longer so my ass won't look like a shelf," Whoopi says flatly, turning around for the view. "Child, please, I will look like Huggy Bear."

Whoopi orders coffee for me—but not for herself. She doesn't like it. "Never have." She sits back in her chair and smokes a Marlboro, her fifth today. Her eyes squint against the smoke of her cigarette and perhaps fatigue. She has been in rehearsal for ten weeks, and it hasn't been easy. "I'm kind of zipping in there, going, 'Okay, is this it, left foot? Oh, fuck it, left foot.' But I didn't want to run back to the movies, where it's kind of cushy and soft, so I thought, *Oh,* fuck, I'll try this. I'll go on."

The hotel waiter appears with the tray, fiddling with it, clanking spoons. He has a large, old-fashioned key dangling from his neck and a nervous efficiency in the presence of Whoopi the Star.

Whoopi comes back from closing the door behind him. And suddenly, she *is* him. "*Ooh,* will that be all, suh? . . . I am a Chahles Dickens character!"

Whoopi chuckles and shakes her head. Sometimes, she just performs for herself. Her enormous dreadlocks bang together.

NOW WHOOPI'S BOYFRIEND ENTERS THE ROOM.

He is Frank Langella, the "*Dracula* guy." He is also the Albee guy (with a Tony award for *Seascape*) and the *Amadeus* guy (he originated the role of Salieri on Broadway). Currently, Langella stars as the egocentric Garry Essendine in Noël Coward's *Present Laughter.*

At Langella's approach, Whoopi's mood shifts again. It's as if her inner soundtrack has suddenly switched from something jazzy to something classical, with a lot of cello.

"I'm a Broadway *new* baby," she says. "And he is the Broadway *king.*"

Langella smiles tightly at me, discreetly ignoring the compliment, and arranges himself on a chair to Whoopi's right. Langella is one of the few people in the world who would look natural balancing a cigarette holder (unlike Whoopi, though, he is not a smoker). World-wearily droopy-eyed, elegant, he's got on a pair of pants so soft you could polish diamonds with them; a shirt so white it seems to glow.

Whoopi as Pseudolus in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* (top); with former flame Ted Danson (left); in her original Broadway show (right).

"I think they would be the first to admit that they're an odd couple," says David Richenthal, a friend and *Present Laughter*'s producer.

The odd couple gently holds hands.

They haven't done a joint interview before. They have avoided it in part because, in the past, Whoopi has taken some beatings in the press.

"I WILL BE VERY SURPRISED IF YOUR EDITOR DOESN'T SAY, 'REMIND them about the Friars Club,' " sighs Whoopi.

My editor didn't say that. But what Whoopi's referring to is, of course, the time in 1993 when her then-boyfriend, actor Ted Danson, appeared in blackface at New York's Friars Club and roasted her in an unforgettable fashion. "*We've*

Previous page: hair and makeup by Linda Grimes; styling by Garth Condit for The Agency. Photographs: clockwise from top, Joan Marcus; Martha Swope/Time Inc.; Stills/Retna.

been so busy—we haven't seen each other in a coon's age!" Danson erupted from the podium—one of his more printable statements.

In a storm of press condemnations afterward, Whoopi quickly admitted to having written most of the jokes. She said her motivation had come from, among other things, the hate mail the couple had received from white supremacists.

But Whoopi had some other issues surrounding her relationship with Danson, issues she has been battling with mixed success over the years.

"I don't think people jumped on us because we were an interracial couple," she said after the Friars Club event. "They jumped on us for all the *other* reasons. It was the big, rich, very sexy man from *Cheers* and Whoopi, who was, like, considered asexual for, you know, the first nine years in Hollywood."

She has often complained of how, while she has been cast as maids and criminals and floozies, she has rarely been given the chance to try a romantic lead. It was eight years (her first movie, *The Color Purple,* was released in 1985), fourteen films, and one Oscar (Best Supporting Actress, for 1990's *Ghost*) before Whoopi got the chance to even kiss a man onscreen.

That man was Danson, in 1993's *Made in America* (a miscegenation story carefully displaced onto a sperm bank). But if their onscreen affair didn't turn around her Hollywood image (she most recently appeared, in *The Associate,* as a woman posing as a *man*), it may have done something to affect her self-image. She once told an interviewer, "I always thought I was very ugly." And, more recently, "The last man I went with, that kind of woke people up. Like: You must be cute. If he thinks you're cute, there must be something there. And frankly, the older I get, the better-looking I get."

> "To put yourself in the line of fire is sometimes really great, because it stimulates people," says Whoopi.

FOR WHOOPI, HOWEVER, TED DANSON was only a transitional figure, a stage through which she passed; perhaps a "passage." In fact, there is a Zen-like feel to the story Whoopi tells about her love for Frank Langella. "This thing of mine with Frank," she says, "has been going on for a very long time."

Langella sits gazing at her with a mixture of amusement and reverence.

"We didn't meet until *Eddie,"* Whoopi says, "but this was somebody that I always wanted to know. . . ." Her eyes are closed now, as if to see the movie flickering up on the screen in her brain. In *Eddie,* Whoopi played an NBA coach and Langella the team's Steinbrenner-like owner. By the end of filming, Langella was getting a divorce from his wife of eighteen years, while Whoopi was detaching herself from her husband of eighteen months, the labor organizer Lyle Trachtenberg.

"I always believed," Whoopi says, "that I would know Frank, from the time that I was a very young woman." Langella's watching her even more intently now, his chin slung in hand.

"My only experience with Frank had been from the cinema," says Whoopi. "I was 14 the first time I saw him in *Twelve Chairs.* And then the following week, I saw *Diary of a Mad Housewife."* In that film, Langella played a sadistic, self-centered womanizer.

"When we finally met, I made my mother clarify and stamp the fact that I have always believed I would know him. And my mother said to him, 'Oh, yeah, since she was 14 you have been a focal point for her. . . .' "

WHEN WHOOPI WAS 14, SHE WAS LIVING IN THE CHELSEA PROJECTS, on 25th Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues.

I used to live across the street from there. On one particular day—it was summertime—I had an encounter that always stuck in my mind. There were kids playing with a tennis ball in the street and old people, grandparents, sitting out on lawn chairs watching them.

"I knew Whoopi when she was Caryn," said an old lady who had lived in the Chelsea Projects for 30 years. "I don't know why she goes around saying she was a drug addict and all that stuff. I knew her mother. Caryn was a nice girl."

Ever since Whoopi Goldberg became a star—in 1983, after Mike Nichols brought her to Broadway with her stunning one-woman character show, *Whoopi Goldberg*—the story that has traveled around with her is that she was a teenage junkie from the ghetto.

In fact, Caryn Johnson was a nice Catholic-school girl; she attended St. Columba, a few blocks away from the Chelsea Projects. She was the type of girl who went to the movies on Saturday with her mother and mooned over matinee idols—guys like Frank Langella.

As public housing goes, the Chelsea Projects aren't actually that bad. The surrounding neighborhood is middle-class. Caryn Johnson's father had gone away, but she and her brother, Clyde, were provided for by their mother, Emma Harris, a nurse and Head Start teacher. Enrolled in acting classes at the age of 8 (at the Helena Rubinstein Children's Theater), Caryn briefly attended the High School of the Performing Arts. She dropped out; Whoopi said early on that she'd had trouble because she had been labeled "retarded." It is hard to imagine. She also talked about a heroin problem. "Junkies never know they have to stop," she told *Ebony* in 1985, "and I don't know how I did." She said that she had married her drug counselor, a man whose name has never appeared anywhere.

As late as 1991, *Ebony* was continuing the tale of Whoopi's dope-addled beginnings: "Hers was a life and death struggle with drugs . . . and degradation . . . a tortured tango with the devil for her soul."

In the past few years, however, Whoopi appears to have grown tired of the smacked-out Horatio Alger version of her life. "How I had to pull myself up from degradation, how I was layin' in the gutter, it just wasn't like that," she said a couple of years ago.

Today, Whoopi tells me that at 18, "I was married and very happy to have a kid. It was fun."

She seemed to blame the spiraling saga of drug abuse on not only her own exaggerations but the press's credulity; they bought into the stereotype too easily. "That coupled with the fact that I'm black! From the ghetto! On welfare!" she told *Newsday.* "My mother was like, 'Excuse me? I don't think so.' She was, uh-huh, very agitated."

THE NEWEST WHOOPI IS TIMELESS, A WOMAN WITHOUT A PAST. SHE is Fontanne; Langella is Lunt, the silver-haired acting eminence.

"There are certain people you see and say, 'That's where I want to be,' " Whoopi says softly. "I needed somebody who would see what I was capable of and would say, 'Yeah.' "

Her return to the stage is likely a good career move. Although Goldberg has an astonishing talent for making people laugh

(Nichols once called her "part Elaine May, part Groucho, part Ruth Draper") and considerable skill as an actress, her movies are not blockbusters, usually. *Sister Act* made $300 million worldwide, but it came out a full four years ago, a long time in the dog-usurp-dog world of Hollywood superstardom. Its sequel, *Sister Act 2*—for which Whoopi received $8 million, making her at that moment the highest-paid actress in Hollywood ever—tanked.

Whoopi has appeared in nearly 30 movies, the vast majority of them of debatable merit. "I'm tired of movies," she complains, "because I'm not really sort of doing stuff that my heart is in the way I wanted to be."

So when her agent, Jeff Hunter—who is also the agent of *Forum's* current star, Nathan Lane—suggested Whoopi take over the role of Pseudolus, she was feeling ready for a change.

With Langella already in her life, Whoopi has had ample opportunity to soak up the atmosphere of the Broadway stage, from which she has been absent for more than a decade. "When she is not rehearsing her own show," *Present Laughter's* Richenthal says, "she is there with Frank, quite literally in his dressing room, and watching his show more than any spouse or significant other that I have ever seen."

Richenthal adds confidentially, "We keep on reserve a secret seat on the aisle where she can slip back to his dressing room and the public doesn't even know she's there."

Ten or twelve years ago, says Langella, "I wouldn't have been ready for the profundity of her persona."

WE'RE BACK IN THE HONEYMOON SUITE.

"There was something behind the eyes of the actor on the screen," Whoopi's saying. "Something that you knew that, if you were open enough or recognized enough, was very, very lonely."

Langella's looking at his lap.

"I felt as a young woman that this was a guy who would appreciate having someone to hang out with and talk to about different stuff. . . ."

Some hard truth seems to occur to her.

"I never thought that this man would even *look* at me."

The earlier, unevolved Frank Langella might have overlooked Whoopi, he suggests. Langella is 57. He went through something of a crisis several years back, he says, when he began to lose his youthful good looks. "In my middle forties as I moved toward my fifties, I struggled with it more than I care to remember," says Langella. "I had a lot of hair—I had *big* hair."

He smiles. His characterization of *Present Laughter's* Garry Essendine, who whips around to look at himself in the mirror at least 40 times, is a bit of a self-parody, Langella confesses.

He says his growing awareness of his own superficiality actually helped prepare him for Whoopi: "I wouldn't have been ready for the profundity of her persona. I wouldn't have seen it.

"I wouldn't have been the open flower I was when I met her."

Now Whoopi is the one sitting silently in the chair, watching Langella closely.

"One of the early presents Whoopi gave me," Langella continues in his rich, deep PBS voice, "was a book by Rilke, which I randomly opened to see what I would read and how it would relate to us. It said that the tragedy of people when they fall in love young is that half a person falls in love with half a person.

"Rilke says wait, wait, wait, until you are mature and a whole person falls in love with a whole person.

"It has taken me my entire life"—Langella's voice wavers only slightly—"to be ready to meet someone who is as full as I would like to be."

Whoopi holds her chin up, smiling at him.

ALL THIS LOVE SEEMS TO HAVE SPILLED OVER INTO OTHER PARTS OF Whoopi's life. Addressing the First Family at the inauguration last month, she said, *"Bill, Hillary, Chelsea, you're three of the coolest people I know!"*

The surprising thing was how sincere she seemed; she has always made her living by joking about her desire to be included.

Speaking at Radio City last year, where she sang, "Happy Birthday, Mr. President" at Clinton's fiftieth, Whoopi tossed off this bit of revealing comedy: "I would have worn a blonde wig, but Jack Kemp already has the wig." The quip includes layers of references, not only to Marilyn Monroe but to Whoopi's own early incarnations. There was an echo to one of her characters in *Whoopi Goldberg* (or, as it was known before going to Broadway, *The Spook Show*): a little black girl who so desperately wants to have blonde hair that she attaches a yellow skirt to her head.

Whoopi's favorite joke about her background involves her surname, and she still loves to tell it. "I am a Jewish-American princess," she told me when I spoke with her. "Actually," she said, revising on the spot, "I'm a princess, period. There are things that I like done for me, and always did even before I had money. I was *never* into cooking. . . ."

Which is partly why, Whoopi said, she wrote a recipe in 1993 called "Jewish American Princess Fried Chicken" for the *Cooking in Litchfield Hills* cookbook (she owns a house in Litchfield, Connecticut, a town that could not be easily likened to, say, Borough Park). Whoopi's recipe went like this: "Send chauffeur out to your favorite butcher shop. . . . Have Cook prepare meal while you touch up your makeup. . . ."

The Anti-Defamation League didn't get the humor. "Maybe the critics are not aware," her publicist Brad Cafarelli argued at the time, "that Whoopi is Jewish, so she is certainly not anti-Semitic." Whenever questioned about it, Whoopi has insisted with some irritation, "I'm *Jewish.*"

I asked Cafarelli whether this was true in a technical sense. "Whoopi feels part of many religions," Cafarelli said on the phone. "She is Catholic and she is Jewish and she . . . is many things."

WHOOPI IS FINISHING UP HER STORY:

"After we finally met"—"we" is Whoopi and Frank Langella, who is still regarding Whoopi with this unbridled sort of loving amazement—"we went and sat and had dinner at a restaurant, and I said, 'Can I be your friend?'

" 'I'll be your friend,' I said. 'I'll be a good friend.' You know? Because I had waited from when I was 14 until last year to say to him, 'I'm somebody who you will be all right with. I won't let anything fuck with you, because I think you're the greatest, and have always felt that.'

"And I didn't know why, but I knew it fluidly, I knew it body-fluidly. I knew it heart-wise. I knew that he would be there sometime. . . .

"He hugged me, and it was overwhelming, and I thought, *I can't explain to you how much I need you in my life."*

There is a silence.

Langella says: "Whoopi often says we're like two broken toys trying to mend each other." ▬

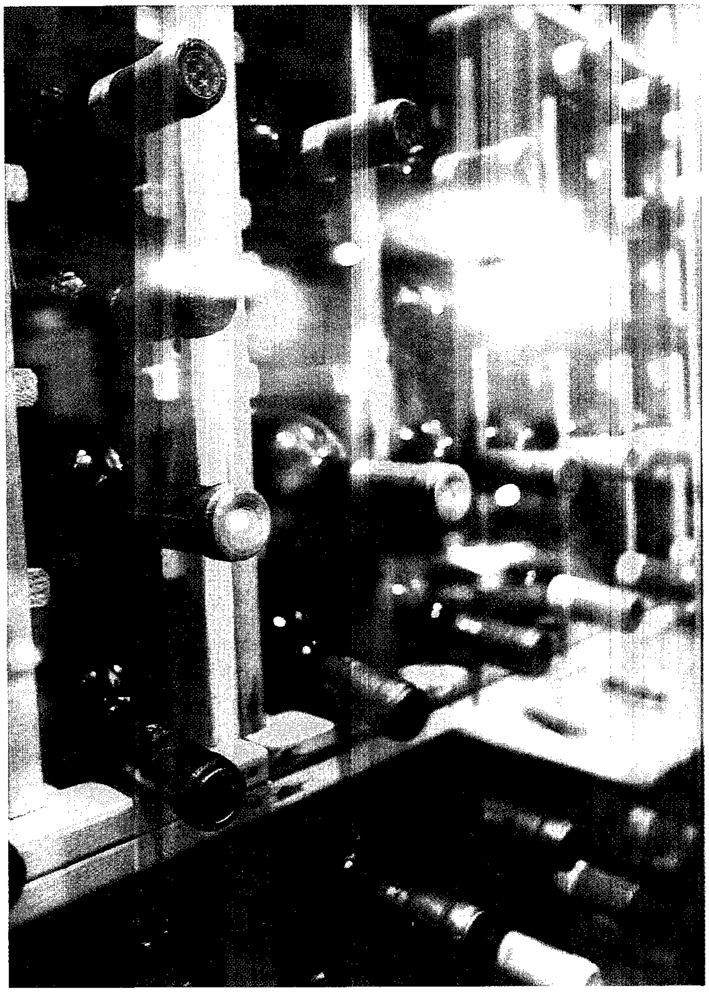
best cellars

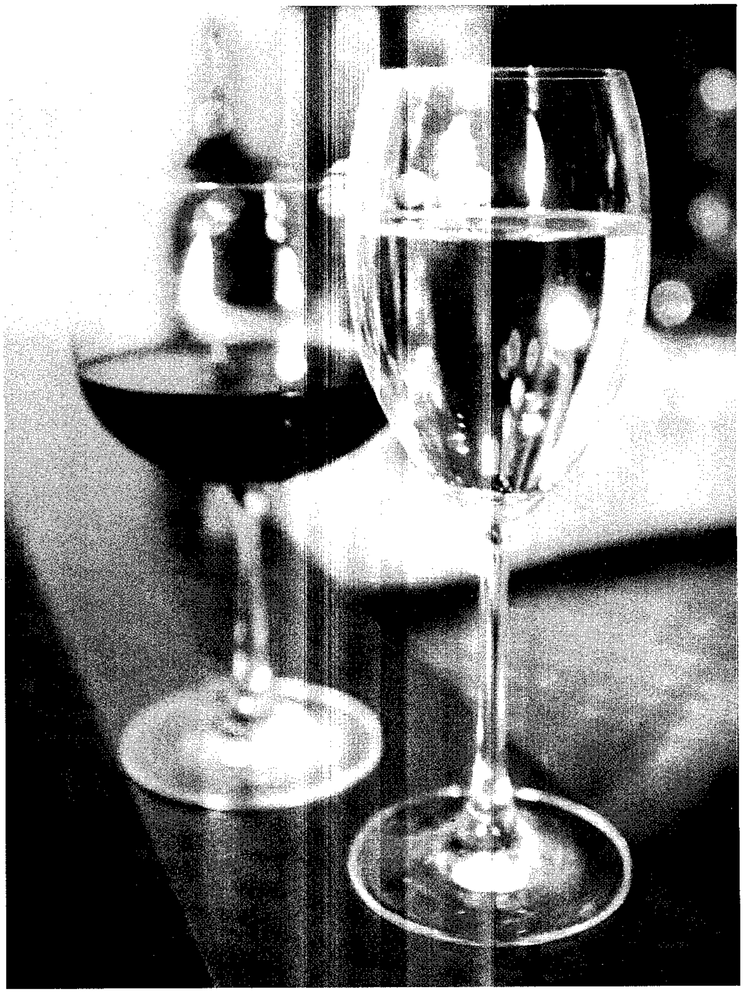
At $1 a swallow, that Bordeaux may not be the thing to order with your rack of lamb. Today's wine lists are oversized and overpriced. But not everywhere. Find out who's naughty and who's nice. BY TONY HENDRA

L**A MIRABELLE** ON WEST 86TH STREET is something of a throwback to the post–World War II period of Manhattan's culinary history, when the city was dotted with cozy French restaurants run by sensible bourgeois who served corner-bistro comfort food before it was stylish and wore black only when attending funerals. La Mirabelle's menu is agnostic on low-fat fundamentalism, folding in its warm embrace all the major food groups: veal, beef, lamb, poultry, shellfish, butter, and cheese. In the corner-bistro manner, the wine list is short, familiar, and sensibly priced. In short: perfect. As the eye rolls down its 30 wines, the magic numbers $18, $20, and $25 pop out at you more than 50 percent of the time; ten are available in that seriously endangered species, half-bottles. And the wines, though cheap, are fine—e.g., Guigal's Côtes du Rhône, pint for pint the best red wine available in the U.S., which co-owner Annick Le Douaron will sell you for $20. (I've seen it elsewhere for $30-plus—it retails for around $10.) At Mirabelle, you won't be able to impress the pants off a client with a stratospherically priced CalChard that's too glutinous to drink with anything anyway—nor is it the place to splurge one last time on a '59 Latour before calling Dr. Jack in the morning. But the wine portion of your bill won't be an occasion for tooth-grinding regret.

Clockwise (opposite): Racking them up at I Trulli; March's vin extraordinaire; chef Wayne Nish and winemeister Joe Scalice at March; the best red wine in the U.S. on one of the best little wine lists in town—La Mirabelle's.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Erik Rank (3); Kenneth Chen.





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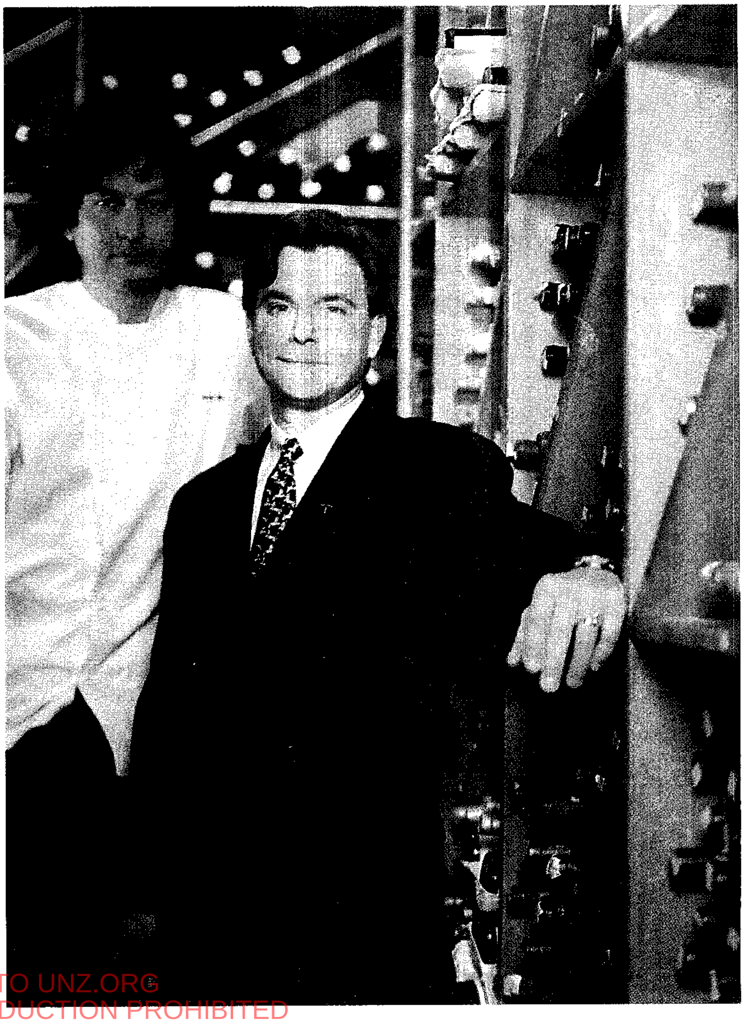


Big deal on East 27th Street: Reasonable regionals at I Trulli.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE EURO-NOTION THAT wine ought to be an integral, affordable—and, of course, pleasurable—part of every meal is still not common in Manhattan. Far too many restaurateurs take the attitude that while they can make a living on their food, they can make a killing on their wine. Food pays the rent; wine pays for the ski trip.

Provincial thinking, guys. Sleazy-cheesy. Petty–bourgeois–out–in–boonies–Madame Bovary time. Let them overcharge for wine in Four Corners or Grand Rapids or Sarasota, where they barely know which end of the bottle the cork comes out of and Burgundy is the color of your Camry. This is New York, the world's No. 1 wine market, the place every producer from every major landmass wants his wines to be, so much so that they're often cheaper here than where they're produced. Trying to charge us $35 for a bottle we know the mom-and-pop liquor store around the corner sells for $12 is as tacky as using a cell phone next to a homeless person.

Here's the all-too-frequent experience: You're scanning the elegant menu—a couple of pages in which the toothsome dishes have been painstakingly narrowed down to eight or ten appetizers, half a dozen salads or pastas, perhaps a dozen entrées. Suddenly, a tome the size of Carlyle's history of the French Revolution, bound in the kind of leatherette you'll find inside that burgundy Camry, thwonks down beside you. In it are so many wines, you wish there were a 411 for wine lists. ("Welcome to Wine-Ex Directory Assistance—what region, please?") You open it randomly, hit several pages devoted to "Côte de Nuits" alone, and go into advanced hypertensive oenophobia (wine-sticker shock). Result? "Iced tea for me." "And you?" "Evian's fine." Another bottle gets to sleep another night in its costly rack, and your food is about to be insulted by either Château Lipton or the stuff, as W. C. Fields pointed out, that fish fornicate in.

HOW TO SPOT LE RIP-OFF ROYALE

IF YOU SEE . . .

1. A wine you recognize that's priced three times more than its retail price;
2. Many wines from the same producer (usually means a distributor has helped write the list);
3. No wine on the menu that costs less than or the same as the prix fixe;
4. No wines in the $20-to-$25 range,

. . . EAT THERE ONLY ONCE.

Who are these thumb-crushing tomes intended for? Other sommeliers? The .0002 percent of Manhattan that can actually afford to buy a decent Richebourg at 200 percent markup? Your mother? This is dumb—or perhaps just lazy—marketing. Why would you spend so much effort winnowing down your menu to a couple of dozen things you do best, and the public likes best, and not do the same with your wine list?

Maintaining a large cellar is a major expense for a restaurant. The more wines there are on the list, the more has to be charged for all of them. But only the very top rank of restaurants has any obligation to maintain huge cellars. For the vast majority of good middle-range restaurants, the purpose ought to be to sell wine, not cellar it.

Galling to admit it, but Gaul has something to teach us here. As in the U.S., per capita wine consumption is down in France, and restaurant wine prices are headed in the same direction. On a recent visit to Paris, I ate at a variety of restaurants, ranging from touristy high-visibility brasseries like La Coupole to untouristy neighborhood joints like À la Biche au Bois, near the Gare de Lyon, which serves the best homemade foie gras in Paris. At all of them, about half the wines offered were around the $20 price point. Wine lists never contained more than three dozen wines—with a handful of well-selected big-ticket wines for splurgers (or visitors from Japan).

At trendy Les Bouchons de François Clerc, even big-ticket wines—Bordeaux Second Growths, Premier Cru Burgundies—are sold at cost. You can get a '92 Lynch-Bages for $28, a bottle of Pol Roger Brut for $16. There are three Les Bouchons in Paris now; the places are packed, every seating, every night.

God knows the French are no strangers to gouging—especially once they acquire the Michelin magic three. (A Bordeaux at Les Bouchons for $30 could list at a three-star restaurant for six or seven times as much. But when wine prices are

Photograph by Erik Rank.

who are these **thumb-crushing tomes intended for? Other sommeliers?**

headed downward in a city where overcharging is as venerable as the chapel of St. Germain, why are they so marked up here, in a city that aspires to be the food capital of the world? Especially in the nineties—the Decade of the Discount. How about a selection of $19.97 wines to go with that $19.97 lunch?

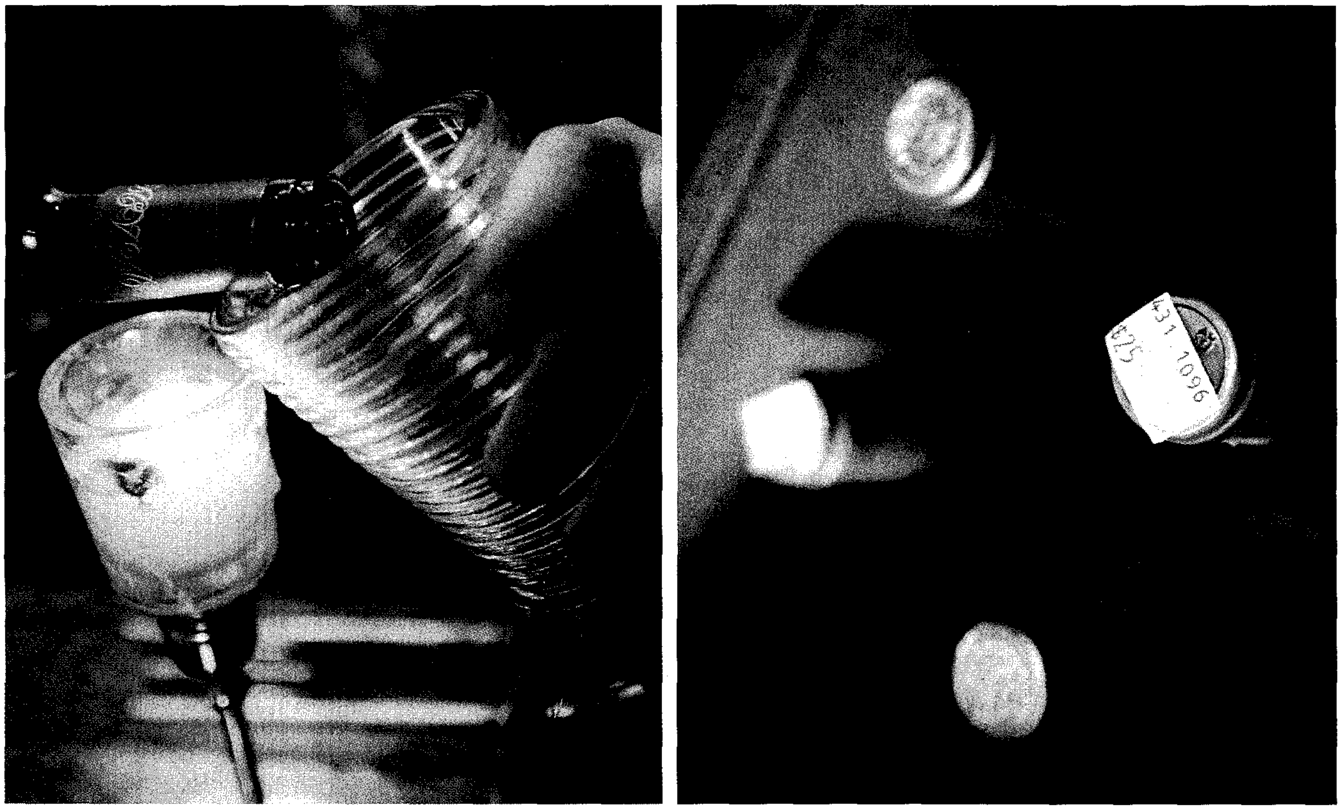
The ugly fact is, many excellent Manhattan restaurants exhibit a consumer-hostile gougniess in their attitudes to wine. *Item:* If the food's priced high, the wine should be, too. This is particularly true of chef-owners with backgrounds in the hotel trade, the thinking there being that the customer is either on an expense account or celebrating something special, so the market will bear high prices. In restaurants, however, having legitimate reasons for charging high prices for the food (top-notch ingredients, expensive chefs) doesn't justify overcharging for wine.

Item: Far too many wine lists are top-heavy with big-ticket wines of the kind ordinary mortals only buy once in a lifetime, accompanied by a slew of bottles in the $40-to-$60 "mid-range" and nothing drinkable below 30 bucks. All too often, the price-conscious customer has a choice between a bottle that will be okay but hardly epiphanic—for $40 to $60—and something Ted Kaczynski might have mailed to the Army Corps of Engineers. This is gouging based on wine snobbery: "If you buy this $20 filth, you belong out where they think Burgundy is a car color."

Item: The frontiers of the known wine world have expanded enormously, providing restaurateurs with countless options. Why do we see so few affordable and food-friendly Australian wines—Penfolds, Rosemount, Lindemans? Why so few wines from Spain, which are being upgraded at the speed of light but remain inexpensive? Sure, there's Rioja, but there are also splendid food buddies from Penedés, Ribera del Duero, Navarre, and Galicia. Or, hopping over the Pyrenees, from the other South of France—southwest and south-central regions like Cahors, Madiran, Corbières, Roussillon, Bergerac? Stores are full of excellent wines from these regions, most well under $20, but you'd be hard pressed to find them represented on most lists.

Item: Beyond overpricing is the simple fact that wine lists at mid-range restaurants display a depressing uniformity—the same wines keep turning up wherever you go, whether or not they match the food. Sameness is largely a result of laziness and/or ignorance—restaurateurs will often allow distributors to influence their lists. As one source put it, "Lists get written by the whiskey-house salesmen" (the guys who sell liquor to the bar and whose companies also distribute wines). And distributors are not above some under-the-table tactics. Many an extra case of a heavily ordered wine finds its way into many a trunk.

The examples of good lists that follow aren't ratings. They're intended to show what can be done with a wine list when it's planned with the same care as the menu. If you check out these places, spend a few minutes absorbing the list. It will help you know what to look for to establish the quality and reliability of others.



March will sell no wine before its time: Left, decanting a red; right, the few, the chosen.

Photographs by Erik Rank.

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BIG, DEEP CELLARS

Ideally, a wine list should always match and enhance the menu to which it's married—not just the type and quality of the food but the experience you expect from the place. When you eat somewhere that might serve the meal of a lifetime, you want access to a cellar it would take a lifetime to assemble. Until about fifteen years ago, only a very few restaurants offered that kind of range, and they tended toward the traditional, squeeze-your-wallet-till-it-sweats Bordeaux-Burgundy collections. Now dozens of places boast elaborate cellars with exceptional depth and breadth. To pick just a few: **Daniel, Chanterelle, Le Bernardin, Montrachet** (whose sommelier, Daniel Johnnes, has one of the more discerning palates in the city), **Lespinasse,** and—the most extensive of all—**Windows on the World.** In my opinion, these lists (with the exception of the one at Windows) still tend to be overpriced and have too few lower-end options, but hey, it's one way to redistribute the wealth.

Two big, deep cellars that demonstrate admirable inventiveness and avoid big-ticket predictability:

march's library **of wines with an unusual provenance is one you'd want to browse in.**

Since being taking over by Eberhard Müller in 1995, **Lutèce** is still a work-in-progress. The wine list has expanded and evolved from André Soltner's era. The ebullient Mr. Müller buys his own wine. ("Why should I pay someone else to have this much fun?") Not surprisingly, many of his additions are German, and nicely complement his marine leanings. (Müller was previously executive chef at Le Bernardin.) Two favorites: the '94 Fritz Haag Riesling Ausleise, $75, and the '94 Viognier Côtes du Rhône, $28. In general, his touch with wines is light ("My fish and meat are already dead—I don't need to kill them with wine"), though his prices aren't. Since Lutèce is a far more delightful place to lunch than it used to be, I would like to see more good lower-end wines available—not to mention half-bottles.

March has a cellar assembled with great care and sophistication. Co-owner Joe Scalice has a thing about boutique wines and those of unusual provenance. One reason is the cuisine of chef Wayne Nish, whose cross-cultural fusions of flavor and texture are demanding food partners. Normally, a list with many little-known wines puts you at the mercy of a sommelier, but you're in trustworthy hands with the scholarly Mr. Scalice. This is someone whose library you want to browse in. March's tasting menu gives him ample opportunity to strut his stuff—several exceptional wines for the price of one (or two). Worth noting: his '95 Château d'Auvernier Neuchâtel, a translucently delicate fluid from Switzerland. In the main, Swiss wines, like everything Swiss, are sky-high; this will set you back only $32. March is unusual among three-star joints in having a crop of excellent wines for $25 and under.

MID-RANGE LISTS

A top-notch mid-range list can be found at **Union Square Cafe.** Danny Meyer was a pioneer in good-value, broad-based lists (and kept the faith when he opened **Gramercy Tavern**). His wine director, Karen King, has recently reorganized Union Square lists by varietal and "flavor" rather than by country or region. This is a promising approach for the nervous or uninitiated, although Union Square now lists stately stuff like Jasmin's '85 Côte Rôtie under "Spicy Red Wine." A simpler reform might be to cull the list—at 225 wines, it's quite a slog, and Union Square is one of the most customer-friendly restaurants in the city. Markups appear to be in the acceptable 100 to 150 percent range, and while only five wines get under the $20 limbo bar, there are twenty more at $25 or less.

REGIONAL LISTS

Restaurants with a regional emphasis often assemble fascinating and more specialized lists than the norm. **Michael's** (in New York, Californian cuisine is regional) has a superb selection of Californian wines, especially older CalCabs. Many Italian restaurants display admirable chauvinism in putting their lists together; **San Domenico** in particular has some terrific out-of-the-way Italian wines. However, neither list contains—shall we say—

any bargains. An intriguing Italian list can be found at **I Trulli,** which specializes in the cooking of Puglia (the heel of the Italian boot). Nicola Marzovilla offers a list-within-a-list of 30-odd fragrant food-loving wines from Southern Italy—including a dozen or so from Puglia itself. Seventeen wines are $20 or under, eleven of them $18 or less.

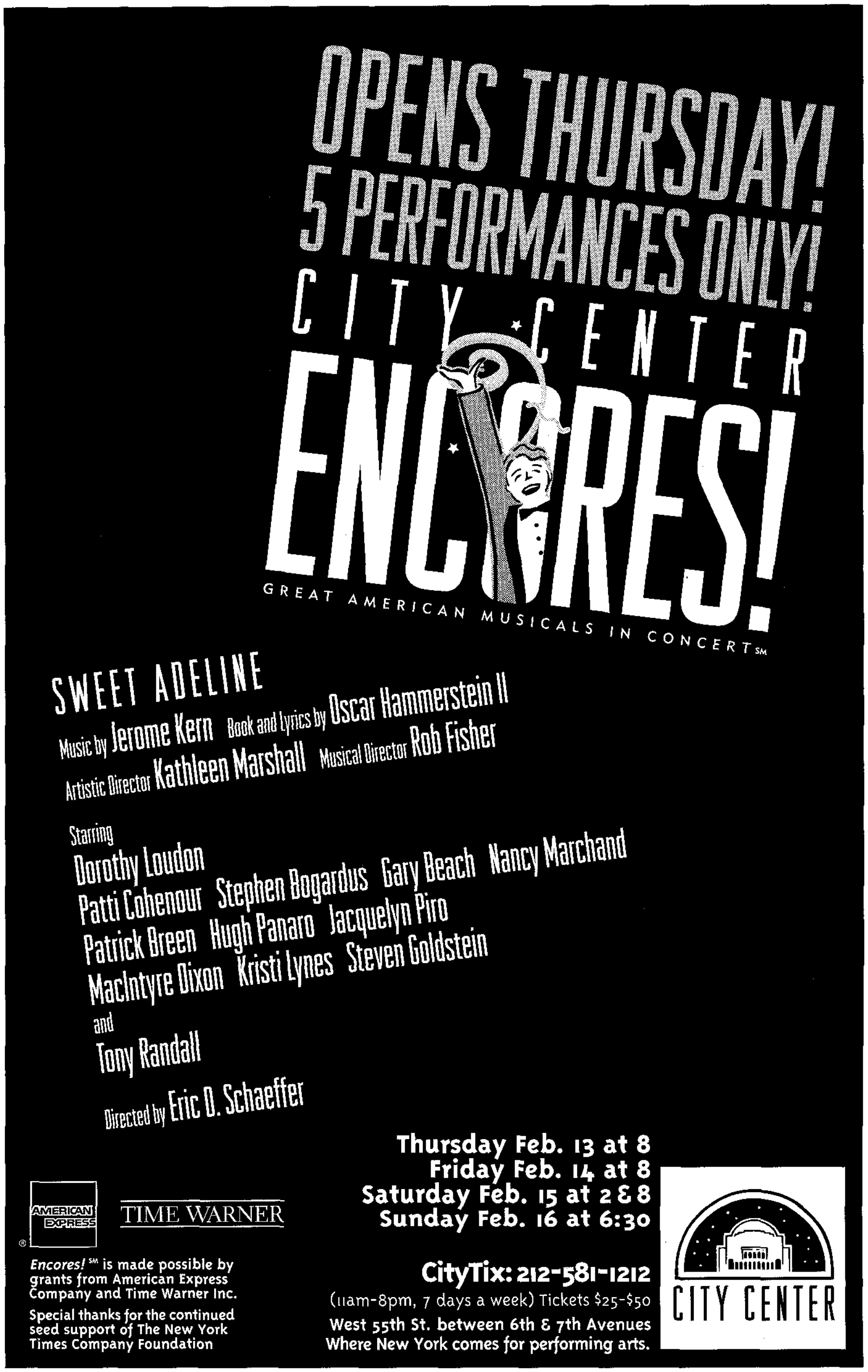
GOOD SHORT LISTS

Tapika's list of 50-odd well-chosen wines includes almost as many bottles (fifteen) at $25 and under as Union Square Cafe, quite a feat considering that sommelier Jason Lapin confines himself to North America. Lapin makes an interesting point about the advantage of short lists: "I can get a better price ordering five cases of one wine than one case [each] of five wines." Tapika's markup averages an honest 100 percent.

Bolo also has 50-odd wines, the best of which are Spanish. The list is less competitively priced than Tapika's—only twelve are $25 or under (CUNE Gran Reserva Rioja will cost you $54 here but $43 at Union Square). On the other hand, you can drink the splendid Chivite "Gran Feudo" Rosé ($18) all night and with everything on the menu.

WINE-BY-THE-GLASS LEGERDEMAIN

Most restaurants now offer more variety than the standard "pour" (what you get if you just order red or white wine). But many restaurants see wines by the glass as a way to wring a few more bucks out of the bottle. A glass price is never less than a quarter of the listed bottle price. Since a bottle contains 25 ounces, you should get six ounces of wine for your money. You rarely do—most pours are, at best, five ounces. When skimpy glasses are used, this can go as low as four ounces, or even less. The joint is now making 50 percent-plus on its 100 percent-plus markup. Anecdotal evidence suggests this happens most often when more-expensive wines are being poured (say, $10 a glass and up), and the rip-off is proportionally greater. The simplest solution, if it appears that you have considerably less than six ounces of wine in your glass, is to send it back and demand a "full pour." You'll get dirty looks, but you will rarely be refused. If you are . . . eat there only once. ▬



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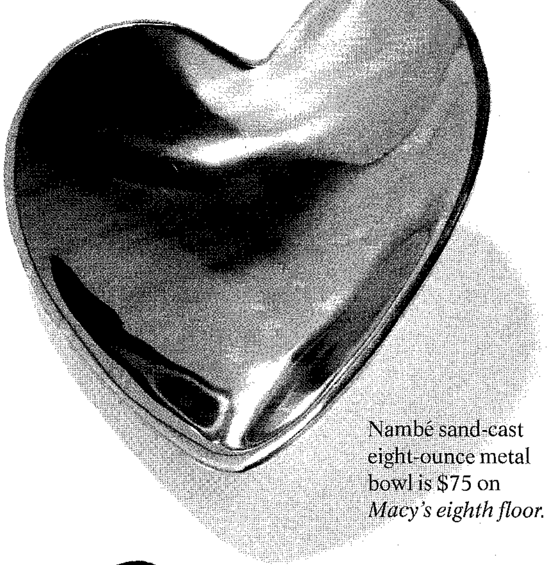
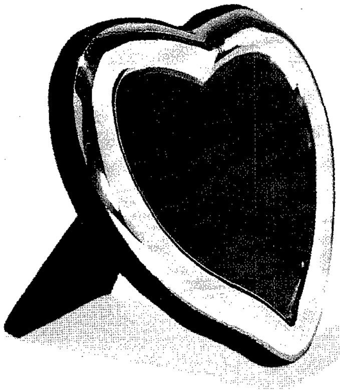
BY CORKY POLLAN

Metal heart filled with roses and calla lilies is $125 at *Belle Fleur (53 West 72nd Street; 579-4373; $10 delivery charge).*

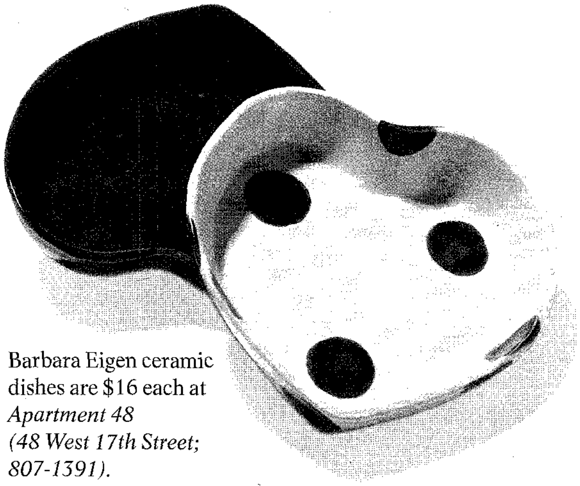


Nambé sand-cast eight-ounce metal bowl is $75 on *Macy's eighth floor.*



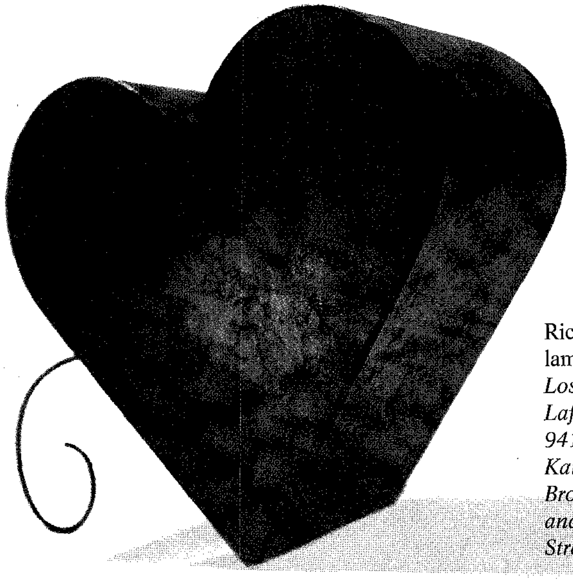
Biondi Alessandro sterling-silver frame is $35 at *Barneys New York (both locations).*

Amscan plastic spring toys are $2.50 each at *E.A.T. Gifts (1062 Madison Avenue; 861-2544).*



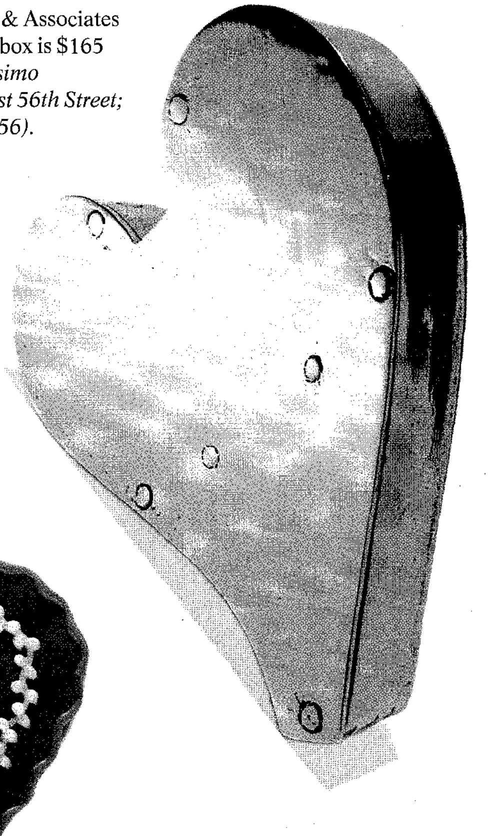
Barbara Eigen ceramic dishes are $16 each at *Apartment 48 (48 West 17th Street; 807-1391).*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOSHUA McHUGH FOR NEW YORK

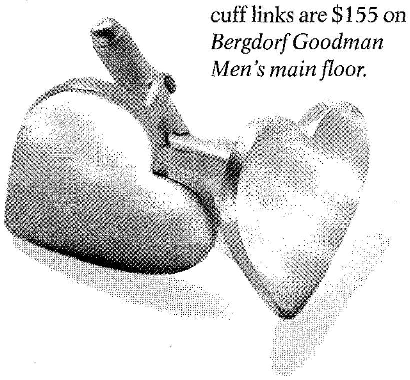


Rice-paper-and-wire lamp is $120 at *Lost City Arts (275 Lafayette Street; 941-8025) and Kate's Paperie (561 Broadway; 941-9816, and 8 West 13th Street; 633-0570).*

Cipolla & Associates pewter box is $165 at *Felissimo (10 West 56th Street; 247-5656).*

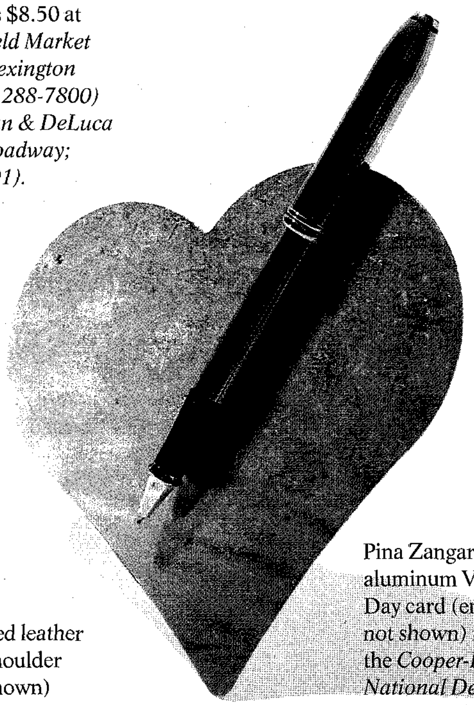


Catherine M. Zadeh matte-sterling-silver cuff links are $155 on *Bergdorf Goodman Men's main floor.*



Baked Ideas ginger cookie is $8.50 at *Butterfield Market (1114 Lexington Avenue; 288-7800) and Dean & DeLuca (560 Broadway; 431-1691).*

Moschino red leather bag (with shoulder strap, not shown) is $575 at *Bloomingdale's, Moschino (803 Madison Avenue; 639-9600), and Saks Fifth Avenue.*



Pina Zangaro aluminum Valentine's Day card (envelope, not shown) is $6.95 at the *Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Shop (2 East 91st Street; 860-6878). Cross silver felt-tip pen is $125 at Rebecca Moss (510 Madison Avenue; 832-7671).*

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

The Big Switch

Dye those **faded hip-huggers** *jet black; update your mousy tresses with chunks of blonde; and turn that* **war-zone closet** *tidy—this week, change is cheap.*

ONCE A YEAR, MXYPLYZYK puts all of its sleekly designed quotidian objects—from bottle openers to lamps to dog collars—on sale. The two-store event begins this Saturday and includes such items as Philippe Starck toilet brush, was $32, now $26.50; "Smell Like Your Dad" cologne, was $35, now $28; aluminum briefcase, was $85, now $68. *Mxyplyzyk, 123 and 125 Greenwich Ave., near 13th St. (989-4300); all major credit cards; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. 12–5; 2/15–2/28.*

Natural Savings

TO CHALLENGE THE LAW OF CONSUMER culture that says all things organically grown, free-range, or good for you should be exorbitantly priced, Healthy Pleasures has over 500 items on sale at all times. The organic-food store also discounts by 10 percent anything bought by the case, so Stonyfield Farm eight-ounce yogurts come out to 69 cents apiece; Earth Best baby food, 49 cents a jar. *Healthy Pleasures, 93 University Pl., near 11th St. (353-3663); all major credit cards; 7:30–10:30 daily.*

To Dye For

THERE'S A REMEDY FOR ALL THOSE SHOPPING mishaps you accrued during tax-free week (like the puce mini that was 50 percent off): Sharp Image Cleaners is offering 50 percent off the dyeing of any item. Prices vary according to size, style, and material, but here are some examples: to dye a blouse, was $40, now $20; a wool coat, was $150, now $75. *Sharp Image Cleaners, 1578 York Ave., at 83rd St. (879-1754); M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 8–6; 2/10–3/31.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Impossible to pronounce but quite easy to shop in, Mxyplyzyk is a jumble of ingenious must-haves that are now 20 percent off.

Mini-series

JAMMED WITH HIGH-STYLE KIDS' WEAR that runs the gamut from snappy little Prada knockoffs to twee hand-crocheted infantwear, Natalie and Friends is the showroom that feeds the tony retail store of the same name in East Hampton. For two weeks, it's opening to the public with prices ranging from $10 to $75. Sizes run from infant to 16. *Natalie and Friends, by appointment (947-2995); 2/10–2/22.*

Tidy Girl

SANDEE CORSHEN (WHO PLUGS HERSELF AS both an "obsessive-compulsive-by-the-hour" and "Rent-a-Mom") will tackle niggling projects like cleaning out your closet, organizing your sock drawer, or getting rid of the ratty extension cords that live behind your stereo. Just back from Colorado, where she helped move a family of five across the country, she's discounting her rates from $50 an hour to $40. *Sandee Corshen, by appointment (724-6656); 2/10–3/31.*

Gifted With Style

A BLESSING FROM THE OFTEN CRUEL fashion gods, Showroom Seven hosts four sample sales a year. The quarterly opportunity to snap up clothes and accessories by Ghost, Erickson Beamon, and Amaya Arzuaga at prices wholesale and below begins this Tuesday. *Showroom Seven, 498 Seventh Ave., 24th floor (643-4810); M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–7; 2/11–2/21.*

A Good Impression

MADISON AVENUE COLORIST BORJA fancies herself closer to Monet than to L'Oréal; she does hair *painting,* not dyeing. Now she's offering a haircut and styling for half-price (was $100, now $50) with any hair coloring (one process is $80, or highlights are $125–$175). *Borja Color Studio, 712 Madison Ave., near 63rd St., by appointment (308-3232); M.C., V.; 2/10–2/28.*

Coat Tale

FOR FOUR DAYS THIS WEEK, LOEHMANN'S IS taking over the New York State Armory, packing it with more than 20,000 designer and brand-name coats: Designer wool coat, originally $425, is here $99.99; wool jacket, originally $250, here $49.99. *New York State Armory, 68 Lexington Ave., near 25th St. (352-0856); M.C., V., and checks; Fri., Sat., and Mon. 9–9, Sun. 10–6; 2/14–2/17.*

Big Time

BEAUTIFULLY BIG MAKES PLUS-SIZE WOMEN'S lingerie, and this week its Natori-inspired line is priced wholesale. For example, lace T-shirt, retail $49, here $25; panties, retail $25, here $13. Sizes 1X–5X. *Beautifully Big (11th floor at the TRS suite), 44 E. 32nd St. (229-0740); cash only; Mon.–Wed. 10–3; 2/10–2/12.* ▬

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Harrowing inferno: Pierce Brosnan is a troubled volcanologist on a mission in *Dante's Peak.*

MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Peak Condition

In 'Dante's Peak,' the lava flows, the sparks fly—and the doubters fry; 'Star Wars' recalls an era when the studios still entertained with style.

WE KNOW THAT BIG SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN is going to blow. Out there in the Pacific Northwest, in the idyllic, clear-aired town of Dante's Peak, which is situated at the base of a dormant volcano, Linda Hamilton, of *Terminator* fame, is the mayor, and Pierce Brosnan shows up, a handsome but troubled volcanologist (can that really be what they are called?). It seems there are some mysterious rumblings down below. Brosnan is the only one who takes the threat seriously, but we know the doubters are foolish; after all, there's no movie if the damn thing *doesn't* blow. All through the picture—**Dante's Peak** is the initial offering of the volcano season, which is starting early this year—we can see the plot devices falling into place. There's the stubborn grandma who won't come down from her mountain and has to be rescued by little children, and the cute little dog that disappears just as the lava is beginning to flow. (Myself, I would have let the dog and maybe grandma get toasted, but we won't go into that.) We've seen disaster movies before, and we've certainly seen *Jaws*, some of whose plot elements have been recycled here. *Dante's Peak* is movieish, corny, imitative, and absurdly plotted (by screenwriter Leslie Bohem). Still, the stupid thing gets the job done.

After some mini-quakes and a couple of lovers roasted while frolicking in the hot springs, and so on, the mountain erupts, with nuclear force, and the scenes of panic and devastation in the small town are scary enough. Buildings explode, and a disgusting gray ash falls everywhere. Fiery rocks fly through the air, conking mini-vans and trucks on the head. (God appears to be throwing billiard balls down on his children.) Director Roger Donaldson, or perhaps second-unit director Geoff Murphy, stages a fine scene in which a raging river sweeps away a bridge and a man trapped on the bridge has a passing moment of recognition in which he accepts his fate. Here and there, the movie hits a note of genuine awe.

But why, I wonder, can't we get past the the peculiar moral economy of Hollywood disaster movies in which characters who are stubborn and Refuse to Take the Dangers Seriously are always the ones who suffer death? I thought the point was that a natural disaster like an earthquake or volcanic eruption eliminates anything and anyone in its path, guilty, innocent, or merely neutral. On the one hand, Hollywood is telling us that nature is awesome, irresistible, devastating, etc.; on the other, it's telling us that we still live in a morally coherent world in which a greedy capitalist gets fried for his poor taste.

Pierce Brosnan somehow survives such lines as "I'm better at figuring out volcanoes than people or politics." Brosnan has always seemed a preposterously handsome man searching for a personality, but in recent years, as he's passed 40, he's developed some sense of how to engage the camera. He has more weight than usual, more substance, even a touch of reserve and melancholy. Pierce Brosnan has grown into his perfect features. For the first time, he seems a genuine movie star.

WHEN **Star Wars** OPENED IN 1977, AMERICA WAS JUST COMING down from a marvelous period in filmmaking. The early and middle seventies—the time of the *Godfather* movies and great films by Altman, Scorsese, Polanski, and Ashby, the time of De Palma's audacities and a gen-

Photograph by Ben Glass/Universal City Studios.

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eral level of risk-taking, even in the big studios—offered much to anyone eager to believe that film was the great American art form of the twentieth century. Seeing *Star Wars* after those movies was, for some of us, an exhilarating but also unnerving experience. For here was a master showman, George Lucas, working in hyper-pop style, without the earnestness about art that we expected from talented directors. Lucas sent people running up and down corridors, zapping each other with laser guns; he was obviously reviving, with affection, the cheesy spirit of such Saturday-matinee serials as *Buck Rogers* and *Flash Gordon.* Some of the movie's bantering dialogue and portentous villainy seemed intentionally B-movieish; the homage at the end to Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will* was a wicked piece of camp; the chuffing Darth Vader was more amusing than frightening.

At the same time, *Star Wars* had moments of great natural beauty and its own kind of wit. The best scene, then and now (it has been extended in the "Special Edition" reissue), was the episode set in the intergalactic saloon, where the furry and snouted creatures, with burning-coal eyes, gathered to drink, talk, and quarrel. The barroom scene, of course, takes off from old Westerns, but it also has a life of its own: Without self-consciousness, Lucas entered into the cuddly imaginative world of children, in which the weirdest, most disgusting creatures are relished for their oddities and deformity. Lucas turned pop into nostalgia for easy pleasures, and he also created something new: the companionable sci-fi epic. He was good with chattering, furry, and hooded things, oddly shaped animals, banged-up robots, and rusted-can spaceships. So one had to be two-minded about *Star Wars*. It was both parasitic and original, and some of us enjoyed it ironically. Obviously it was a super entertainment, but it wasn't art, exactly. It was some highly conscious mutation, almost sinister in its opportunism.

You know the rest of the story. In the past twenty years, American big-studio films have become so frivolously pop and so omnivorously commercial that *Star Wars* now seems, by contrast with something like *Mission: Impossible*, a model of classical narrative. It tells a story with some feeling for its characters; it has a strong charge of suspense and an epic theme—the search of a boy for his father. It has a touch of mystery. What seemed cheesy before—the helmeted lummoxes running up and down corridors, the refuse-dump walls closing in on the heroes—now seems reassuringly human and small-scaled. Not every thrill in the movie was produced by computer-derived special effects. In part, *Star Wars* has retrospectively gained in stature by Lucas's extending the mythical aspects of the story in the later parts of the trilogy; Darth Vader, when you think of his later appearances, no longer seems funny. Seeing the movie again, I enjoyed it with a different kind of irony—a sense of how my expectations have changed and big-studio movies have diminished as an art form through the passing years.

SPEAKING OF CLASSICISM IN CINEMA, I CAN recommend, in a fragmentary way, Clint Eastwood's latest work as director and star. **Absolute Power** has a terrific opening sequence. Clint, wearing his years with increasing grace, plays a serious career thief, a mild-looking man in glasses and cap who spends much of his time in art museums. With no apparent fuss or fear, the thief enters an enormous Washington, D.C. mansion, disables the elaborate security system, and penetrates a treasure-filled vault situated behind a two-way mirror. Happily emptying jewelry and cash into his sack, he suddenly realizes, to his horror, that the young mistress of the house has returned with a very powerful and famous man, and further that she plans to have carnal relations with that famous man on the other side of the mirror, only a few feet away. When the sex gets rough, and then violent, and then ends in murder, the thief passes through varying stages of prurient interest, fear, and disgust. The couple have been caught in flagrante. But then, so has he.

Now, what makes this neo-Hitchcock episode successful—apart from a healthy dose of sensationalism and violence—is Eastwood's adherence to the old-fashioned notion that the respective positions of two people or forces threatening one another should be clearly visible to the audience. This may seem elementary or merely academic. If two gunmen are firing at each other, you have to know—don't you?—how great a risk each one is taking when he sticks his head out from behind a boulder. Obvious or not, it's an idea that has been largely ignored in recent years, when most action directors, trying for the pace of TV commercials or MTV, have given up on continuity and clarity and have viciously jammed one explosive shot into the next. So here is Clint Eastwood calmly, methodically laying out a sensational scene, keeping the space clear and distinct, so we can enjoy the thief's fear of exposure, the moral ambiguity of the violator passively watching a greater violation—and then on to the scene's murderous conclusion and its coda detailing the thief's attempted escape. Alas, nothing in the rest of the movie is remotely as good as this long opening sequence. The plot descends into opportunistic gimmickry (William Goldman adapted David Baldacci's novel), with heavy doses of cynicism, sentiment, and sadism. A day later, only the smashingly effective opening sequence remains in one's head. ■

Black and Blue

The Town Hall debate between Robert Brustein and August Wilson generated little wit and less wisdom; 'Blue Route' generates mostly yawns.

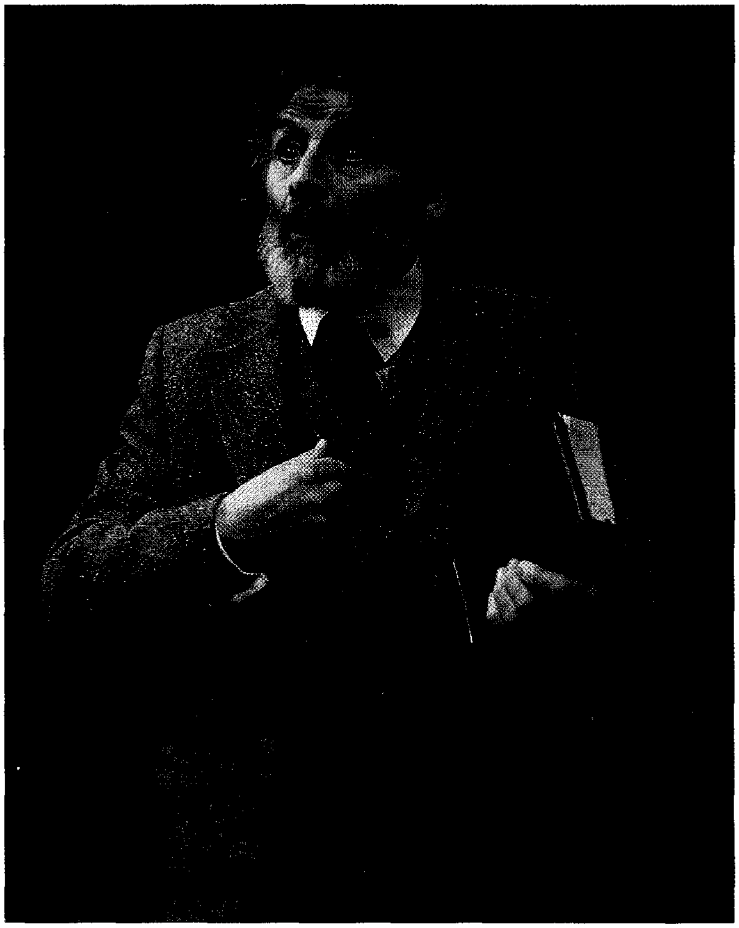
THERE WAS PLENTY OF VOLTAGE IN **On Cultural Power,** the public Town Hall debate between August Wilson and *New Republic* critic (and frequent Wilson antagonist) Robert Brustein. The playwright argued for separatist black theaters producing black-themed plays with exclusively black casts subsidized by government and corporate grants; the critic defended the cause of a progressively more integrated, color-blind theater. Both positions raise ticklish problems, but Brustein, at any rate, was logically consistent, well-informed, and witty, whereas Wilson was repetitious, self-contradictory, and remarkably humorless. While Wilson complained bitterly about the lack of subsidies for black theaters, he failed to explain why black millionaires such as Oprah Winfrey, Michael Jackson, and Michael Jordan haven't been much more supportive, and why black audiences have been so unreceptive to the few black theaters that are already in existence. Wilson himself, as Brustein pointedly noted, has premiered each of his high-minded plays not in black theaters but on the Great White Way. Examined even less was the demise or near-demise of three worthy black theaters in New York City alone: Woody King Jr.'s New Federal Theater downtown, Douglas Turner Ward's Negro Ensemble Company in midtown, and Robert Macbeth's New Lafayette Theater uptown in Harlem.

The question arises whether a theater by, of, and for blacks can find a sufficient audience—if, that is, it goes in for the kind of "high" drama Wilson represents, which increasingly struggles to find an audience even when drawing from much larger constituencies. The Chitlin Circuit draws tens of thousands of black theatergoers across the country, but Wilson, who made much of Brustein's "elitism," sniffed that the Chitlin Circuit was "not real theater," even though several of the distinguished playwrights he cited (Ed Bullins, OyamO) are now contentedly writing for it.

Anna Deavere Smith, whose idea the discussion was, is to be commended for initiating it but not for her performance as moderator. She let the dialogue wander off, intruded too much, and, after disallowing questions from the floor, nevertheless accepted them—selectively.

THE PROGRAM FOR **My Astonishing Self** reads, "An entertainment devised my [sic] Michael Voysey from the writings of George Bernard Shaw." I have serious doubts about the existence of "Michael Voysey," most likely a pen name derived by the performer, Donal Donnelly, from Harley Granville-Barker's wonderful play *The Voysey Inheritance.* This would explain the typo *my* for *by*. Whoever he is, though, he is certainly not *my* Michael Voysey; for he has picked mediocre passages from the voluminous GBS legacy and stitched them together in unshapely and uninvolving fashion.

Donal Donnelly is, in the right part, a perceptive and delightful actor, but he is wrong for this role in looks, temperament, and basic quality. That he contrives a Shavian beard and hairdo merely emphasizes the inappropriateness of his short stature, avian profile, pear-shaped vocables, and questionable costume choices and changes. Shaw was a puckish beanpole; Donnelly is a solemn leprechaun. Shaw tossed off witty aperçus with the disdainful profligacy of a genius; Donnelly chews on each morsel with a frugality that robs it of aroma. How-



Self-assured: Donal Donnelly in *My Astonishing Self.*

Photograph by Seila Ferrini.

ever, every effort should be made to cast this bantam-size actor in the right part, where he can be of ample use.

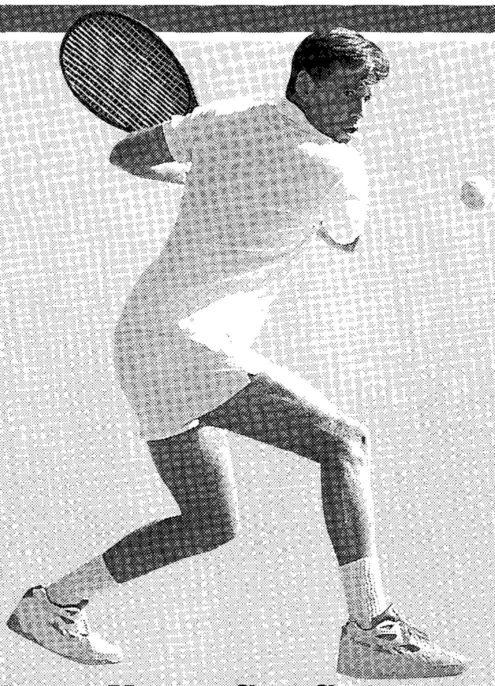
IT MUST BE NICE FOR A PLAYWRIGHT TO BE the founding member of an institutional theater, which, I assume, guarantees him production of his plays. Especially nice if the organization is as undemanding as the Atlantic Theater company, founded in 1984 by David Mamet (with W. H. Macy) as an outlet for his own writing and directing activities, and those of kindred spirits. In a dozen seasons we have been offered little of interest, and now we get a revival of **Minutes From the Blue Route,** by Tom Donaghy, a founding member.

The play revolves around a supposedly typical suburban family of four, labeled Father, Mother, Oldest, and Youngest. Since there is only one older son and one younger daughter, the superlatives in the nomenclature are as inappropriate as they would be in a critique of the play. To be sure, Donaghy may use these solecisms as a jocular comment on his characters, in which case it is his humor, not his grammar, that is defective. This appears to be corroborated by Mother's repeatedly referring to her spouse as "your fat father," which the children take in their stride and the boisterous spectators to their hearts.

The Atlantic is truly blessed with a condign audience, which laughs at lines such as the definition of *tchotchkes* as "Jewish for little stupid somethings" and Mother's identifying an ex-schoolmate of Youngest with "His ashtray won over yours. It set us all back." In Act One, the family home is at long last sold, and there are boxes everywhere; Youngest does not want to go back to finish school and get her degree in marketing; Oldest is in love with his boss, a magician who runs a gift shop about to relocate in California, whither the youth intends to follow him; fat Father reads the papers ceaselessly, especially in the bathroom when Youngest wants to shower; and Mother, poor Mother, has to run the whole blamed show.

Mother, given to nonstop griping, is handled as well as can be without surgical gloves by Elizabeth Franz; Stephen Mendillo manages to grin a lot as a not especially fat Father (he may, of course, have internalized his fatness); and Matt McGrath, who was better as a child actor, is tolerable. Catherine Kellner, as a Youngest given to muttering and flinging herself onto a couch, needs to go back to school—drama school. The author has devised a tic or two for each character, and that is what gets delivered under David Warren's defeated direction.

Having over the years suffered through three equally graceless Donaghy plays, I saw no reason for staying on for Act Two of *Minutes From the Blue Route,* which is miles from viable comedy. ■



"I COULD NEVER GET COMFORTABLE"

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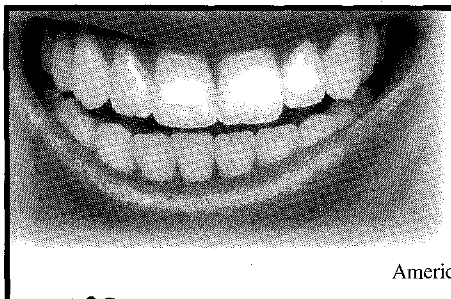

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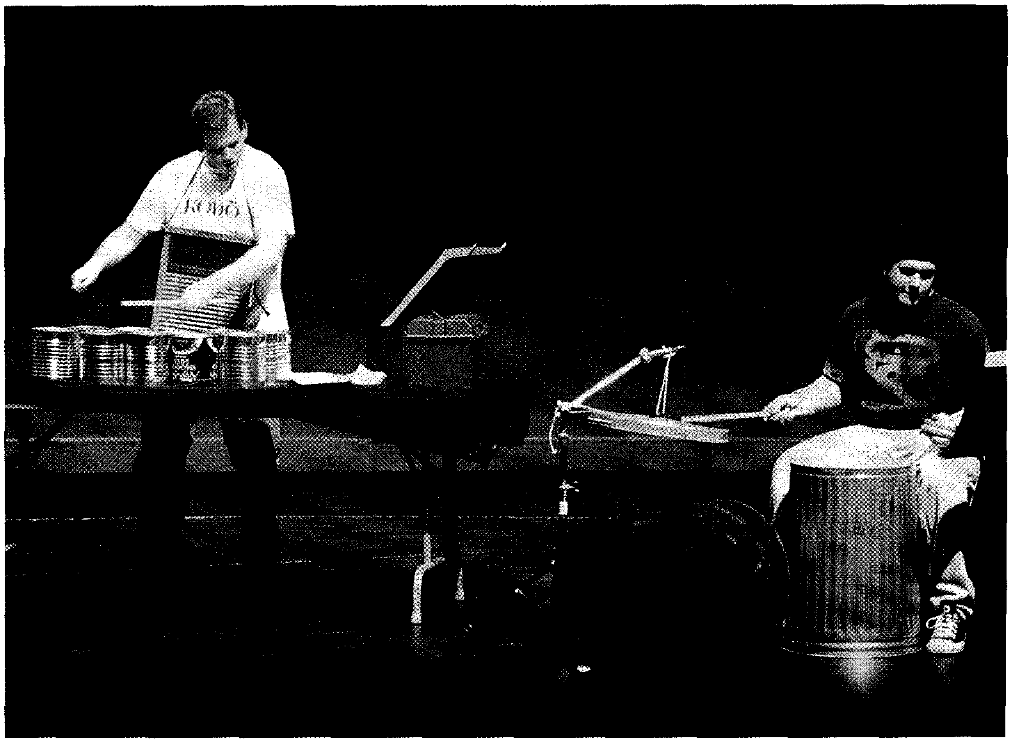
CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

The Odd Squad

Juilliard's Focus! Festival tips its hat to one of America's great originals—composer Henry Cowell—and his circle of convention-shattering colleagues.

JUILLIARD STUDENTS, IT'S SAID, never take time off from learning how to play Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert better than their elders. Untrue. Collected onstage in the Juilliard Theater not long ago were instruments unknown to those composers and unlisted in the school's teaching prospectus: automobile brake drums and pipes, tin cans, a suitcase, a washboard kit, a lion's roar, a drum kit made of "found objects," and other assorted noisemakers required to play William Russell's *Made in America.* A performance of that classic 1937 study in percussion and rhythmic phasing could mean only one thing: Juilliard's annual **Focus! Festival** was in progress, another fascinating weeklong musical extravaganza organized by Joel Sachs, examining a seldom-explored corner of our departing century. This year's subject was enterprising: Henry Cowell (1897–1965), one of American music's great originals, and the many composers—like Russell—he befriended, encouraged, and influenced.



Bring in 'da funk: William Russell's *Made in America,* as rendered on found objects.

Born in California, Cowell based himself mostly in New York City toward the end of his life, but he traveled everywhere and seemed to know everybody. This Focus! marathon brought together 26 composers including the centenarian himself. Since not every member of Cowell's circle could be represented, Sachs sensibly omitted most of the well-known names, famous American colleagues like Copland and Gershwin, and European friends like Bartók, Berg, Schoenberg, and Janáček—their works are already sufficiently familiar. What we did hear was continually absorbing and greatly enlarged our knowledge of an extraordinary composer whose musical interests, as Sachs pointed out in his copious and eloquent program notes, embraced the whole planet. Even more to the point, because of Cowell's lack of self-consciousness in his wide-ranging compositional choices and his refusal to promote narrow musical dogma, he, more than any of his contemporaries, showed other American composers that it was both right and necessary to be true to themselves.

The many Cowell pieces heard during the week vividly demonstrated the extent of his musical imagination and creative energies, although only a tiny fraction of his output could be played—the composer's work list in *The New Grove Dictionary of American Music* consists of nearly 1,000 scores and takes up more than ten columns of small print. Cowell's curiosity about unusual sounds and how to weave them into seductive yet coherent patterns began in his early teens, with piano pieces bearing colorful titles like *Ghoul's Gallop, The Wierd* [*sic*] *Night,* and *Freak de Concert.* As he grew older, Cowell delved further into the piano—literally so in notorious scores like *The Banshee* (circa 1925), where the performer must plunge under the piano lid and manipulate the strings by hand. Forearm clusters, multiple pitches and harmonics, complex rhythmic counterpoint—there's scarcely a device of modern keyboard technique that Cowell did not invent or anticipate and use with inventive freshness.

His later orchestral works are even more exploratory and, lamentably, much less familiar, especially the scores combining Western and non-Western techniques. The Symphony No. 13 (*Madras*) performed at the second concert was one happy result of a round-the-world trip Cowell and his wife took in 1955, a score that ingeniously uses the *raga* and *tala* principles of Indian music to achieve a beauty of sound and natural flow never achieved by later, more fashionable composers (both classical and pop) when they began to help themselves to India's rich musical materials. A treasurable orchestral work inspired by a later trip is *Ongaku,* which absorbs much of the "sunny splendor" so typical of Japanese court music while echoing its melodic variation techniques

(continued on page 87)

Photograph by Rahav Segev.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Civil Rites

'Mandela and de Klerk' is riveting—but beware angry stars (Streep, '. . . first do no harm') and other dangerous heavenly bodies ('Asteroid').

The end of apartheid: Nelson Mandela (Sidney Poitier) and F. W. de Klerk (Michael Caine).

BY WAY OF CONSUMER WARNING, I SHOULD SAY up front that I am as hero-worshipful of Nelson Mandela as the producer, the director, and the cast of **Mandela and de Klerk** (Sunday, February 16; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime). Via a series of serendipities too absurd to diagram, I happened to be in Johannesburg between Mandela's release from Pollsmoor Prison and his election as president of a free South Africa; happened to be in the Soweto soccer stadium for the Oliver Tambo memorial service at which Mandela spoke and the Spear of the Nation sang "Nkosi sikelel' i-Afrika"; and happened to be in the Carlton Centre for the reception afterwards, where Mandela greeted Nadine Gordimer, Kenneth Kaunda, and Jesse Jackson. It was like a movie. It was, in fact, like this movie. By some sort of particle acceleration peculiar to the charismatic sciences, Mandela, even sitting down, is bigger than the rest of us.

It's not so much his aura as his gravity and torque. Which Sidney Poitier gets exactly, along with the sing-song English, the dignity and discipline, the steely civility, and Siddhartha-like patience. It's a role Poitier longed for, though he looks as risible in those loud shirts as Mandela himself. As Frederik Willem de Klerk, Michael Caine is rather more amazing, a perfect surprise, as if this high-school dropout had discovered in his working-class origins a key to the Christian-fascist mind of the Afrikaner, that odd amalgam of ox-wagon wheels, wildebeests, the Von Schlegel brothers, and the Volkgeist. Rumors persist that F. W., upon ousting and succeeding P. W. Botha as head of the apartheid state, felt himself touched by divine afflatus. His motives remain a secret in a screenplay by Richard Wesley that, except for conflating two security guards into one, is otherwise scrupulously faithful to what we know from Leonard Thompson's *A History of South Africa,* Allister Sparks's *Tomorrow Is Another Country,* and Mandela's own *Long Walk to Freedom.*

Believing "everything is negotiable," F. W. initiates the talks that are the basis of *Mandela and de Klerk,* and the eventual emancipation, after 27 years, of the world's most famous political prisoner. During these talks, Mandela, very much an exiled prince, yields maybe an inch—and not even that much until he has secured the release of old comrades like Walter Sisulu (Jerry Mofokeng). Meanwhile, Winnie (Tina Lifford) is busy letting him down, and Buthelezi's Inkatha thugs, with the help of "Third Force" cells inside the secret police, are busy slaughtering members of the African National Congress. Oliver Tambo will die before he gets a chance to vote, probably because of the heart strain of standing for hours at a soccer-stadium memorial for Chris Hani (Kwesi Kobus), gunned down, at age 50, by the neo-Nazi Afrikaner Resistance Movement. Really, it is as though director Joseph Sargent had filmed all this on location just to remind me of what I need to believe—that the revolution levitates; that it dances on our vaulted ceilings like a Chagall violin and a Sufi dervish and an angel in a poem by Rilke.

RILE MERYL STREEP, AND SHE WILL ACT ALL OVER YOU. Borrowing its title from a phrase in the Hippocratic Oath sworn by doctors, **". . . first do no harm"** (Sunday, February 16; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) is an old-fashioned movie-of-the-week agitprop trauma drama. A deglamorized Streep—married, in blue jeans and tennis shoes, to trucker Fred Ward; mothering, somewhere in the wholesome heartland, three agreeable children, a gaggle of geese, and a horse Fred won in a poker game; obsessed, in hospitals and in libraries, with the literature on epilepsy—takes on a callous medical profession, and it's really no contest. The doctors are arrogant, knife-happy, and drug-predisposed, and everything they do to her seizure- *(continued on page 62)*

Photograph by Kelvin Jones/Showtime.

HAL RUBENSTEIN

The Anti-Elaine's

Love the one you're with at SoHo's Independent, where socializing takes a backseat to food. Mike & Tony's is a steakhouse worth a trip over the bridge.

REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE A *NEW* NEW YORKer, compelled to run for every opening and say yes to all mail that began "You are invited . . ."? At the end of the week, you were toast. But you got smart, didn't you? You discovered things. That you could sit out a benefit without acquiring a facial tic. That attending just one event every three weeks can still have people thinking, "God, you're everywhere." That you don't have to glad-hand every soul who says "Hey, babe" while squeezing by.

Now, when you go out, all you feel compelled to do is sit down.

Ahh.

Should you be lucky enough to achieve this state of grace before you're too old to climb a flight of stairs, you may relish the **Independent** (179 West Broadway; 219-2010). For here is that rare urban novelty, a room designed for grown-ups. Though barely two months old, the Independent exudes none of the energy of contemporaries like the Lemon and Bowery Bar. There is no jockeying for position, no fuel-injected table-flitting, no need to dread the unexpected "good buddy" who pulls up a chair, eats all the *pommes frites* off your plate, orders two Cosmos, and sticks you with the bill.

Instead, the Independent feels akin to those restaurants most adored when it's Sunday in New York: Barocco, Da Silvano, and the Odeon (this venerable hangout was the prior stop for co-owner–maître d' Bruce Hanks and co-owner–chef Stephen Lyle). They're the kind of places where already-seated folks you know and like generally wave, nod, or say hi and then go back to their penne. They will call you tomorrow. You'll have dinner with them next week. And then you can wave at other friends, *together.*

The room upstairs is deceptively undone, an attic of brick, beam, and flagstone, with unobtrusive yellow walls and deep-gray window frames. The downstairs bar is a little more homey and gallant, sort of *Ivanhoe*–comes–to–Martha's Vineyard. But both floors share one thing with almost all the stores whose roots reach back to the McNally clan's Odeon, Cafe Luxembourg, and Pravda: The lighting is so *extremely* flattering that if you don't look great here, you should really go home and get some sleep. Call for reservations in the morning.

And that's a shame. Because you're probably going to miss a really good meal. Food at the Independent (as well as service by a staff hip enough to be guests but smart enough to know what they're there for) significantly improved with each of our four visits. A bowl of butternut-squash soup offers a welcome sucker punch of cumin and curry. A bite-you-back peppery lamb sausage is nestled in a tortilla but hardly coddled by a bracing, tsatsiki-like yogurt-mint sauce. The warm chicory salad is a pen pal to Odeon's classic country salad with lardons and blue cheese. An order of soft-flavored Sevruga nicely complements the crab-cod-and-scallop cakes, which were pasty from the polenta on the side at one early visit, more substantial and enlivened by roasted peppers on the last. Fried calamari is fine, but be warned: It's a dish that draws table-hoppers the way the Angelika attracts people who call themselves cineastes.

Almost as surprising as the Independent's instant maturity is the fact that it has some of the best pork ribs in town: smoky, really meaty, with a zap of coffee in the barbecue sauce. You'll go through napkins like a 5-year-old with his first sloppy joe. The roasted garlic-lemon chicken is almost as good, with its telling citric aroma, skin bronzed crisp, and stalwart sides of spinach and mashed potatoes. A recurring special is farfalle with black trumpet, chanterelle, and hedgehog mushrooms. The triumvirate of sautéed fungi is swell. But the woefully underdressed pasta doesn't even

Co-dependent no more: At the Independent, there's no turbocharged table-flitting.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

know it's in the same bowl.

Thickly cut salmon and rainbow trout are more interesting. The former, a fish I'd grown as tired of as of Roseanne in her underwear, is heroically rescued by a creamy yet fiery poblano sauce, while the latter is beautifully enhanced by an oyster crème fraîche. It was one of the few times I've ever bristled at sharing a trout.

If you're going to have the sirloin, either enjoy it naked or ask them to crank up the poivre. Leave the béarnaise to the *Joy of Cooking:* What a nasty thing to put on a steak. Roast beef, though, is presented as epic bar mitzvah fare, a hefty slab of red meat slathered in horseradish and smoked onions. All this and you don't have to hora.

Save for a few idiosyncrasies, the small dessert menu is super. In the course of our visits, crème caramel ascended from nice to velvety to delicious to hoardable. Warm apple tart is crackling and tangy. And ginger cheesecake had just the right zip in its creaminess. However, a fine chocolate torte is abutted by sharp, almost sour chocolate sorbet, like wearing two shades of brown that don't match. Similarly, buried in a banana split is a scoop of berry sorbet, whose acidity acts like a letter bomb, exploding what should be a happy mush. One of the waiters said that Lyle doesn't really like banana splits so he decided to play with the formula. Not like banana splits? That's so grown-up. Can't we regress just a little?

BUT THEN, WHO DECIDES HOW FAR? "What's with you guys!" demands Corinne, a Judith Light dead ringer with an accent weightier than the showroom models at Bay Ridge Lexus, to her fidgety male tablemates at **Mike & Tony's** (239 Fifth Avenue, at Carroll Street, Brooklyn; 718-857-2800). "Look at you two, giggling away. Because I brought up impotence in mixed company? You're embarrassing me and Donna."

Corinne's got a point. Because when chef–co-owner Michael Ayoub and co-owner Anthony Scicchitano conceived of opening a place catercorner from their successful Park Slope venture, Brooklyn's best Italian restaurant, Cucina, Ayoub had in mind a "place where I could go. I'm 40, too old to be jostling headbangers for a Bud but not ready for old-timers with their stories. I wanted to attract ladies and gentlemen."

They took almost a year and a half hooking the bait. The front—a handsome, spit-polished saloon worthy of Jackie Gleason's good-natured Joe the Bartender— has evolved into a local cigar bar. The back is a burnished jewel box of a dining room with three trip-to-Brooklyn-worthy features: 1) a miraculously smoke-free dining sanctuary—bar air is expelled directly outside, 2) a Paul Bunyan–portioned, seemingly traditional steakhouse menu that respects, even embraces, a seasoned appetite, and 3) twelve truly striking amber-tinged glass chandeliers handblown by Ayoub himself.

The man can cook, too. Underneath the delicate en croûte helmet of Ayoub's towering hunter's soup explode flares of thyme, garlic, shallots, and pepper softened by beef and chicken. Panfried bluepoint oysters chute down the tongue on a sled of spinach and chive butter. And though it's brave to put tomatoes on the menu—and as beefsteaks go, these ain't bad—it's not the season. Perhaps you'll find comfort in the accompanying portobellos, grilled to opium-den smokiness. The lobster-and-cod cakes are a mixed affair, with the latter tending to flatten flavors of the former. Of the salads, the Bibb, walnut, and blue cheese pleases most, thanks to an arousing sour-cream dressing.

Entrées have more of the home borough's chutzpa, especially grilled lamb chops, which arrive with an incredibly curious sauce of garlic and mint that caused wincing at first, wanting after that. Marinated in molasses and vinegar, the blackened tuna manages to lock in sweetness without giving anyone the usual Cajun hot mouth. Roasted garlic chicken is a happy choice because it has been happily left alone—no superfluous reduction sauces or dried-fruit stuffings. And it is obvious from the veal chops, T-bone, porterhouse, and shell steaks that management understands that a great butcher is as important as a great cook. If you're the type who eats meat without ever letting go of your knife, you've found a new home, bridge or no bridge.

It is only with desserts that Mike & Tony's stumbles. For a menu that works so hard up until this point to keep it simple, the desserts, which sound an awful lot like Cucina's, are far too delicate and their tastes too wussy. A half-there chocolate-zabaglione cake will satisfy no holic's craving. Shortcake is dry and won't even talk to the berries, the orange-blossom crème brûlée too much a whisper and not enough scream. Only the apple streusel tart has the density and volume to seem like a right choice, but even here, Tahitian-vanilla ice cream washes over it like a gentle rain, not the desired downpour. Ice cream should be gutsy when you're talking about impotence.

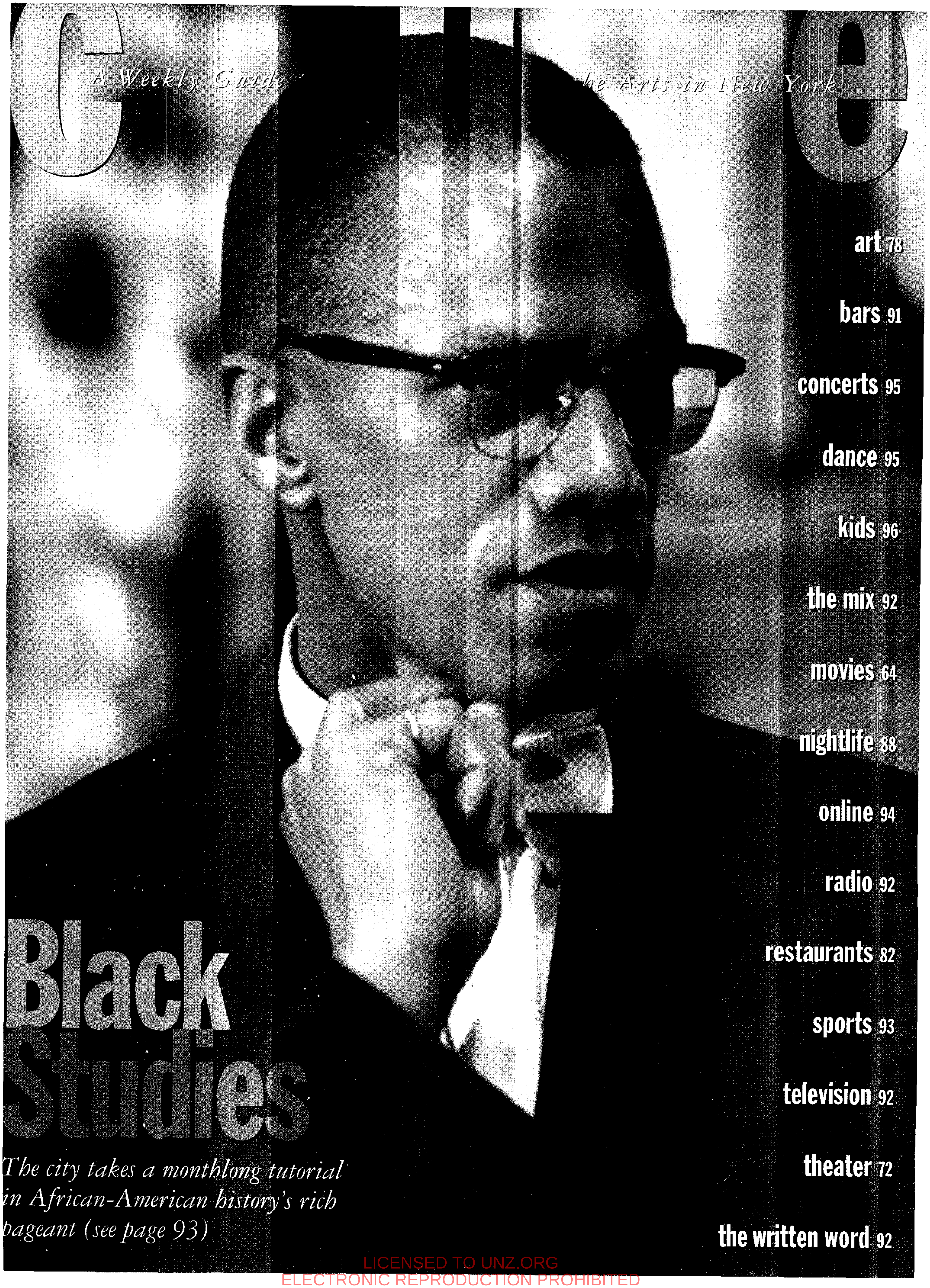
"Okay, you guys, I'll change the subject," says Corinne. "One hundred bucks to whoever names the road you come on to after the tollbooth getting off the Outerbridge Crossing?" There are no contestants. "None of you?" None. "Aw, c'mon. It's the Korean Veterans Memorial Parkway! Jeez. You guys'd be lost without me." Aren't grown-ups wonderful? ■

Leonard *continued from page 60*

afflicted 4-year-old, Robbie Reimuller, renders him worse. Whereas she is a mother and a Meryl. By the time she gets Johns Hopkins on the phone, before she even climbs on a plane to Baltimore, the priesthood of white coats is in hissy-fit disarray and rout.

Lots of passion besides Streep's went into *". . . first do no harm."* Producer-director Jim Abrahams is himself the father of a child whose seizures stopped when he went on the "Ketogenic Diet" the film promotes. Several actors in secondary roles are also doing well, in real life, on the same diet. A scroll before the closing credits cites some impressive statistics. In our thralldom to *ER,* we need reminding that those heroes aren't the whole story. I yield to no one in my suspicion of doctors who hide their bewilderment behind needles, CAT scans, and surgical masks, pretending to godlike intimacy with sacerdotal secrets, while the rest of us go broke when insurance companies refuse to pay our bills. Still, I know about epilepsy only what I learned from this movie and biographies of Dostoevski. And I remember being told by a 1988 CBS TV movie that, by "guided imagery" we could love ourselves back to health from modular lymphoma. Caveat viewer.

ONE OF THE NICE THINGS ABOUT CYclones, earthquakes, volcanoes, and killer rocks from outer space is that we don't have to worry about their traumatized childhoods, abusive stepfathers, or orally fixated sexual dysfunctions. Mindlessly, like **Asteroid** (Sunday and Monday, February 16 and 17; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC), they're just out to get us. (As a newscaster in this mini-series puts it, "The inevitable is here.") Sunday night, single mother–radio astronomer Annabella Sciorra, who gives new meaning to the phrase "satellite dish," and heartthrob–Federal Emergency Management agent Michael Biehn, who does his derring behind cool shades, in rolled-up Bobby Kennedy shirtsleeves, fail to save Kansas City from a wayward comet's loose change. Monday, despite lasers fired from F-16s in the middle of a hurricane, they fail to save Dallas. (Molly Ivins insists there's a country-and-western song called "I'm Going Back to Dallas to See If There's Anything Worse Than Losing You.") Many helicopters, fireballs, dam bursts, traffic jams, riots, and craters later—not to mention Anthony Zerbe—our heroes do discover stars in each other's eyes. This is deeply satisfying, like the apoplectic Wagnerianism of *Asteroid.* Death-dealing mindless menace meets millennial nightmare fantasy in a kinky hankering for craters the size of Chicxulub. ■



A Weekly Guide *the Arts in New York*

Black Studies

The city takes a monthlong tutorial in African-American history's rich pageant (see page 93)

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Familial Relations...*Touch*...Raul Ruiz

New Films

Absolute Power—See David Denby, p. 55. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R). *Area theaters.*

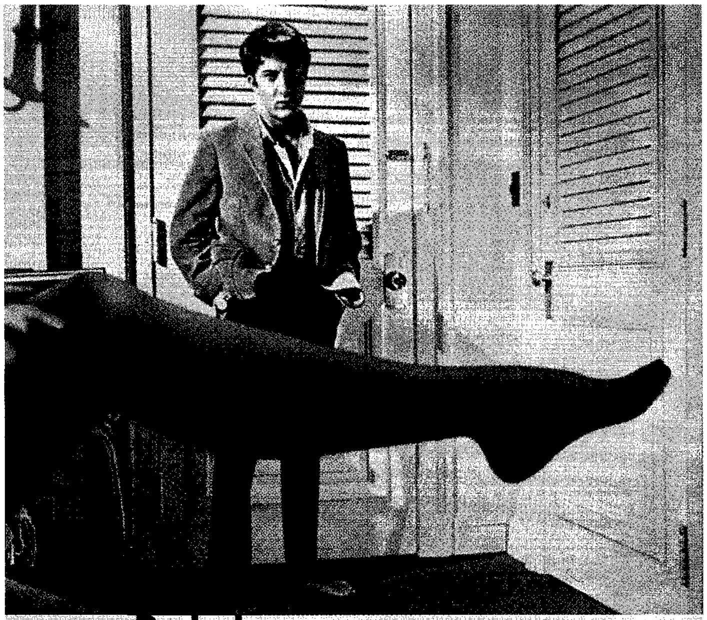
Albino Alligator—Three small-time hoods, on the run from the law, take refuge in a local Prohibition-era bar. Directed by Kevin Spacey. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Angel Dust—A criminal psychologist tracks a serial killer who is stalking women on the subways of Japan. With English subtitles. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Beautician and the Beast—Fran Drescher stars as a beautician from Queens whose make-over services are requested by a Third World nation. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Brooklyn Heights.*

Beverly Hills Ninja—Chris Farley stars as a would-be martial-arts master who attempts to save the life of a mysterious woman. Directed by Denis Dugan. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; New Coliseum.*

★**Big Night**—Sometime in the late fifties, in a nowhere resort town on the Jersey Shore, two brothers, Italian immigrants, desperately try to keep a gourmet restaurant afloat. The older brother, Primo (Tony Shaloub), is a superb chef, a solemn worshiper of Bolognese and Roman kitchens. But his kid brother, Secondo (Stanley Tucci), knows that the local customers are not ready for risotto. Down the road, an older Italian immigrant, the vulgarian Pascal (Ian Holm), runs a successful red-sauce joint. Pascal is at home in the America of huge, finned Cadillacs and get-rich-quick schemes, and Secondo wants to imitate him. But he can't do it: He's trapped by his love for his stubbornly honorable brother. Gentleness in a movie can be the surest road to boredom, but the gentleness of this lovely comedy, directed by Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott, is a form of strength. (Denby; 10/28/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Cinema 3.*



Revival

Post-*Graduate*

That infinitely replicated leg shot and the entrance of *Mrs. Robinson* into the lexicon are but two examples of how deeply *The Graduate* still permeates American culture. Mike Nichols's hilarious, deeply unsettling comedy—which also made unlikely leading man Dustin Hoffman a star—gets a thirtieth anniversary re-release at the Film Forum, beginning Valentine's Day.

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**La Cérémonie**—Claude Chabrol, has made many malicious thrillers in his long career, but he's never worked before with this kind of devastating malevolence. Catherine (Jacqueline Bisset), a very well turned-out upper-bourgeois lady, meets Sophie (Sandrine Bonnaire), a prospective housekeeper, and persuades her to come work in her big house in Brittany, where she lives with her husband and two children. Sophie, it turns out, attracts a woman friend—a local postal clerk, Jeanne (Isabelle Huppert), who is as chatty and assertive as Sophie is morose and reserved. At first, Jeanne and Sophie might seem like slightly eccentric outsiders. But their friendship, we find out, is held together by each of their having gotten away, in the past, with a serious crime, and their pranks seem meaner and meaner. In the end, the movie is only nominally about class warfare. It is really about the tiny cracks running through a perfectly formed bowl—the moments of slippage and incomprehension, the faults of life itself. (Denby; 1/20/97) (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Citizen Ruth**— We make the acquaintance of Ruth Stoops (Laura Dern), a white-trash no-good from Anywheresville, USA, a woman who lives to sniff glue in back alleys. Ruth is pregnant with her fifth child (the other four have been given away), and she's facing a jail sentence for endangering the life of her fetus. The judge tells her he will get the charges dropped if she agrees to an abortion. Ruth is discovered in jail by four freshly arrested pro-lifers; she then enters the Christian home of Norm and Gail Stoney (Kurtwood Smith and Mary Kay Place), who feed her, clothe her, and preach to her, subjecting her to pro-life porno-propaganda. Ruth is rescued from the pro-life people by Diane (Swoosie Kurtz) and Rachel (Kelly Preston), a determined pro-choice lesbian couple, yet she remains as untamable as ever. And they pay just as heavily as the Stoneys for their naïveté about Ruth, who swigs Courvoisier in the lovely upstairs bedroom they give her and leaps for joy when the pro-life people announce on television that they will pay her $15,000 to have her baby. Despite its critical intentions, *Citizen Ruth* is an entertainment—a well-written, brilliantly acted movie touched by the spirit of both James Thurber and Preston Sturges. (Denby; 1/27/97) (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Angelika 57.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Cyclo—A destitute orphan is rescued by a local gang leader (Tony Leung-Chiu Wai)—who has, it turns out, lured the orphan's older sister into a life of prostitution. Directed by Tran Anh Hung (*The Scent of Green Papaya*). (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Dante's Peak—See David Denby, p. 55. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza.*

★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. As Katharine, Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Plaza Twin.*

Everyone Says I Love You—In movies, when ordinary speech seems inadequate, singing and dancing become the strongest way of saying something. But in Woody Allen's new musical, the gesture toward song or dance is meant to be enough. So Allen uses actors with no training as singers—Allen himself, Julia Rob-

"Cue" cover photograph by Eve Arnold/Magnum Photos.

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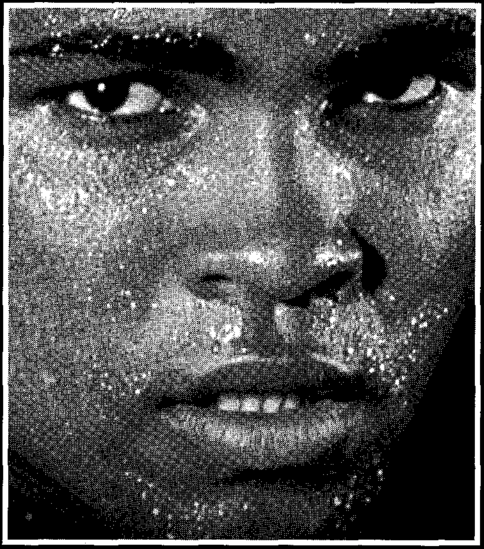

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DOLBY

erts, Tim Roth, Alan Alda, and many others—and they warble in their thin little voices, and there's no exhilaration, no release. The movie is a comedy about a large, rich, mixed-up New York family (Alan Alda is the paterfamilias), with first marriages, second marriages, stepchildren, and friends, all of them falling in and out of love, usually at the drop of a hat. None of the love affairs gets more than brief, anecdotal treatment; the characters wander around beautiful places, and they sing, always in the same tepid, colorless style. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Evita—Eva Perón (Madonna), born in 1919 in a small town, escapes from illegitimacy and poverty to Buenos Aires; she becomes a dance-hall girl, a mediocre radio and film actress; she sleeps with colonels, drifts upward, and winds up as the wife of Juan Perón (Jonathan Pryce), who is elected president of Argentina. Under his protection, she becomes a political figure in her own right, yet she's blind to the police power and torture that keep her husband in power. She dies of cancer at 33 and is embalmed, and offers redemption to the people. Or something like that. Holding pictures of Evita, crowds appear at political rallies; gather outside the palace as she is dying; attend her funeral; engage in vague insurrectionary activities. *Evita* is a kind of fascists' pseudo-opera: After a while, we realize that we're being pressed into that crowd of awestruck worshipers. (Denby; 1/6/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Festival

Black Gold

The Brooklyn Museum of Art observes Black History Month with "Paths of Enlightenment: Artists, Heroes, Rebels, and Thinkers," a series of documentaries devoted to seminal yet largely obscure African-American figures. Among the remarkable profiles to be screened is 'Ida B. Welles: A Passion for Justice,' a film in which Nobel Prize–winning writer Toni Morrison (left, with director William Greaves) reads from the late journalist's works. (See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.)

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum.

Farmer & Chase—A petty thief (Todd Field) with something to prove to his dad (Ben Gazzara)—a hardened criminal—endangers the tenuous father-son relationship when he takes up with a bored suburban girl (Lara Flynn Boyle). (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Crown Gotham.*

Fierce Creatures—The follow-up to 1988's *A Fish Called Wanda,* in which John Cleese, Kevin Kline, Jamie Lee Curtis, and Michael Palin cheerfully mismanage a failing zoo. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Fools Rush In—Matthew Perry and Salma Hayek star in this comedy about a young couple who get married after a one-night stand results in pregnancy. Directed by Andy Tennant. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

Gridlock'd—Tim Roth and the late Tupac Shakur star as two drug addicts whose attempts to go straight are thwarted by social services. Written and directed by Vondie Curtis-Hall. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

★**Hamlet**—In the new *Hamlet,* Kenneth Branagh updates the setting from medieval times and a shadowed, cavelike palace to the nineteenth century and a full-dress court that is brilliantly lit. The play, of course, is exhaustingly long, and the lack of intimacy in Branagh's conception places added stress on our endurance. Yet there are many brilliant moments. Branagh straightens out the sexual life of the court: Hamlet and Ophelia (Kate Winslet) have been to bed (Branagh shows the lovemaking), and they have a palpable physical need for each other. When they are wrenched apart by the grown-ups, and Hamlet then mistakenly kills Polonius, Ophelia's insanity is deeply moving—not the usual wan flutter of Elizabethan butterfly wings but grief-struck rage in a padded cell. (Denby; 1/6/97) (4 hrs.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

In Love and War—The true story of the wartime romance between a young, injured Ernest Hemingway (Chris O'Donnell) and his nurse (Sandra Bullock). Directed by Richard Attenborough. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Sutton.*

★**Jerry Maguire**—The huge amounts of money that the sports agents in this movie can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none more so than the great Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo—a "mission statement"—and distributes it to the entire company, asking that the company handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. Jerry is thrown out within a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding, Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry, too, and falls in love with him. Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. This is a terrifically alert movie, hip to the way people feel about one another from moment to moment. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Johns—David Arquette and Lukas Haas play two young hustlers struggling to survive on the streets of L.A. Written and directed by Scott Silver. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

★**Kolya**—This loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is very concisely organized. The hero, Franta (Zdenek Sverak), has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. A great musician, he was once a cellist in the Czech Philharmonic, but he was tossed out for making an offhand remark that offended a Prague bureaucrat. Defensive and silent, he has turned into a sneak and a liar, a man who seduces other men's wives. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a five-

CLINT EASTWOOD GENE HACKMAN ED HARRIS

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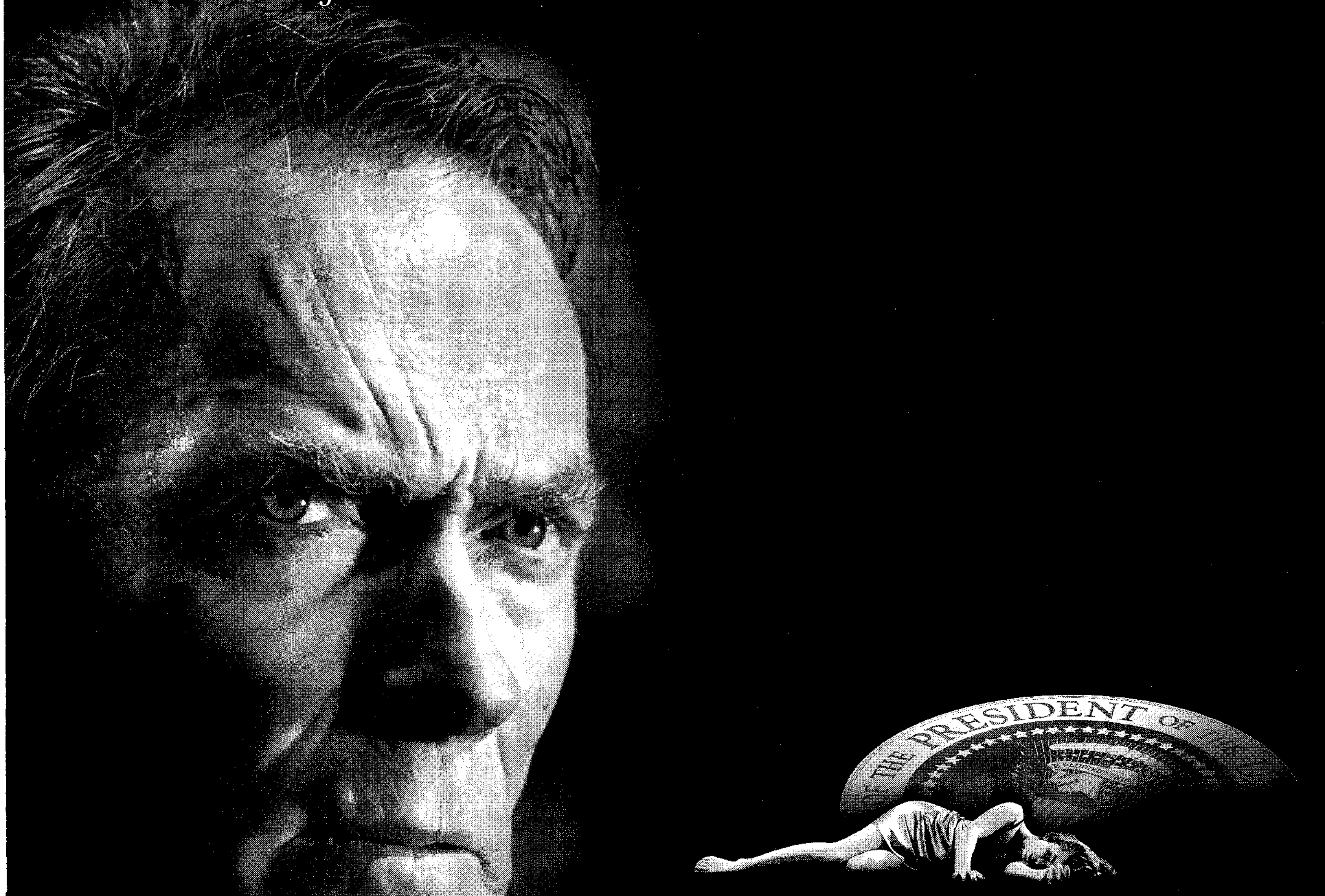

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year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor—a man who calls one married woman after another at night, looking for an absent husband—is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of the Dustin Hoffman–Justin Henry scenes in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, though made with a finer touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. Easily the most emotionally satisfying foreign-language film shown in America since *The Postman*. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Margaret's Museum—In a small mining town in forties Nova Scotia, a young newlywed (Helena Bonham-Carter), despondent over the loss of her father and brother in local coal-mining accidents, frets over her husband's desire to work in the mines himself. Directed by Mort Ransen. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Marvin's Room—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Regency.*

Meet Wally Sparks—Rodney Dangerfield stars as a talk-show host forced by his producer (Burt Reynolds) to clean up his act. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Manhattan Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Metro—Eddie Murphy stars as a wise-cracking cop who must get serious when faced with a serial killer. Directed by Thomas Carter. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Plaza.*

Mother—Albert Brooks (who also wrote and directed) plays a mediocre novelist, twice divorced, who moves back in with his mother (Debbie Reynolds) to thrash out his Oedipal kinks. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★The People vs. Larry Flynt—In the fifties, Larry Flynt and his brother, Jimmy, suffer through a dirt-poor, sub-Huck Finn boyhood in rural Kentucky. Twenty years later, Larry and Jimmy are running topless clubs in Ohio, satisfying customers and hurting no one. (That, at least, is the way the movie tells it.) Larry (Woody Harrelson), who sleeps with all the girls, is a free man, unburdened by refinement or civility. Why *not* put pictures of a naked Jackie O. in his new slick-paper mag, *Hustler*? Even in his early Czech movies, Milos Forman demonstrated his pleasure in raffishness, and this time he's raised rotgut courage to the status of truth. Larry and his tarnished inamorata, the dancer Althea Leasure (Courtney Love), deliver pornography without apology; their ambitions are so straightforward, and they exist on such easy terms with their flesh, that they burn away the hypocrisy of anyone hung up on appearances. But the filmmakers make the mistake of turning Larry Flynt into a moral hero and martyr, and false sanctimoniousness begins to overwhelm this screenplay. (Denby; 1/13/97) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Prisoner of the Mountains—A Chechen man, whose son is being held hostage by the Russian army, kidnaps two Russian soldiers in the hopes of making a trade. Directed by Sergei Bodrov. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★Ridicule—As screenwriter Rémi Waterhouse and director Patrice Leconte tell it, wit rules the court of Louis XVI so thoroughly that a man who says something brilliant at a dinner party or recovers quickly from another man's insult finds himself rewarded with the king's favor. On the other hand, if the same man falls down on the dance floor, or begins an insult that peters out, he receives derision so acute and persistent that he might be required to absent himself from France altogether. Wit, as it is conceived here, is artificial, formal, logical. It reveals nothing of character; its very point might be to conceal it. But the director finds these people out; he is more ruthless than the king. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *59th Street East; Angelika 57.*

Scream—Director Wes Craven's self-referential, postmodern take on scary movies. With Neve Campbell and Skeet Ulrich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway; Olympia Cinemas.*

★Secrets & Lies—At the center of Mike Leigh's great comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of those rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shadow Conspiracy—Charlie Sheen stars as a presidential adviser who uncovers a massive plot that threatens the very foundations of the U.S. Government. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East.*

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★Star Wars—See David Denby, p. 55. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

SubUrbia—College dropouts, dreamers, and premature failures hang out every night in a convenience-store parking lot somewhere in suburban Texas. Most Americans would see them as posing losers, and in many ways they are. But playwright-screenwriter Eric Bogosian and director Richard Linklater treat them tenderly; the kids are losers of a special kind—embittered idealists trapped in the nowheresville of American pop commercialism. What if you see through society, and you think that everything is crap? *SubUrbia* is intensely written and played, and though it whirls around and goes nowhere, passages of it are affecting. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

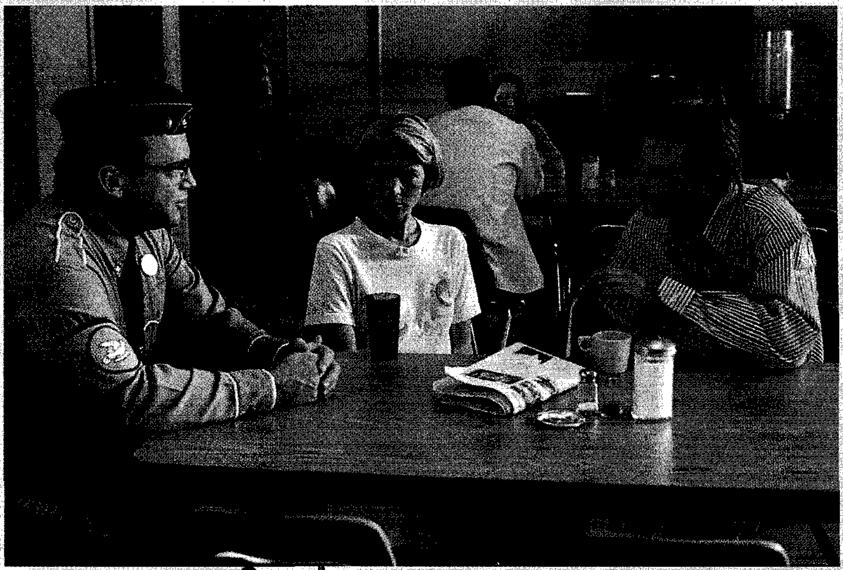
Swingers—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Directed by Doug Liman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

That Darn Cat—Christina Ricci is a bored 16-year-old whose mischievous cat leads her and her cohort (Doug E. Doug) into a web of suburban intrigue. Directed by Bob Spiers. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

Touch—Skeet Ulrich stars as a young Franciscan monk living in L.A. whose daily existence—which consists mainly of quietly performing miracles—is destroyed by assorted hucksters, televangelists, and tabloid reporters. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Les Voleurs—A detective investigating his brother's death becomes ensnared in a web of familial sexual intrigue. Starring Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Andre Téchiné. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Waiting for Guffman—Christopher Guest stars as Corky St. Clair, a failed stage director who returns to his hometown of Blaine, Missouri, in the hopes of resuscitating his career. Directed by Guest. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*



Opening
Miracle Worker

In 'Touch,' Skeet Ulrich (right) is Juvenal, a stigmatic Franciscan monk—recently relocated to downtown L.A.—who quietly and miraculously heals the sick and the dying. Based on the Elmore Leonard novel, the film (which also stars Tom Arnold and Bridget Fonda, above) opens Friday.

Photograph by Bruce Birmelin/United Artists.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Breaking the Waves; Kolya; Shine; Sling Blade; SubUrbia; Waiting for Guffman.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Beautician and the Beast; Star Wars.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Angel Dust.* (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Saint Clara.* Opening 2/12: *Cyclo.* (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *La Cérémonie; Johns; Margaret's Museum; Les Voleurs.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Citizen Ruth; Swingers.* (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Albino Alligator; The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You; Jerry Maguire; Marvin's Room; Metro; The Pest; Shadow Conspiracy.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Evita; Gridlock'd; Hotel de Love; Meet Wally Sparks; Mother; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Portrait of a Lady.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Dante's Peak; Scream.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Beautician and the Beast; Gridlock'd; Jerry Maguire; Marvin's Room; The Pest; Shadow Conspiracy.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Everyone Says I Love You.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; Fierce Creatures.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Dante's Peak; The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Fierce Creatures; Metro; Mother; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Scream; Shine.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Star Wars.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *The English Patient; Evita; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Shine; Star Wars.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Ridicule.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Citizen Ruth; Ridicule.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Gridlock'd.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Dante's Peak.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Unhook the Stars; Johns.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Evita; Shine; Waiting for Guffman.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Beverly Hills Ninja; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Michael; The Pest; Star Trek: First Contact; Turbulence.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Farmer & Chase.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Breaking the Waves.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Metro.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Beautician and the Beast; The English Patient; Shadow Conspiracy.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Evita.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Dangerous Ground; Gridlock'd; Meet Wally Sparks.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Dante's Peak.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *First Strike; Meet Wally Sparks; The Relic; Scream.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *In Love and War; Metro; Shadow Conspiracy.*

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Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Caught; Looking for Richard; One Fine Day; The Long Kiss Goodnight; The Mirror Has Two Faces; Trainspotting.*
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Star Wars.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Marvin's Room.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Fierce Creatures; Scream.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Evita; Shadow Conspiracy.*
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Hotel de Love.*
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Beautician and the Beast; Fierce Creatures; Portrait of a Lady; Scream; Star Wars; SubUrbia.*
Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Jerry Maguire; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Pest.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Everyone Says I Love You; The English Patient.*
Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Dante's Peak; Everyone Says I Love You; Gridlock'd; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Star Wars.*
Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Mother.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Beautician and the Beast.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Scream.*
84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (294-9410) *Dante's Peak; Gridlock'd; Metro; The Pest; The Relic.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *La Cérémonie; The English Patient; Kolya; Prisoner of the Mountains; Secrets & Lies; SubUrbia.*
Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Beautician and the Beast; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Fierce Creatures; Hotel de Love; Jerry Maguire; Meet Wally Sparks; Mother; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Shine; Star Wars.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Beautician and the Beast; The Relic.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Dante's Peak; Metro; The Pest.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Gridlock'd.*
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Dante's Peak; Scream.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Marvin's Room.*

Bronx

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Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Beautician and the Beast; Beverly Hills Ninja; Dante's Peak; Gridlock'd; Jerry Maguire; Meet Wally Sparks; Metro; The Pest; The Relic; Scream; Shadow Conspiracy; Star Wars.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Dante's Peak; First Strike; Gridlock'd; Metro; The Pest; The Relic; Scream; Shadow Conspiracy; Space Jam; Star Wars.*
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Mother; Dante's Peak.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Beautician and the Beast; Beverly Hills Ninja; Dante's Peak; Gridlock'd; Meet Wally Sparks; Metro; The Pest; The Relic; Scream; Shadow Conspiracy; Star Wars; Zeus & Roxanne.*

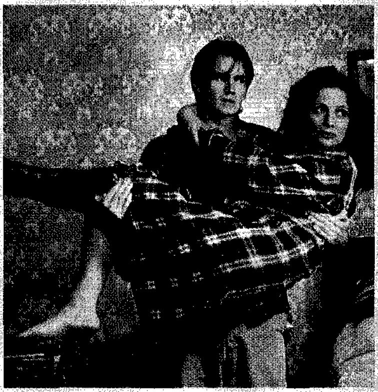
Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; Evita; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; The Relic; Shadow Conspiracy.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Gridlock'd.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *La Cérémonie; The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Jerry Maguire; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Zeus & Roxanne.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Meet Wally Sparks; Metro; Scream; Star Wars; Zeus & Roxanne.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Gridlock'd; Metro; The Relic.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Dante's Peak; The English Patient; Shadow Conspiracy.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Dante's Peak; Gridlock'd; Metro; The Relic; Scream.*
Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Beautician and the Beast; Everyone Says I Love You; In Love and War; The Pest; Star Wars; Zeus & Roxanne.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Dante's Peak; Meet Wally Sparks; The Relic; Scream; Shadow Conspiracy.*
Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Dante's Peak; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Shine; Star Wars.*
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The English Patient; Gridlock'd.*

Data

Family Affairs



Crossing the line: Jeremy Davies and Alberta Watson in 1994's Spanking the Monkey.

Onscreen, acts of incest have traditionally been alluded to after the fact—the toothless, backwoods banjo boy in *Deliverance,* for example, or the murky, twisted love triangle that emerges in *Chinatown.* But society's last taboo is rapidly seeping its way into popular culture—on TV (Anjelica Huston's adaptation of *Bastard Out of Carolina;* this season's incredibly creepy, *Brother's Keeper*–inspired episode of *The X-Files*), in books (Kathryn Harrison's upcoming memoir, *The Kiss,* recounts her consensual, four-year-long affair with her father), and, of course, in film. While several upcoming movies are inverting the stereotype (incest as upper-class anomaly rather than rural depravity), director David O. Russell, whose 1994 debut, *Spanking the Monkey,* quite honestly depicted a mother-son affair, cautions others against playing fast and loose with such a delicate topic. "Don't use it to titillate," he warns. "There *are* some boundaries that are supposed to be sacred."

MOVIE	FAMILIAL BONDING
ANGELS AND INSECTS 1996	An impoverished entomologist marries a woman who vacillates between periods of insatiable lust and inexplicable frigidity. Later he discovers she prefers to keep her distance while she commits adultery with her brother. Based on an A. S. Byatt novella.
LONE STAR 1996	John Sayles's labyrinthine, multi-tiered plot ends with the revelation that town sheriff Sam Deeds and his lover—torn apart as teenagers by their obstinate parents—are actually half-brother and -sister. Though surprised, they decide not to abandon the romance.
THE HOUSE OF YES to be released this year by Miramax	Parker Posey is Jackie-O, a rich young woman who sucks her newly engaged twin brother back into a sexual affair by cajoling him into the one activity that gets them both in the mood: a dinner-party reenactment, in slow motion, of the Zapruder footage.
THIS WORLD, THEN THE FIREWORKS upcoming; Orion Classics	Billy Zane and Gina Gershon play two con-artist siblings who are deeply involved in an ongoing sexual affair, much to the consternation of their knowing mother. Based on the long-banned Jim Thompson novel.
THE LOCUSTS upcoming; Orion Classics	Kate Capshaw plays a mysterious widow in sixties Kansas who sleeps with her son. Also starring Jeremy Davies, who played one half of *Spanking the Monkey*'s incestuous couple.

Photograph by Photofest.

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Metro; The Pest.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Beautician and the Beast; Beverly Hills Ninja; Dante's Peak; Evita; Fierce Creatures; Jerry Maguire; Metro; Mother; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Star Wars.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Dante's Peak; Meet Wally Sparks; Metro; The Pest; The Relic; Scream; Zeus & Roxanne.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Metro; Mother; Shadow Conspiracy; Zeus & Roxanne.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Beverly Hills Ninja; Fierce Creatures; Gridlock'd; Metro; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Scream; Shadow Conspiracy; Zeus & Roxanne.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The English Patient; Mother; Shadow Conspiracy.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Beverly Hills Ninja; The Pest; Star Wars.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Metro; The Pest; Scream.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Beautician and the Beast; Beverly Hills Ninja; Dante's Peak; Jerry Maguire; Meet Wally Sparks; The Relic; Shadow Conspiracy; Star Wars.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Beautician and the Beast; Gridlock'd; In Love and War; Metro; The Relic.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Everyone Says I Love You; Shine.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; Evita; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Mother; Star Wars.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Gridlock'd.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Dante's Peak; Fierce Creatures; Jerry Maguire; Meet Wally Sparks; Scream.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Beautician and the Beast; Beverly Hills Ninja; Dante's Peak; Jerry Maguire; Metro; The Relic; Star Wars.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *I'm Not Rappaport; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Dante's Peak; Metro.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *In Love and War; Meet Wally Sparks; The Pest; Scream; Shadow Conspiracy; Zeus & Roxanne.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; Jerry Maguire; Star Wars.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Evita.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; Fierce Creatures; Jerry Maguire; Meet Wally Sparks; The Pest; Shadow Conspiracy; Zeus & Roxanne.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; Jerry Maguire; Meet Wally Sparks; Michael; Shadow Conspiracy.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Beautician and the Beast; Beverly Hills Ninja; Dante's Peak; Everyone Says I Love You; Evita; Fierce Creatures; In Love and War; Jerry Maguire; Meet Wally Sparks; Metro; Mother; The Pest; Scream; Star Wars; Zeus & Roxanne.*

Retrospective

Expatriate Games

Chilean auteur Raúl Ruíz—whose early films were often indictments of the government, and who fled to France after the 1973 overthrow of Allende—is widely revered for his poetic, surreal paeans to displaced persons. The Film Society of Lincoln Center honors the director with "Images of Exile," a series of his most rarely seen works—including the New York theatrical premiere of 1996's 'Fado Major and Minor,' above—beginning February 14. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—2/15: *Pretty As a Picture: The Art of David Lynch* (1997), *Moving Pictures: The Art of Lost Highway* (1996), and *Wild at Heart* (1990). 2/16: "An Afternoon with David Lynch" and a screening of *Blue Velvet* (1986) and his latest, *Lost Highway* (1997). (Note: This program is sold out.) 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 2/20: *Ulysses' Gaze* (1995). "Andrei Tarkovsky." 2/10 and 2/15: *Solaris* (1972). 2/11 and 2/16: *Stalker* (1979). 2/12: *My Name is Ivan* (1962). 2/13: *The Sacrifice* (1986). 2/14: *Andrei Rublev* (1966). 2/16: *Nostalghia* (1983). "Vera Chytilova." 2/15: *Horsing Around* (1989) 2/16: *The Clown* (1984). "Sergei Eisenstein." 2/14: *Strike* (1924). 2/15: *Battleship Potemkin* (1925). 2/16: *October* (1928). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Paths of Enlightenment: Artists, Heroes, Rebels, and Thinkers." 2/15: *W.E.B. DuBois: A Biography in Four Voices* (1995), *In Motion: Amiri Baraka* (1983), and *Fundi: The Story of Ella Baker* (1989). 2/16: *Aime Césaire: A Voice for History* (1993) and *Lumumba: Death of a Prophet* (1992). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6.

Casa La Femme—An ongoing Sunday-night festival. 2/16: *Gilda* (1946). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Cinema Village 12th St—Through 2/12: *A Tickle in the Heart.* "Hong Kong Sexploitation." 2/13–2/15: *Passion Unbound* (1995). 2/19: "Cigarettes and Beer," a collection of old beer and tobacco ads. Beginning 2/14: *Boyfriends* (1996). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

Film Forum—"Chandler, Hammett, Woolrich & Cain." 2/10: *The Brasher Doubloon* (1947) and *The Falcon Takes Over* (1942). 2/11: *Slightly Scarlet* (1956) and *Black Angel* (1946). 2/12 and 2/13: *The Long Goodbye* (1973) and *Marlowe* (1969). Beginning 2/14: *The Graduate* (1967). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Films of Charles Burnett: Witnessing for Everyday Heroes." 2/11–2/13: *Nightjohn* (1996). 2/12: *To Sleep With Anger* (1990). 2/13: *The Glass Shield* (1995). "Images of Exile: Films by Raul Ruiz." 2/14–2/16: *Fado Major and Minor* (1996). 2/14 and 2/16: *The Three Crowns of the Sailor* (1982). 2/15: *Hypothesis of a Stolen Painting* (1978) and *Snakes and Ladders* (1980). "Independents Night!" 2/16: *Bleached* (1996). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—2/11: *Max mon amour* (1986). 2/18: *Mécaniques célestes* (1995). Also, 2/13: as part of a living memorial to the Holocaust, a screening of *Under the Domim Tree* (1995). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—"Art on Film." 2/14: *Gonza the Spearman* (1986). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Rainer Werner Fassbinder." 2/10: *Martha* (1973). 2/10 and 2/13: *Effi Briest* (1974). 2/11: *Jail Bait* (1972). 2/11 and 2/14–2/15: *Fear of Fear* (1975). 2/13: *Bremen Freedom* (1972). 2/13 and 2/16: *Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven* (1975). 2/14: *Ali: Fear Eats the Soul* (1973). 2/14 and 2/16: *Fox and His Friends* (1974). 2/15: *I Only Want You to Love Me* (1975). "Fassbinder's Favorites: From the Archives." 2/11: *Zéro de conduite* (1932) and *Un Chant d'amour* (1950). 2/14: *8½* (1962). 2/14 and 2/15: *Peeping Tom* (1959). 2/15: *The First Legion* (1951). 2/6: *The Servant* (1963). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Screening Room—Sundays: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal (334-2100); $8 ($5 for brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Godard & Co." 2/11: *Pierrot Le Fou* and *Forty Guns.* 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

theater

Japanese Clowns...The Talent Family Returns

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—Alfred Uhry's first new play since *Driving Miss Daisy,* set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind.* $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/27 opening. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St.(307-4100).*

Stanley—Circle in the Square returns with this acclaimed London show about English artist Stanley Spencer. Starring Antony Sher, making his New York debut in the title role. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for 2/20 opening. *Circle in the Square, 1622 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Three Sisters—Scott Elliott's all-star production of Chekhov's classic tale of yearning. With Billy Crudup, Amy Irving, Eric Stoltz, David Strathairn, Lili Taylor, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 2/13 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Previews

Culture Vultures

The Tokyo Shock Boys, four comics offering world culture taken to the nth degree—and the lowest common denominator—make their New York debut on February 11. Be it Samurai-inflected vaudeville or simply the Three Stooges after imbibing scorpions, the show is sure to be loud, rude, and hilarious.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $49.50. Wed.– Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. Whoopi Goldberg takes over on 2/11. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Jasmine Guy as Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/23. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. No performances 1/6–1/12. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Photograph by Patricia Eichwalder.

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Entire Production Directed by
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Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea.* For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Capitol Steps—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. $40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 2/13 opening. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Changeling—Theater for a New Audience's second production, a revival of the Jacobean tragicomedy. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 (at 8 after 2/28), Sat. at 2. In previews for a 3/1 opening. *Playhouse at St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Dreamstuff—A new musical version of the Aladdin's-lamp fairy tale, in a nineties setting. $37.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 2/17 opening. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

A Huey P. Newton Story—Roger Guenveur Smith's take on the life of the founder of the Black Panther Party, with sound design by Marc Anthony Thompson. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 2/12 opening. Through 3/9. *LuEsther Hall, Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

In-Betweens—A new play by Byan Goluboff, a love story set in the Bronx. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 2/18 opening. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Peter and Wendy—Mabou Mines's musical puppet show for grown-ups, based on J. M. Barrie's classic "I'll never grow up" book. $10–$25. 2/13–2/15 at 7, 2/16 at 3, 2/18–2/22 at 7, 2/23 at 3, 2/27–3/1 at 7, 3/2 at 3. *New Victory Theatre, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Psychopathia Sexualis—John Patrick Shanley's fetish comedy, starring Daniel Gerroll, Andrew McCarthy, and Park Overall. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/26 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage I, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Question of Mercy—The world premiere of David Rabe's meditation on assisted suicide (obviously this year's soul-search issue). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 2/25 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Robbers—A new play by *Orphans* writer Lyle Kessler, set in a world of shifting identities and industrial espionage. Starring Michael Rapaport, Jonathan Hadary, and Paul Ben-Victor. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 2/20 opening. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Stonewall Jackson's House—A new comedy about a young woman who violates racial taboos—political correctness, take that! $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

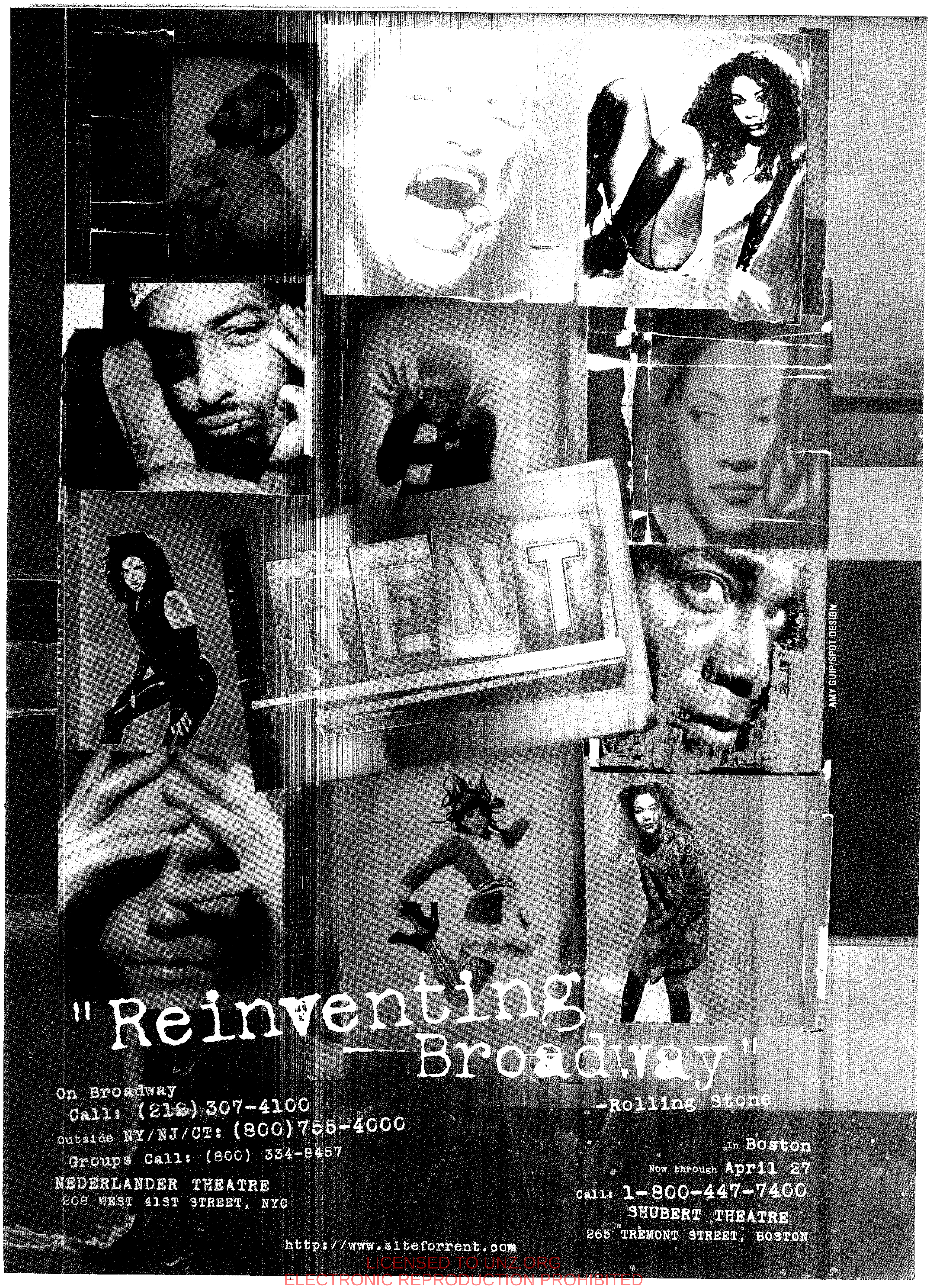
Sweet Adeline—Encores! revival of Hammerstein and Kern's 1929 musical. With Dorothy Loudon, Patti Cohenour, Stephen Bogardus, and Gary Beach. $25–$50. 2/13, 2/14, and 2/15 at 8, 2/15 at 2, 2/16 at 6:30. *City Center, 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Opening

Break a Leg

The Talent Family, a.k.a. David and Amy Sedaris, are back with another collection of crippled, cronelike, and crazed relatives, loosely arranged around the incapacitated heroine in *The Little Frieda Mysteries.*

Photograph by William Gibson.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Three One-Acts by Sam Shepard—*The Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife, Killer's Head,* and *Action;* directed by Darrell Larson. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3.Opened: 2/9/97. *Susan Stein Shiva Theater, Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Tokyo Shock Boys—Japanese vaudeville, with a little Stooges mixed in. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. In previews for a 2/19 opening. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, bet. 6th Ave. and MacDougal St. (307-4100).*

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Blue Light Theater Company presents Shakespeare's early comedy, directed by Dylan Baker. $25–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/23 opening. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (935-5820).*

Violet—A new musical by Jeanine Tesori and Brian Crawley based on *The Ugliest Pilgrim* by Doris Betts; directed by Susan H. Schulman. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 3/11 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. On hiatus until 3/1. $20–$25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15–$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Boychik—Starring Richard Kline, an exploration of emotions after a father's death. $40–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Concert Pianist—A one-man show starring Barry Neikburg chronicling a pianist's search for the ideal teacher. $35. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 1/19/97. *Jewish Repertory Theatre's Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Do Lord Remember Me—Esther Rolle stars in the New Federal Theatre's production of James de Jongh's oral history of slavery. $20. Opened: 1/15/97. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448).*

Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Family Values—A he said/she said comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple's midlife breakup. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (358-5174).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue.* A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacrée* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We are all allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

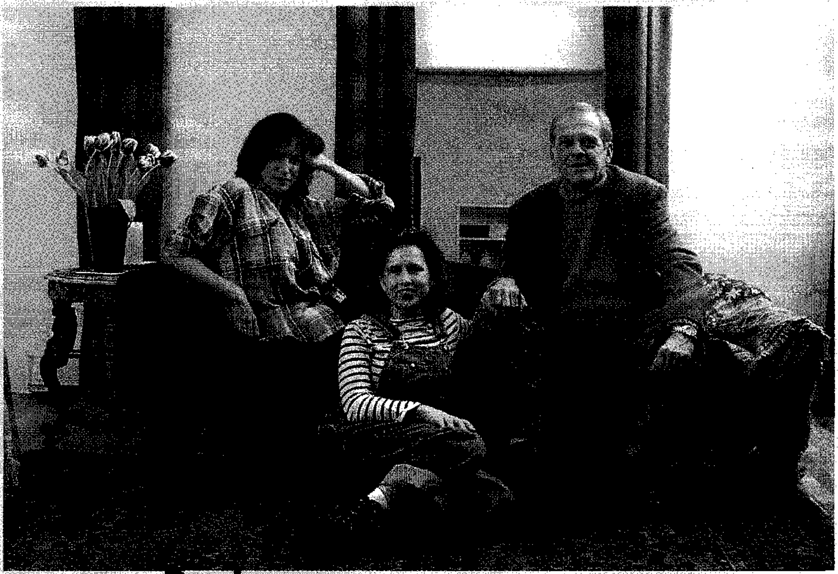
Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8,

Previews
Sticker Shock

If nothing else, Gregory Mosher has created another addition to the shrinking list of $20 urban-date options. That's $20 for two, so it's cheaper (and easier) than waiting in the *Rent* line. "In the ads, the main feature was a picture of a rather eccentric-looking fellow and $10," says Mosher, the new producing director of the usually-described-as-embattled Circle in the Square. "I maintain that if you think of Circle in the Square for one thing, you will think, 'Oh, that's the $10 place'—we're about to etch that $10 logo into the glass doors." For $10 (plus a $37.50 annual membership fee), you can see any performance, any time, of any of the plays Circle in the Square presents this year. And have wine and a sandwich at intermission for less than the price of the ticket. Like cost-cutting Off and Off-Off Broadway producers, Mosher is hoping a lower price point will attract a younger (read: under-35) audience. But he's trying to fill a 600-seat Broadway house.

"I don't think if you want a young audience you have to do plays about Gen-Xers in malls," Mosher says. Instead, Circle in the Square will open the new regime with *Stanley,* playwright Pam Gems's startling, sexy, even religious dramatization of the turbulent life of English artist Stanley Spencer, on February 20. Headed into bankruptcy last year, this theater in the round was indeed going in circles. "Circle needed a kind of radical transformation," says Mosher. "It needed to be reinvented." Enter Mosher, and a fortunate call from director John Caird, looking for a place to move his London hit. "Here was a director who could direct anywhere in the world and had chosen to do his play in this shape space. It sent a rather emphatic message that we weren't the theater of last resort," he says. So far, the strategy's working. Mosher expected 10,000 members by the time *Stanley* opened. But as of last week, 20,000 had signed up. **Alexandra Lange**

Photograph by Brigitte Lacombe.



Previews

Facing Facts

What if you woke up one morning and your mother had a new face? Mercedes Ruehl, John Spencer, and Jennifer Dundas star in the MCC Theatre's latest production, Peter Hedges's 'Good As New,' a modern kitchen-sink drama about a sudden lack of family resemblance.

Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Minutes From the Blue Route—A family dismantles its house, packing up memories and mementos, over the course of a four-day, action-packed weekend. By Tom Donaghy. $32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Opened: 1/30/97. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children,* presented in rotating repertory through March 28. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Mrs. Cage—A suburban housewife admits to a crime, but is unwilling to take responsibility for her action. By Nancy Barr; directed by and starring Alberta Handelman. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 2/23. *Martin R. Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

My Astonishing Self—Donal Donnelly channels George Bernard Shaw in this one-man show, adapted by Michael Vosey from Shaw's reminiscences, love letters, and diaries. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened 1/23/97. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Neat—Charlayne Woodard's portrait of coming of age in the civil-rights era. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (580-1313).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

The Red Address—David Ives's new play, mysterious but not magical, about the disjunction between an American businessman's public front and private romance. $32.50–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/13/97. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Scapin—Bill Irwin's fresh adaptation of Molière's classic tale of a servant who is pulling all the strings. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 3/16. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Second-Hand Smoke—A new play by Obie winner Mac Wellman, set in an apocalyptic landscape near the riverside town of Gradual. $33–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/16/97. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Steward of Christendom—Donal McCann stars in Sebastian Barry's harrowing tale of his great-grandfather's choice between the Catholic Church and the crown in prerevolutionary Ireland. $20–$55. 2/11–2/15, 2/18–2/22 at 8, 2/16, 2/23 at 3. *BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Nick Blosser—Paintings of landscape that draw on the artist's past experiences and memories; through 3/8. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Gary Brotmeyer—Altered found photographs and collages; through 3/1. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Earl Cunningham—Vividly colored paintings of interior and coastal scenes of Florida and Maine by this self-taught artist (1893–1977) who lived in St. Augustine, Florida; through 3/1. Beacon Hill, 980 Madison Ave. (734-3636).

Willem de Kooning—A selection of paintings made between May 1983 and June 1984 that have not been previously exhibited and are characterized by lyrical, ribbonlike contours in red and blue on white grounds, with touches of yellow, green, and purple; through 3/29. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (243-0200).

Duncan Grant—Works on paper by the Bloomsbury artist (1885–1978); through 3/15. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Ray Johnson—Collages from the late artist's estate that were made between 1957 and 1990 and have not been previously exhibited; through 3/15. Feigen & Co., 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

Sigmar Polke—A selection of the German artist's early works on paper; through 3/8. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Bill Traylor—A selection of the self-taught artist's paintings on paper made between 1939 and 1942 that were collected by his friend and patron Charles Shannon; through 3/8. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Mehri Yazdani—Abstract paintings whose surfaces are distressed to give them the appearance of antiquity; through 3/1. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

57th Street Area

Benny Andrews—New collages; through 3/8. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Graham Ashton/Cristos Gianakos—Color-field paintings whose impastoed surfaces suggest topographic maps/A large-scale bridge installation. Through 3/1. View, 250 E. 51st St. (317-9757).

Lois Dodd—A 25-year survey of paintings by the American realist and pioneer of the Tenth Street scene of the fifties; through 3/8. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345)

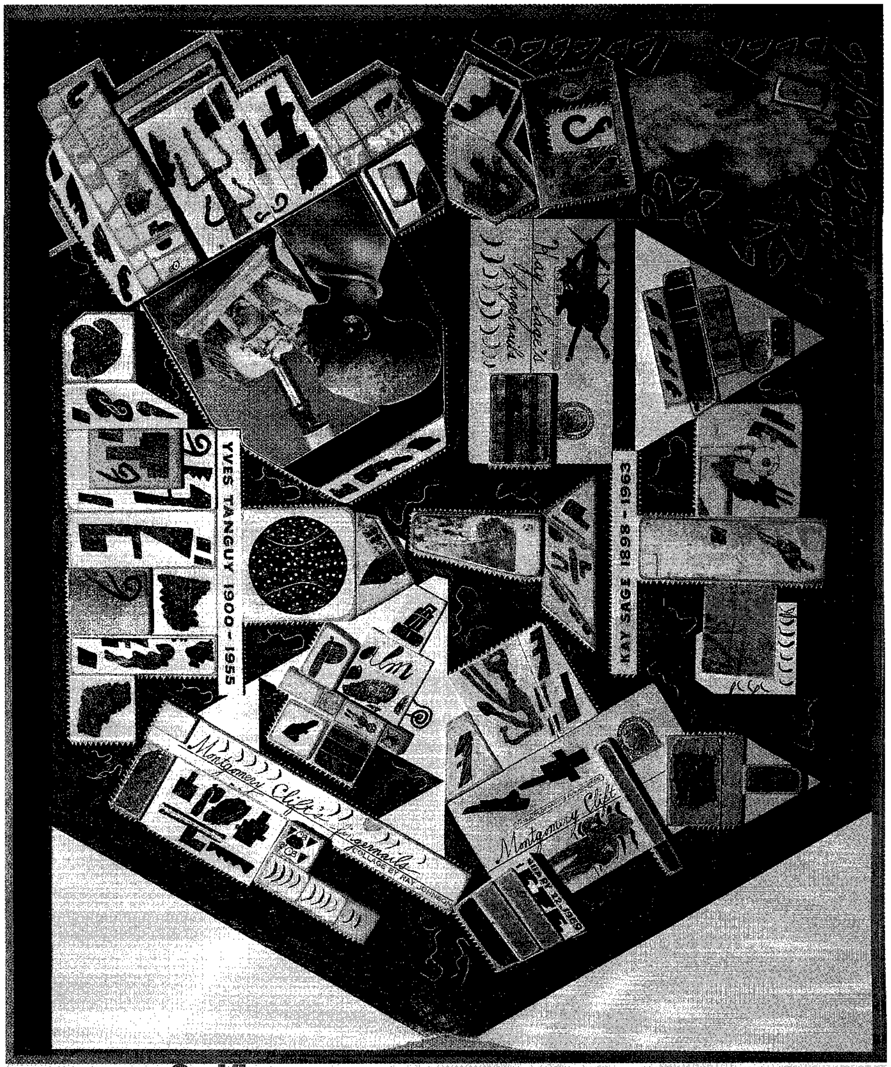
Philip Geiger—Paintings of figures in interiors that suggest enigmatic relationships; through 3/1. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Howard Hodgkin—A selection of hand-colored lithographs and etchings produced between 1977 and 1987; through 3/8. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).

Emily Mason/Thomas Hart Benton—Recent abstract paintings that suggest landscape/Drawings from the thirties. Through 2/25. MB, 41 E. 57th St. (371-3444).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



On View

Ray's Cache

The first exhibit of collages from Ray Johnson's estate—all of which were discovered in the artist's Locust Valley, Long Island, house shortly after his death in 1995—reveals him to be not only the founder of "mail art" but one of the most innovative of twentieth-century artists. At Richard L. Feigen & Co., 49 East 68th Street; through March 15.

Sophia Vari/Valerie B. Hird—Assemblages of wood, paper, plastic, cloth, string, and cork on canvas/Abstracted landscapes. Through 3/22. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Alessandro Twombly—Organic abstract sculptures in bronze, plaster, and clay; through 2/28. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Tom Uttech—Paintings of wildlife in forest settings; through 3/1. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Not Vital—Works on paper in acrylic paint, charcoal, and oil-stick from the mid-eighties to the early nineties on such themes as man and beast, hunting, and whirling dervishes; through

Photograph courtesy of Richard L. Feigen & Co.

3/22. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Ursula von Rydingsvard—Recent sculptures, including a large environmental installation of graphite-rubbed carved cedar whose forms are based on letters written on the ground and then built up until the actual word is completely obscured; through 3/1. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Stephen Andrews—Paintings depicting various weather conditions; through 3/1. Lombard/Freid, 470 Broome St. (334-5060).

Andy Warhol/Hiram Powers—An exhibit pairing Warhol's versions of Brillo, Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and other containers from 1964 with Powers's neoclassical marble busts dating from the 1840s; through 3/15. Peter Freeman at A/D, 560 Broadway (966-5154).

Charles Arnoldi—New abstract paintings; through 3/8. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Beth B/Cecily Rose Brown—Two installations, each one taking a different approach to sexuality, social conventions, and loss of innocence/Paintings that depict cuddly rabbits in groups of interlocking figures, suggesting compositions by Poussin or Goya. Through 3/8. Deitch, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

David Craven—Abstract paintings in which images appear to emerge from or sink into fields of saturated color or milky whiteness; through 3/1. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

David Florimbi—Paintings in which figures float in and out of landscapes, suggesting a dreamlike continuum of space; through 3/8. Radix, 462 Broome St. (431-7783).

Kenneth Goldsmith—An installation in which the artist recorded every word he spoke in one week's time and then covered the galleries walls with printed transcriptions of the tapes; through 3/7. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Katharina Grosse—Paintings on paper and aluminum; through 3/15. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Jocelyn Hobbie/Philippe Hernandez—Egg-tempera paintings whose narrative qualities evoke medieval paintings but whose imagery seems to be drawn from the artist's subconscious/Paintings of advertising logos and other signage on mirrors. Through 3/8. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Su-Li Hung/JoAnne McFarland—Calligraphic paintings/Collages. Through 3/4. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Sherry Kerlin/Judith Linhares—Ink-on-paper drawings of children in menacing or confrontational situations with adults, figures symbolizing death, or animals/Narrative paintings that depict fantastical scenes of birds, frogs, flowers, trees, animals, and people; through 3/1. Thorp, 130 Prince St. (431-6880).

Kevin Larmon—Paintings that begin with a collage of pornographic images, over which layers of paint are added until the collages have almost disappeared; through 3/8. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Barry Le Va—Recent drawings by the sculptor that depict dense, tightly configured matter in precise compositions; through 3/8. Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway (925-6190).

Ken Lum—Dresser-size mirrors into whose frames snapshot photographs have been inserted; through 3/8. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Doug Martin/Stephanie Borns—Paintings of landscape that incorporate maps/Figurative paintings. Through 3/8. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Ross Neher—Paintings inspired by the artist's stay in the medieval town of Gubbio, Italy; through 3/1. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Steven Pippin—An installation of a television on a rotating table; through 3/1. Enterprise, 558 Broome St. (431-1512).

Robert Beauchamp—A memorial exhibition of paintings by this artist (1923–1995) whose expressionistic figurative images drew on the mobility of action painting; through 3/27. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2525).

Bradley Rubenstein—New paintings; through 3/1. Sundvik, 26 Grand St. (226-6361).

Chelsea

Jean-Marc Bustamante—New sculpture; through 4/19. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Peter Cain/Jonathan Hammer—Paintings of landscapes and figures from the past two years by this artist who died suddenly from a cerebral hemorrhage on January 5, 1997, at the age of 37/New books and works on paper. Through 3/15. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Alix Stewart Lambert—An installation of video, photographs, and objects titled "Male Pattern Baldness" that documents the artist's attempt to pass herself off as male; through 3/2. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Louise Lawler—Large-scale photographs taken at the gallery's new premises before and during its renovation, and two sculpture installations (one of them a collaboration with the artist Allan McCollum); through 3/15. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Other

Florencio Gelabert—Sculptures that combine wood with barbed wire, charcoal, sickles, and other objects and materials that evoke violence and roughness, by a Cuban-American artist; through 3/1. Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. (695-6134).

Robert Motherwell—*A survey of the artist's works on* paper; through 3/29. Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7288).

Bessie Nickens—Paintings by the self-taught artist portraying her life in Louisiana and Texas at the turn of the century; through 3/7. Baruch, 17 Lexington Ave. (387-1006), Mon.–Fri. 12–5.

Margo Pelletier/Gillian Jagger—Works using images and text/New sculpture. Through 3/2. TransHudson, 416 W. 13th St. (242-3232).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). Contemporary abstract art by Latin American and Latino artists; through 3/30.

Winston Wächter—111 E. 65th St. (327-2526). Works inspired by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artworks and movements, by Andoe, Hannock, Joyce, Pfister, Scherman, Vath, Waite; through 3/1.

57th Street Area

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). An exhibition honoring Grace Borgenicht Brandt, who founded the Borgenicht Gallery in the fifties, including paintings and sculptures by Milton Avery, Max Beckmann, Ralston Crawford, Stuart Davis, Gabor Peterdi, and others who showed with the gallery; through 3/1.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Works using contradictory images and materials, including those by Beattie & Davidson, Sillman, Thorne, others; through 3/1.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). African-American art, including works by Alston, Lawrence, others; through 3/26.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Late-career work from the sixties and seventies by Daum, Embry, Glankoff, and Rosenborg; through 3/22.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Expressionist works by Beckmann, Klee, others, and by Gugging artists Hauser, Walla, others; through 3/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander Bonin—59 Wooster St. (925-2343). Works referencing the human figure, by Ahearn, Thek, others; through 3/22.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). Abstract works by Amrhein, Morgan; through 3/12.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). Postgraduate art from Los Angeles; an installation that evokes a fifteenth-century Italian atelier, by Anna Gili; through 3/15.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). Works on paper by Bourgeois, Katz, Martin, others; through 3/9.

OK Harris—383 W. Broadway (431-3600). Five separate exhibitions, with works by Barnes, De Valle and Gomes, Douke, Mercer, and Stavitsky; through 3/1.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). Paintings and mixed-media works by three self-taught Icelandic artists; through 3/1.

Stendhal—386 W. Broadway (334-4649). "Figment," which Warhol wanted as his epitaph, now the name of this pop-art exhibition, with works by English, Soloco, Tetro, others; through 4/8.

Chelsea

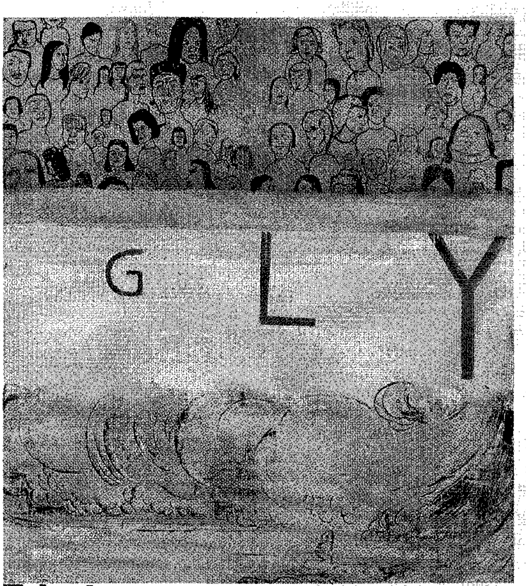
Kirkland—504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930). "Poetics of Obsession," with works by Anastasi, Gonzales-Torres, others; through 2/23.

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (352-1600). "Sex/Industry," with works by Anthony, Bluhm, Gianakos, LaChapelle, Picasso, McLelland, Sherman, Warhol, others; through 3/23.

Other

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Bklyn. (718-875-4047). "Suture," works that use stitching; through 3/8.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). Sculpture that turns an object's function on its



Talent **Considering the isolating effects of television and computers, it's hardly surprising that the lack of physical interaction between people has found its visual counterpart in painting. That sense of fracture is one of the overriding qualities in the exhibit "NU-GLU," whose eight artists include Jack Featherly, Manuel Ocampo, Christian Schumann, and Amy Sillman (above, *Ugly*, 1996). At Joseph Helman Gallery, 20 West 57th Street; through March 1.**

Photograph courtesy of Joseph Helman Gallery.

head, from wooden washing machines to ceramic shoes, including works by Chu, Lancaster, Zieger, others; through 2/28.

Photography

Elinor Carucci—Recent photographs, primarily of the artist's immediate family; through 3/8. Rico/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Konrad Cramer—Photographs, drawings, and paintings from the twenties through the fifties by this Woodstock, N.Y., artist; through 3/2. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Viewing Olmsted," with photographs by Burley, Friedlander, and James; through 3/15.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students. "David Levinthal 1975–1996." A retrospective of photographs that pit reality against artifice, including images of toy soldiers reenacting World War II and black memorabilia; through 3/21.

Kenro Izu—Photographs of the ancient temples of Angkor Wat; through 3/12. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Kevin Landers—Large color photographs of isolated debris and mundane objects that suggest the essence of New York City; through 3/2. LaBoulbenne, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

David Levinthal—"Blackface," photographs of black memorabilia; through 2/28. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Peter Lindbergh—Photographs from the past ten years by this German fashion photographer; through 3/1. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Joel Meyerowitz—Twenty years of photographs taken by the sea; through 3/15. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

National Arts Club—15 Gramercy Park South (475-3424), Wed.–Mon. 11–5, Tues. 3–6. "Hope Photographs," a collection of 100 contemporary photographs that were chosen to illustrate the theme of hope, including works by Adams, Bucklow, Callahan, Eggelston, Friedlander, Fuss, Misrach, Peress, and others, organized by Alice Rose George and Lee Marks; through 3/1.

Nicholas Nixon—Photographs of the artist's home and family, as well as a new series depicting the students of the Boston Latin School; through 3/8. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Eli Reed—"Black in America," contemporary photographs; through 3/8. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Walter Rosenblum—A retrospective, including photographs of city neighborhoods; through 3/1. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Bruce Sargeant/Mark Beard—Photography by Beard, and turn-of-the-century paintings by Sargeant, Beard's great-uncle; through 3/9. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Jörg Sasse—Photographs that depict everyday German middle-class life; through 3/15. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Collier Schorr—Photographs of a small town in southern Germany that attempt to portray it as an American town; through 3/9. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Zwirner—43 Greene St. (966-9074). Photography not intended as art, including prints from press archives, film stills, and fashion magazines; through 3/15.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Expansion Art: Artists of Our Times." Works by nine mid-career and emerging artists involved with issues of gender, national cultural icons, ethnicity, and dislocation; through 3/29. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Michael Lucero: Sculpture 1976–1995." A survey of the artist's whimsical sculptures, many of which combine ceramic elements with found objects; through 2/16. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist-naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"The Grand Tour: Travels With the Asia Society, Photographs by Guy Weill, 1969–1995"; through 3/30. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Brilliance of Swedish Glass, 1918–1939: An Alliance of Art and Industry"; through 3/2. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Artist in the Marketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists living in the New York metropolitan area; through 2/16. . . . "Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works"; through 2/16. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; suggested donation $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"A Different Reality: Symbolist Prints From the Collection." Prints by Symbolist artists from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; through 5/7. . . . "Rediscovering James Brooks: WPA Murals and Other Figural Works." A group of twenty works selected from a gift of 244 from the artist's widow, Charlotte Brooks, including preparatory drawings, gouaches, and tempera studies for Brooks's realist-style mural, *Flight*, in the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia airport; through 5/4. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

China Institute—"Adornment for Eternity: Status and Rank in Chinese Ornament." Ancient belts, garment hooks, hair ornaments, and other treasures from the Mengdiexuan Collection; through 6/28. 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . .

Installation Airborne

Few artists send their work off to shows without anxiety over its well-being. Consider the special case of Chilean artist Eugenio Dittborn, who came of age under Pinochet's dictatorship when it was notoriously difficult, even dangerous, to export works. For Dittborn, this situation gave birth to a clever strategy: Since 1983, he has been airmailing his paintings to exhibitions in cardboard envelopes. When they reach their destinations, they're unfolded and displayed, as they've been for "Remota: Airmail Paintings by Eugenio Dittborn," opening this week at the New Museum of Contemporary Art (583 Broadway; February 12 through April 13).

Dittborn's act of mailing his work is a political statement, not the personal, mysterious gesture it was for Ray Johnson (see page 78), who sent his collages to individuals. By sending his paintings on a circuit from museum to museum (a typical itinerary might include stops in Antwerp, Madrid, Sydney, Havana, Berlin, Banff, and Lima), Dittborn circumnavigated Chile's then-restrictive regulations and reminds us of that country's history of repression. Though his juxtapositions of disparate depictions (photo-silkscreens and pieces of fabric sewn to the canvas) make powerful statements about Chile's political history on their own, Dittborn's works are also the sum of their travels: The inevitable folds in his paintings and the postmarked envelopes are of equal importance, he insists, to the images he portrays. And so far, he's fooled Customs. **EDITH NEWHALL**

"Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Conceptual Trend: Six Artists From Mexico City." Works by six young, conceptually oriented artists based in Mexico City; through 4/13. . . . "Alicia Creus." Thirty-five recent collage works by the Argentine artist who has lived in New York and North Carolina since 1977; through 4/13. . . . "Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loved ones to AIDS; through 4/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Severo and the Sea-Monsters." A survey of the Frick's collection of works by the Northern Italian Renaissance master Severo da Ravenna, celebrating its recent gift of Severo's bronze *Sea-Monster;* through 3/9. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"The First Steps: Emerging Artists From Japan." Paintings, sculpture, drawings, video, and mixed-media installations by ten Japanese artists; through 2/21. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Guggenheim Museum—"A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection." The New York premiere of the collection formed by Patsy R. and Raymond D. Nasher, with sculptures by Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through 6/1. . . . "Rrose is a Rrose is a Rrose: Gender Performance in Photography." An exhibition that explores the various ways in which identity has been theatrically constructed in photography, from Man Ray's 1921 portrait of Marcel Duchamp as his feminine alter-ego Rrose Sélavy to the self-portraiture and computer-generated images of contemporary artists; through 4/27. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Bill Viola: Fire, Water, Breath." Two new video installations; through 3/23. . . . "Hugo Boss Prize." Works by this year's winner, Matthew Barney, and by Laurie Anderson, Janine Antoni, Stan Douglas, Yasumasa Morimura, and Cai Guo Qiang; through 2/16. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"A Witness to History: Yevgeny Khaldei, Soviet Photojournalist." Images documenting major events during WWII by one of Russia's most important combat photographers; through 4/13. . . . "Morris Louis: The Charred Journal Series, 1951." The artist's black-and-white abstract paintings from his "Charred Journal" series that memorialize the loss of books burned by the Nazis during the Holocaust; through 4/13. . . . "Rico Lebrun: The Holocaust Paintings." Paintings and drawings executed between 1955 and 1959 that were based on photographs the artist found in the 1946 edition of *U.S. Camera Annual;* through 4/13. . . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., and Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Giambattista Tiepolo." America's first major retrospective of the eighteenth-century Italian master's paintings and etchings; through 4/27. . . . "Venetian Prints and Books in the Age of Tiepolo"; through 4/27. . . . "Domenico Tiepolo: Drawings, Prints, and Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the son and collaborator of Giambattista Tiepolo; through 4/27. . . . "Christian Dior." A retrospective of the designer's works drawn mainly from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 3/23. . . . Charles Rennie Mackintosh." A survey featuring approximately 250 works by the celebrated Scottish architect and designer (1868–1928); through 2/16. . . . "The Florene M. Schoenborn Bequest: Artists of the School of Paris"; 2/11–5/4. . . . "City and Country: Four New York Quilts"; through 2/23. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image As Medicine in Ethiopia"; 2/7–8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; 2/7–8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892–1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; through 4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." The artist, who ceased painting in 1990, painted the 40 canvases in this exhibition between 1981 and 1987; through 4/29. . . . "Projects: Bul Lee/Chie Matsui"; through 3/25. . . . "The Maximal Sixties: Pop, Op, Figuration." Pop, Op, and Kinetic artworks from the museum's collection; through 4/29. . . . "Masterworks From the Florene May Schoenborn Bequest"; through 3/11. . . . "A Singular Vision: Prints From Landfall Press"; through 5/6. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"The Streets and Beyond: New York Photographs." Photographs of New York street life by well-known New York photographers; through 6/8. . . . "New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . . "Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A Community of Creativity: A Century of MacDowell Colony Artists." A survey of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by artists chosen to reside at the colony since the turn of the century; through 3/23. . . . "Landscapes of Louis Rémy Mignot: A Southern Painter Abroad"; 2/13–5/11. . . . "Theodore Clement Steele: An American Master of Light." Landscape and figurative paintings by the American Impressionist (1847–1926) from Indiana; through 3/9. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Remota: Airmail Paintings by Eugenio Dittborn." The first major New York exhibition of the Chilean artist's "Airmail Paintings," in which he folds sections of paintings into custom-made cardboard envelopes and mails them to exhibitions; 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Tiepolo and His Circle: Drawings in American Collections." Drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master Giambattista Tiepolo, as well as works by his sons, Domenico and Lorenzo, and his pupils, on loan from public and private American collections; through 4/13. . . . "Around Tiepolo: Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 4/13. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Island Journey: An Exhibition of Puerto Rican Photography." Works by contemporary Puerto Rican photographers exploring themes of identity, ancestral ties, and emotional relationships; through 2/16. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture—"Bearing Witness: African-American Vernacular Art of the South." Works by 25 self-taught African-American artists from the collection of Ronald and June Shelp; through 3/29. 515 Malcolm X Blvd., at 135th St. (491-2200); Mon., Tues., Wed. 12–6; Thurs., Fri., Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York." A survey of works by Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, Man Ray, and other artists associated with New York Dada; through 2/23. . . . "Collection in Context: Raphael Montañez Ortiz: Early Destruction, 1957–67." Works by a central member of the Destructivism movement; through 3/9. . . . "A Passion for Pictures: Selections From the Charles Carpenter Jr. Collection and Selections From the Charles Simon Collection"; through 3/9. . . . "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." A video installation in which Atlas collaborated with the late British performer and designer Leigh Bowery; through 3/9. . . . "Eleanor Antin." Photographs by the performance artist; through 3/9. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Romare Bearden in Black-and-White: Photomontage Projections 1964." Photomontages by the African-American artist (1914–1988) that mark his move from the pure abstraction of the fifties to the medium of collage; through 3/20. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 2/11 at 10: "The Paris Salon: 19th-Century Paintings." On view from 2/6.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 2/12 at 10: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 2/8. 2/13 at 1: "Maritime Sale." On view from 2/8.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 2/12 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorative Arts, and Paintings." On view from 2/8.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 2/12 at 10:15 and 2: "18th-Century Paintings." On view from 2/7. 2/13 and 2/14 at 10 and 2: "Prints." On view from 2/8.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/13 at 10:30: "Printed and Manuscript African-Americana." On view from 2/8.

restaurants

Funny Valentine...In Duplicate...Banana Bag

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Cambio Restaurant—Fish is done particularly well at this downtown Northern Italian spot. Try the salmon with artichokes or the black fettucine with squid, the homemade pastas, and desserts. *108 John St. (608-6500). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

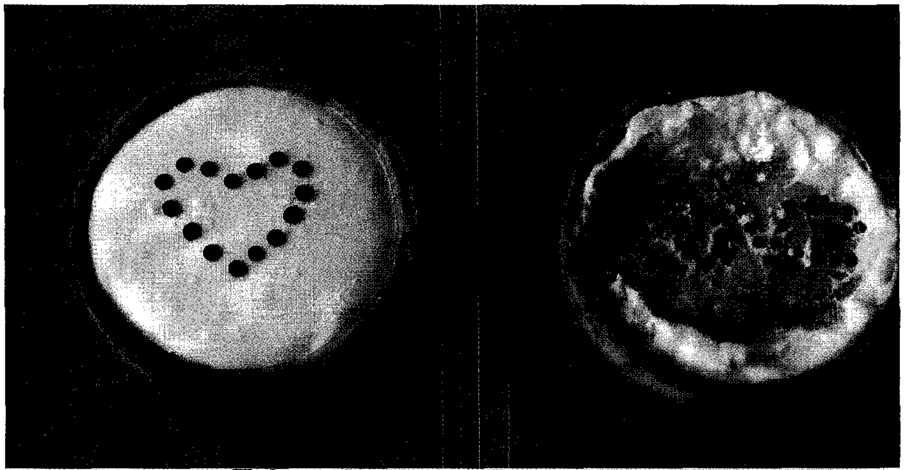
The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the newly reopened Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like baby fried calamari, sushi and sashimi, and vodka pizza. Live music Thursday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Takeout

Oral Fixation

Lick away the white-chocolate cream filling in the City Bakery's Valentine tarts and uncover chocolate amatory declarations embedded on a hazelnut crust. Personal (but not X-rated) sentiments may be custom-ordered. (22 East 17th Street; 366-1414.)

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently in so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Sanzin—This cozy SoHo bistro offers "New York cuisine" with a French twist, which means creative renditions of highly seasoned food. Signature dishes include a creamy semolina pasta with Roquefort and truffle oil, duck breast with saffron noodles, and Valrhona-chocolate-soufflé cake. Regulars congregate at the comfortable mahogany bar. *180 Spring St. (965-0710). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Windows on the World—It's tough to compete with the stunning views from this lower-Manhattan perch, but the eclectic American menu makes a valiant effort. A stellar wine program and dishes like baby pheasant in Savoy cabbage and lobster with clam risotto give diners good reason to glance at the table from time to time. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Grove Street—This casual Italian restaurant combines the charm of the West Village—180-year-old brick walls—with up-to-the-minute conveniences like a separate cigar lounge. Entrées include grilled lobster with jumbo prawns and grilled tuna with asparagus and shiitake mushrooms. Live jazz Thursday through Saturday. *53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées, with live music on Friday nights. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Dionysos—This Greek newcomer on lower Fifth Avenue serves an eclectic assortment of the cuisine of the moment—Mediterranean specials like lamb Youvetsi, veal chop with mountain mushrooms, moussaka, and grilled octopus. *75 Fifth Ave., nr. 15th St. (229-2992). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like conca d'oro, pasta con sarde, and rabbit stew. Try the

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Object of Desire
Beggar's Banquet

Chef Erik Blauberg's revamping of the '21' menu riffs on the Quilted Giraffe's signature caviar appetizer with a chocolate beggar's purse. The pleated crêpe is gathered around warm chocolate cake and sliced bananas, drizzled with star anise and chocolate sauces, and served with homemade licorice ice cream. (21 West 52nd Street.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

weekend brunch and the occasional historical dinner. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for 38 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened-shrimp po'boys. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Domingo—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

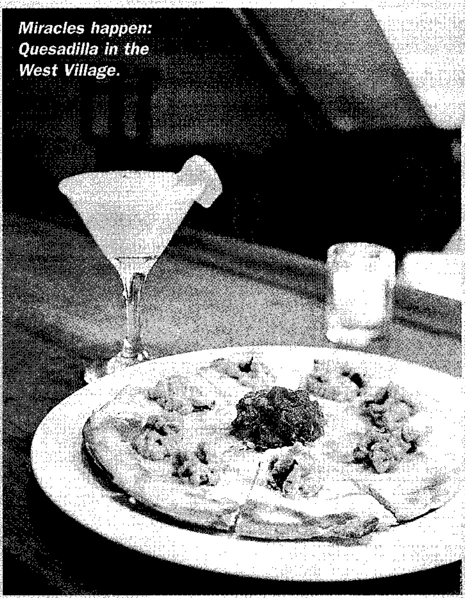
Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine

Trend

Dining in Duplicate



Miracles happen: Quesadilla in the West Village.

Inspired, perhaps, by the Starbucks paradigm, today's restaurateurs aren't content to think small. Many are discovering that the secret to success is doing one thing well—and then doing it over and over and over again. Republic and Daily Soup, two highly individualistic updates on the soup theme, have opened offshoots and plan to expand into nearly every Manhattan neighborhood within a decade. The year-old Cosí Sandwich Bar spawns a second branch this week at 38 East 45th Street; two more midtown locations are in the pipeline. Bobby Flay and partners opened Mesa City expressly as a prototype to take his brand of haute Southwestern across America. And this week, two downtown stalwarts are exporting their concepts elsewhere. NoHo's Time Cafe has reproduced its version of eclectic, healthy fare and hip ambience in a former Fuddruckers near Sheridan Square (87 Seventh Avenue South, at Barrow Street). Just a few blocks away, Miracle Bar & Grill has arisen on the ashes of the old Cottonwood Cafe (415 Bleecker Street). Why open clones after so many—nearly seven and nine, respectively—years, and risk losing the hip quotient in translation? "Customers kept saying 'I wish we had something like this in *our* neighborhood,' " says Time partner Josh Pickard. Any worries about his cafés' competing with each other were quelled by six months of informal market research, revealing that "people don't travel across Sixth Avenue for lunch." Miracle co-owners Lynn Loflin and Michael Nolan would dispute that finding, especially since the original East Village Miracle, perceived by locals as too expensive in the area's pre-Pisces, pre-First days, attracts customers from all over. The new Miracle has a larger kitchen, an expanded menu with half-size portions, and a wider variety of quesadillas (pictured above)—but no garden. "We're tired of having the rain dictate how we do every night," says Nolan, referring to the original location's most famous feature. But even in this modest enterprise, there is a seed of the mighty Starbucks. "We're trying," he says, "to build a restaurant that we could build more of."

Robin Raisfeld

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Zaro's Bread Basket—Most famous for its baked goods, this quick-service midtown shop is also handy for takeout sandwich and salad lunches. *466 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (292-0175). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

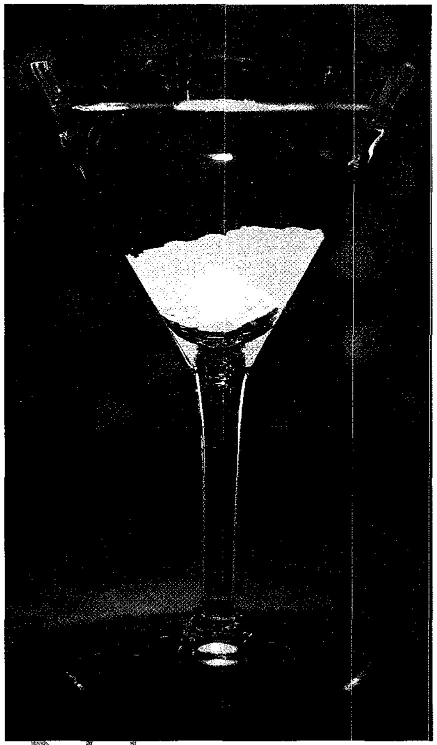
Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.96 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pre-theater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*



Revival

Absolute L.A.

In honor of the legendary Pepe Ruiz, bartender at West Hollywood's late, lamented Chasen's, The Rainbow Room has revived—just in time for Valentine's Day—the Flame of Love martini. The dramatic presentation involves a glass-coating swirl of sherry, ignited orange peels, and four fingers of vodka. (30 Rockefeller Plaza.)

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pre-theater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria D'Angelo—This casual Italian establishment offers all the usual favorites, from a dozen varieties of pasta to more elaborate creations like shrimp Catalina. Well-situated for for pre- or post-theater dining. *242 W. 56th St. (307-0700). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with an adventurous, updated menu by chef Waldy Malouf. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This Theater District oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes standards like rack of lamb for two, Dover sole, and chocolate soufflé with Grand Marnier ice cream. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Townhouse Restaurant—A contemporary American restaurant with a devoted following, who come for the cozy reception and eclectic fare like lobster crab cakes and shrimp kebabs with ratatouille couscous. *206 E. 58th St. (826-6241). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8195). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

I hate to see the evening end.

Stretch the night with a post-theater supper at Petrossian. Something about the Noël Coward flavor of the room and the waiters in blazers makes me feel I'm shipboard. Choose from the $35 prix fixe. Wonderful borscht with crème fraîche and greasy little pirojkis to begin, then the Petrossian tidbits they call teasers or a trio of pressed caviar, voluptuous smoked cod roe and Russian salmon eggs with blini. Or go for broke and order Beluga but know that 30 grams ($70) is not enough for a grown-up. (182 West 58th Street.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

Wilkinson's Seafood Restaurant—This elegant seafood restaurant in Yorkville features fresh renditions of favorites like Maryland crab cakes with black-bean-and-corn salad, and sautéed red snapper with roasted-garlic-and-rosemary sauce. Late-night complimentary cheese buffet, plus a large selection of vintage ports and cognacs. *1573 York Ave., nr. 83rd St. (535-5454). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

River—The *faux*-tropical atmosphere provides a serene background for the interesting amalgam of Southeast Asian food. Standouts include pad thai, basil chicken, pork chops, and red snapper. *345 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 76th St. (579-1888). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Sfuzzi—The Manhattan branches of this national chain offer upscale pasta and pizza, in a casual, festive atmosphere. Popular among the drink-after-the-market-closes crowd, and other Upper West Siders heading home after a long day on Wall Street. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). Also, 2 World Financial Center (385-8080). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore diner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Davis *continued from page 59*

and instrumental sounds without ever suggesting a pastiche.

Cowell's huge output is inevitably uneven, although among the 50 or so scores I've encountered, not one is carelessly made or fails to reveal a musical poet eager to communicate. Two characteristics of his music, as Sachs reminds us, are an almost childlike naïveté and an engagingly optimistic tone. And all that was achieved in a life made difficult by poverty, neglect, and illness—even unjust imprisonment in 1936 on a morals charge; the four years he spent in San Quentin would have ruined a less resilient spirit. Despite all this, the music he wrote before and after his incarceration never fails to convey a joyfulness and sense of pleasure in the creative act, qualities that have not been exactly plentiful in American music since Cowell's death in 1965.

Since the more predictable geniuses among Cowell's associates were omitted, few masterpieces were heard. Nor were they missed—we can find plenty of them in New York's other concert halls. Instead, Sachs introduced one intriguing composer after another, most born at the turn of the century and all, like Cowell, reveling in new ways to make music. For some, that activity seemed to be a positive tonic for a long life. Leo Ornstein, a prodigy at the czar's conservatory in St. Petersburg in 1900, a New Yorker seven years later, and famous by 1917 for his uncompromisingly dissonant piano works, is now 104 and apparently in good health in a Wisconsin nursing home. Another Russian-born American institution, lexicographer-composer-conductor-wit Nicolas Slonimsky, died just two years ago at 101, having fulfilled an ambition to outlive Irving Berlin. His contribution was a puckish but warm-hearted song cycle based on gravestone inscriptions in a cemetery in Hancock, New Hampshire. Otto Luening, my own composition teacher at Columbia University, who died last year at 96, was represented by *Gargoyles,* one of his most playful and exuberant duets between a live instrument (violin) and synthesized sounds.

Carl Ruggles reached 95, but his meager catalogue of surviving compositions contains just eleven entries. They are all precious, and we heard the most ambitious: *Sun-Treader,* for large orchestra, which may just qualify as a masterpiece—this craggy, visionary, free-evolving score is certainly among the most powerful symphonic statements ever made by an American. It's a much tauter, more closely reasoned piece than the one that followed it, by his friend Charles Ives, but that composer's *Robert Browning Overture* also takes the breath away as it strives, according to Ives, "to catch the Browning surge into the baffling unknowables, not afraid of unknown fields, not sticking to the nice main roads. . . ."

Reaching back to his West Coast roots, Cowell bonded early on with Lou Harrison, who shared the older composer's openness to music from many different cultures—and continues to do so at 80. Harrison's *Concerto in Slendro* has the exotic coloring of a gamelan ("Slendro" refers to an Indonesian five-tone scale), but its wry humor and unbuttoned earthiness are distinctly all-American.

There was much more, of course, but before space runs out I must salute the Juilliard students, who brought such expertise, enthusiasm, and commitment to everything they played. One of the Focus! Festival's many pleasures is the opportunity it gives to hear so many talented young musicians earnestly at work and loving every minute of it. That, along with a cornucopia of wonderful music, provides welcome refreshment not to be found every day in the city's more prestigious concert halls.

IT SEEMS THAT **Luciano Pavarotti** HAS CHOSEN New York as the principal site of what promises to be a long career wind-down, and the latest step in that painful process is now on view in the Metropolitan Opera's revival of *Un Ballo in Maschera.* Gustavo is one of Verdi's most subtly drawn heroes, and the role deserves better than the casually shuffling, vocally diminished run-through that Pavarotti gives it. One can only hope that the tenor will call it quits before an already sad ritual becomes a pathetic one that even the music-business vultures and tone-deaf society folk who dote upon him may eventually notice. Apparently willing to do anything to accommodate the fading divo, the Met switched the scheduled revival of *La Forza del Destino* for this unfestive *Masked Ball* at the eleventh hour after Pavarotti announced that he had decided not to add the role of Don Alvaro to his repertory at this time—or at any other, I would think, considering what that strenuous part asks from a tenor.

What mostly distinguishes this revival is Deborah Voigt as Amelia. After watching one promising Verdi spinto soprano after another arrive and self-destruct, we may be luckier this time. Over the past few seasons, Voigt has been methodically and sensibly building on a secure, gleaming sound that now has the thrust, power, and flexibility to get the job done with musical distinction. She has also raised the expressive heat of her singing several degrees since I heard her last. May the temperature continue to increase. ■

nightlife

Jazz Passengers...Bennett...Africa in America

Concerts

"Africa in America"—The second installment in the Y's "Project America" series traces the evolution of African music throughout the Caribbean, the U.S., and Brazil. The Fist and Heel Performance Group will perform southern devotional and work songs; La Troupe Makandal represents Haiti; Los Pleneros de la 21, Puerto Rico. Call it the musical answer to the Pan American Games. 2/15 at 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). $20.*

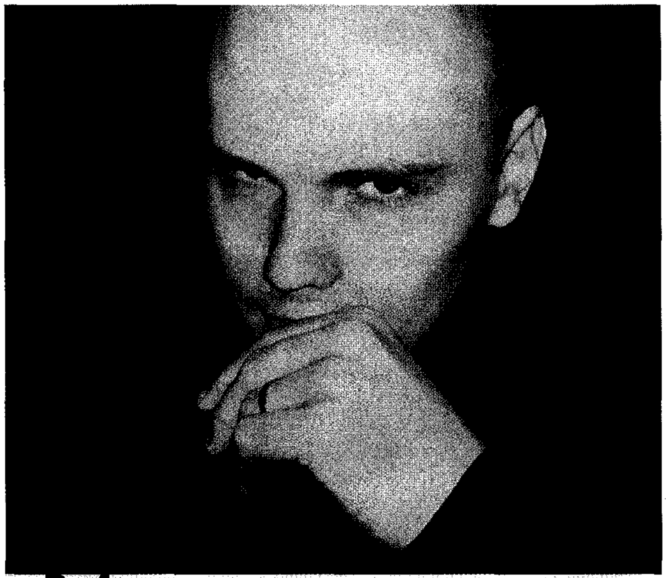
"Airwalk Sno-Core Tour '97"—Lollapallooza begat H.O.R.D.E.; H.O.R.D.E. begat the Warped tour; Warped begat the Airwalk Sno-Core Tour—each generation more heavily adorned with nonmusical distractions than the last. The rock concert as carnivalesque sideshow may be the nineties' most lasting contribution to the live-rock industry, and in most cities, this latest incarnation of the phenomenon features daytime snowboarding competitions, followed by neo-punk and rap entertainment at night. Alas, nonmountainous N.Y.C. gets only video footage of the snowbound frolics, but Face to Face, the Pharcyde, Voodoo Glow Skulls, and others still set the mood. 2/19 at 6 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $17.*

Tony Bennett—On his new CD, *Tony Bennett on Holiday,* the Queens-born crooner lays out sumptuous, string-laden arrangements of tunes ("These Foolish Things," "God Bless the Child," and seventeen others) made famous by Billie Holiday. In a live setting, he keeps things intimate, with just his regular trio backing him, and the effect is marvelous—romantic, affectionate, and charming. Bennett, of course, sounds nothing like Lady Day, and that's half the fun: Witnessing a heartfelt homage that transcends mere emulation. 2/18–2/19 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800). $25–$60.*

"A Magical Valentine's Day"—Technically speaking, it's a day late, but this triple soul bill—the Whispers, the Dells, and Blue Magic—promises to extend the V-Day vibe an extra 24 hours. 2/15 at 7 P.M. and 11 P.M. *The Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (864-0372). $30–$40.*

"98.7 Kiss FM Valentine's Day Concert"—Another day-late R&B celebration, this one in a Quiet Storm vein. Gerald Levert's appropriately named outfit, Levert, Cuba Gooding & the Main Ingredient, and surprise guests fan the flames. 2/15 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800). $15–$45.*

"Tibet House New York Tenth Anniversary Benefit"—Last summer's Tibetan Freedom Concert—a two-day newcomer of an affair hosted by the Beastie Boys and featuring such luminaries as the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Sonic Youth—garnered scads of attention. But Tibet House's annual benefit has been attracting its own stellar cast in its five years of existence. This year, Michael Stipe, Natalie Merchant, Patti Smith, Philip Glass, John Cale, and Allen Ginsberg lend their support, along with Billy Corgan, who gets a gold star for double duty, having already played the Freedom Concert with his band, the Smashing Pumpkins. 2/17 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave, at 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$250.*



Performance

Freedom Rock

Smashing Pumpkin Billy Corgan joins veteran monks'-rights advocates like Michael Stipe, Patti Smith, and Allen Ginsberg for the annual Tibet House Benefit Concert (Carnegie Hall, February 17).

Clubland

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 2/21: Brendan Bulger, Mike Reynolds, and Bill Black. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 2/16: A southern blues-rock frenzy, co-starring the Johnny Winter Band and the Rick Derringer Band. 2/19: DeDannan. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 2/13: Camber. 2/14: Rex; A Minor Forest; Ida. 2/15: The hilarious Barry White Boys, who live up their name in multiple ways. 2/16: D.C. *faux*-soul punkers the Make-Up. 2/19: Liquorice; the Godrays. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 2/13: Danielle's Mouth. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 2/11: Anthony Kane. 2/12: Moose and the Bulletproof Blues. 2/13: Teenage blues phenom "Monster" Mike Welch. 2/14: Frankie Lee. 2/15: C.J. Chenier. 2/17: Seth Okrend. 2/18: Jimi Natale band. 2/19: The Voodoo Rhythm Kings. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience set by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every fourth Saturday night belongs to the famed trash-rock party "Green Door NYC." Jayne County revives the early-seventies protopunk scene on a weekly basis with Max's Kansas City Wednesdays. 2/14: The annual God's Love We Deliver charity show, with a wealth of downtown talent, old and new. Joey Ramone; Ronnie Spector; ex-Dictators Handsome Dick Manitoba and Adny Shernoff; Loser's Lounge impresario Joe McGinty; and *Welcome to the Dollhouse* soundtrack composer Daniel Rey. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 2/13: Marc Ribot; Los Cubanos Postisos. 2/14: Semi-Gloss. 2/15: Belizbaha; Primordial Source; Katz Family. 2/17: JZ Barrell; Lovecamp 7; DJ Daniel. 2/19: A night of inspired, top-drawer avant-jazz with Don Byron, Don McKenzie, and Vernon Reid. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Every Wednesday, Fez presents Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy, featuring members of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 2/14–2/15: The consistently fabulous Loser's Lounge presents "Some Velvet Valentine II," an evening of rock duets made famous by the likes of Sonny and Cher, Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway, and Donny and Marie. Make reservations and get there early or suffer the consequences. 2/18: Mini-King; the Cheese; Primrose Hill. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—For its monthlong tenth-anniversary celebration, the Disneyland of downtown music (with its three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars) features big- to huge-name performers nightly. 2/11: Illbient philosopher-king

Ground Rules:

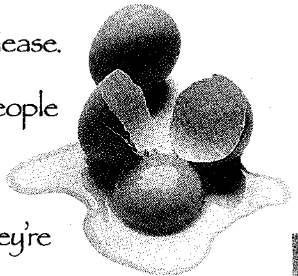
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Yulena Yumchuk.

Real men eating quiche. Ladies drinking straight from the bottle. These days, it's just as accepted as our cards.

It's hard to believe that at one time, who we were could dictate how and what we ate.

Fortunately, today such outdated conventions have left the table, and you can choose to eat as you please. Instead of people raising eyebrows, they're raising forks and bottles in celebration of truly uninhibited dining.



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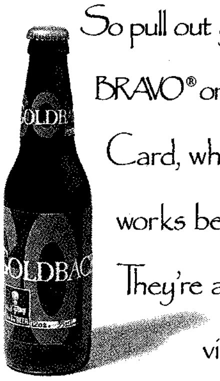

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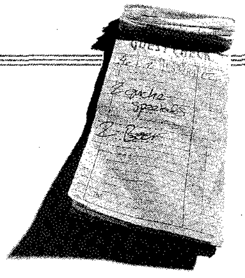

This month's list

Cafe Loup
105 W. Thirteenth Street
(212)255-4746

Caracello Ristorante
108 Greenwich Street
(212)571-1177

Choshi Restaurant
77 Irving Place
(212)420-1419

Il Faro
45 W. 39th Street
(212)382-3061

Mercantile Grill
126 Pearl Street
(212)482-1221

Pasta Presto
93 MacDougal Street
(212)260-5679
613 Second Avenue
(212)889-4131
959 Second Avenue
(212)754-4880

Pig Heaven
1540 Second Avenue
(212)744-4333

Rocco Restaurant
181 Thompson Street
(212)677-0590

Shabu-Tatsu
216 E. 10th Street
(212)477-2972

Two, Two, Two Restaurant
222 W. 79th Street
(212)799-0400

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DJ Spooky & Cultural Alchemy. 2/12: Stand-up playwright Eric Bogosian. 2/13: Alex Chilton, whose early-seventies outfit, Big Star, is among the most frequently cited influences for sensitive alt-rockers through the ages. His voice may have lost a bit of its plaintive sweetness, but there's more than a glimmer of the old magic left. 2/14: Alterna-pop songstress Juliana Hatfield. 2/19: Punk founding father Mike Watt, whose ferocious bass work and gruff singing with the Minutemen and Firehose and as a solo artist have won him legions of fans, admirers, and imitators. With experimental guitarist Elliot Sharp and Babe the Blue Ox. (See Jazz listings for more shows.) *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 2/13: Mars Needs Women. 2/15: The Toasters. 2/18: Freedy Johnston; Candy Butchers. 2/19: The Lilys; Poole; Gelcaps. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 2/11: Space. 2/12: The Pulsars; Crowsdell; Spent. 2/13: Family of God. 2/14: Emmet Swimming. 2/17: Thrushermit. 2/19: Alejandro Esevedo; Francis Dunnery. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the funky, Celtic-influenced band Tara on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 2/14: Robert Gordon. 2/15: Bobby Radcliff. Monday nights, the ten-piece country band Western Caravan swings high and lonesome. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sounds of Brazil—Sun Ra was more than just a musical innovator (though he most definitely was that, spinning freakish, funny, *out* free jazz inventions on his electric piano, backed by the wildly costumed Arkestra): He also began the tradition of African-American musicians' claiming, of all things, to be from outer space. And while Parliament, for instance, may have had more elaborate sets, there was a freshness and symbolic weight to Sun Ra's claims that no imitator ever touched. Ra (a.k.a. Sonny Ray) died in 1993, but the Arkestra keeps his spirit alive. They visit planet S.O.B.'s 2/12, with Morthiam. 2/11: Buckwheat Zydeco; Jah Warrior; Shelter Hi Fi. 2/14–2/16: Brazilian Carnival with Juliana Aquino. 2/19: King Chango; Noovoodoo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 2/12: The Jazz Passengers, featuring Deborah Harry (see essay, this page). *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by getting there early. 2/13–2/14: The Reverend Horton Heat offers the faithful baptism by fiery, post-rockabilly guitar. With NY Loose. 2/15: Beausoleil. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 2/14: The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black puts on a truly disturbing Valentine's Day show. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 2/14–2/15: Jerry Garcia Band. 2/16: "Atlantis," with DJ Maseo of De La Soul. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 2/11–2/12: Walter Bishop Trio, 2/14–2/16: The wonderfully vital pianist-singer Diana Krall leads her trio. 2/17: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 2/18: Steve Slagle quartet. 2/19: Hilton Ruiz quintet. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With first-rate sound and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 2/11–2/16: Tenorman Joe Lovano plays fond odes to Frank Sinatra, in the form of Nelson Riddlesque arrangements of tunes the Chairman made famous. 2/17: George Mraz quartet. 2/18–2/23: Gonzalo Rubalcaba. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 2/11–2/16: Terence Blanchard & Donald Harrison quintet. 2/18–2/23: Pharoah Sanders Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knitting Factory—2/15: Free-jazz–blues–fusion guitarist James "Blood" Ulmer earns his nickname with every wrenching composition. 2/16: David Murray Octet. 2/17: Vernon Reid. 2/18: Clarinetist Don Byron leads a quintet; Geri Allen. (See "Clubland" listings for more shows.) *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, the Jason Lindner Big Band. Tuesdays, "Human Feel," featuring Kurt Rosenwinkle. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ quartet, featuring Eric Davis. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Ed Sullivan's—Despite its name and location (it's tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater), the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot should not be mistaken for one of the odious theme restaurants that surround it. Swing jazz (some cutesy, some serious) nightly and a waiter who looks *just like* the place's namesake. Every Friday, the Harlem All-Stars show the youngsters how it's done. 2/12: Full Swing. 2/15: The Blues Jumpers. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 2/11–2/16: Gary Bartz quartet. 2/18–2/23: Marty Ehrlich quintet. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 2/11–2/15: Bob Kindred quartet (2/14, singer Gail Wynters joins the band). 2/16: Lee Musiker quartet, with Jeff Clayton, Jay Leonhart, and Grady Tate. 2/18–2/22: Valery Ponomarev quartet. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. 2/11–2/16: Larry Smith Quartet, with John Hicks, Curtis Lundy, and Idris Muhammed. 2/18–2/23: Benny Green & the Kaleidoscope Band, featuring Ron Carter, Lewis Nash, Russell Malone, and Antonio Hart. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than

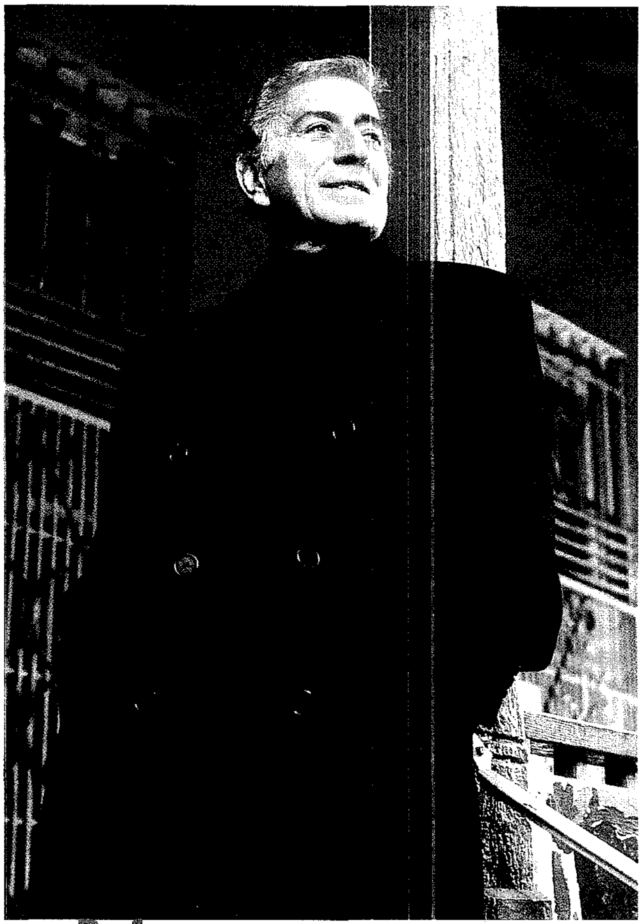
Talent

High Tide

What does a fiftysomething pop icon do when she's outgrown the punky New Wave band with which she cut her teeth but is far from retirement or the nostalgia circuit? Deborah Harry, for one, found a suitably quirky, poppy, scenester jazz sextet in need of a singer, recorded an album, and hit the road. Okay, the chronology wasn't *quite* as straightforward as that, but the ex–Blondie singer *is* the featured vocalist on the Jazz Passengers' new CD, *Individually Twisted*, and her name *is* on the marquee for their February 12 show at the Supper Club. "There are things about the Jazz Passengers that correspond with my punk beginnings," says Harry of the apparent discrepancy between her CBGB-circa-1975 origins and her current gig. "They take certain risks. It's not straight-ahead, easy-listening jazz or anything." An understatement, to say the least. While *Individually Twisted*, with its layers of witty, near-carnivalesque horn hooks, its ethereal vibes lines, and Harry's wry, reedy delivery, seems accessible enough on one level, it is very much in an avant-garde tradition—one that ensures a following as small as it is devoted. A desire to break out of such cult-level obscurity may explain in part how the band wound up picking Harry, though Passengers saxist-composer Roy Nathanson insists that the singer shares an aesthetic with his group that transcends genre. "We don't expect to be Blondie," he says. "But it's beautiful music, and it would be nice to get it out there so it's not completely marginalized."

ETHAN SMITH

Photograph by David Gahr.



Performance

Roamin' Holiday

Crooner–painter–'MTV Unplugged' star Tony Bennett's small-band tribute to Billie Holiday moves to Carnegie Hall February 18–19 after a one-night stand at the Apollo earlier this month.

jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 2/10–2/15: Joanne Brackeen and Cecil McBee. 2/17–2/22: Mulgrew Miller and Richie Goods. Sundays in February: Leslie Pintchick, Scott Hardy, and Rich DeRosa. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Nights," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 2/13–2/16: Kevin Meaney. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—After a brief flirtation with cabaret and the like, this big-money variety showplace has shifted its focus back to yucks. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 2/10–2/16: Greer Barnes; Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell; Greg Fitzsimmons; Kevin Brennan; Rick Crom. Shows Fri. at 9 P.M. and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 2/14: Lenny Varnedoe; Ben Creed; Joe Mulligan; Jim Norton; Rich Vos. 2/10–2/16: Quentin Higgs; Rick Scottie; John Rizzo; Joe Mulligan; Nancy Redman; Richie Byrne; Jim Norton. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri.–Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 2/21–2/22: Sam Greenfield; Tony Powell; Billy Jaye; Sue Costello. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.-Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 2/14–2/15: Tony Woods; Ian Edwards; Greg Carey; Joe Mulligan. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—John Pizzarelli. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Michael Devine plays Tuesdays through Saturdays, 5:30–8 P.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel. Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—The fabulous Eartha Kitt reprises last year's wildly successful run. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (741-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis, now *sans* trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—2/12: Heidi Hoppenfeld's "Definitely Not an Ingenue." $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Dutch Weisman's Winter Follies—A spectacularly un-p.c., quaintly anti-family values revue, complete with showgirls, high living, and low comedy. Wednesday and Thursday at 9 P.M.; Friday and Saturday at 11, with live music and dancing after the show. *108 W. 18th St. (645-7045). $30.*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh, Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11 P.M. $35 minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—2/14–3/1: Vic Damone. $40 cover Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat. at 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave boîte is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about 30) as there are seats and routinely turns away large parties, to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest experience of its kind in the city. *8 Stuyvesant St., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (598-3041).*

Bar 89—The bar itself is practically a parody of a trendy SoHo watering hole—a cavernous, overdesigned, and largely off-putting coagulation of blond wood and stainless steel. But the bathrooms are a true technological wonder that must be seen to be believed. From the standpoint of plumbing, at least, the Royalton is *definitely* over. *89 Mercer St. (274-0989).*

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Eurotrash, half-reverse-slumming downtowner crowd might be a bringdown. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).*

Howard Johnson's—The last vestige of the real Times Square has the perfect seedy cocktail lounge secreted away in the back. The biggest surprise about the clientele isn't its touristy makeup; it's how small it is. Shouldn't this, the archetype for simu-diners like Ellen's Stardust, be the neighborhood's biggest attraction? Well, fewer of them means more room for us, so complaints aren't really in order. *1551 Broadway, at 46th St. (354-1445).*

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere new lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Dig the nature flicks on the counter-sunk, rear-projection TV. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston St. (673-5350).*

The Room—This candlelit SoHo joint suffers from a perpetual, if mild, identity crisis—it can't decide whether it's a lounge, an indie-rock hang, a reclaimed industrial space, or just a regular neighborhood bar. But the unintimidating crowd, generally good music, and truly eclectic beer selection make the Room an oasis of normalcy. *144 Sullivan St., bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (477-2102).*

The View Lounge—What can you say about a rotating bar hundreds of feet above Times Square? In spite of—or because of—its utterly impersonal ambience, it's a classic, and well worth the exorbitantly high prices. One of the rare venues where motion sickness may set in before you catch a cab home. *Marriott Marquis, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St., 48th floor (398-1900).*

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; and slammin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. *3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).*

Photograph by Nigel Parry.

the mix

Couples Yoga...Black History Month

John Leonard's TV Notes

Secrets of Lost Empires (2/11 and 2/12; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is a wonderful and cranky four-hour "Nova" mini-series in which semi-berserk scientists, engineers, and historians try to prove to the camera that they're just as smart as the ancients. So, in "Stonehenge," 130 volunteer Druids try to pull a 40-ton megalith on timber tracks and a fat-greased wooden sled twenty miles, from the local quarry to the sacred site where Stone Age farmers gathered 4,500 years ago to celebrate the solstice and (probably) vote against a European Union. In "Incas," we go back only 500 years for a weaving from grass fibers of suspension bridges over chasms in the Peruvian Andes, and a cobbling of rounded stones into citadels like Machu Picchu, and the substitution of cane alcohol and solar power to make up for the absence of wheels, arches, mathematics, mortar, and draft animals. "Obelisk" asks rowdy modern Egyptian workers to "verticalize" a slab of granite the way god-kings like Ramses did it, with slave labor, in the good old New Kingdom days in Technicolored Thebes, never mind that the archaeologists can't figure out how to float it up the Nile in the first place. "Colosseum" posits the existence of an enormous awning over the famous Roman amphitheater, to shade the spectators from the Mediterranean sun while they watched unarmed prisoners get torn apart by hungry lions. See circus riggers juggle poles like ships' masts, turning sails sideways to make a canopy over all that imaginary blood. If the past is to some degree demystified, the present is also (and I love it) pipsqueaked.

Love at First Sight (2/14; 6:30 to 8 P.M.; Cinemax) celebrates Valentine's Day, with peekaboo interviews with die-hard romantics who remember meeting one another—in bagel shops, on military bases, even in a concentration camp—between snippets of movies like *The Fisher King* and *American Graffiti*, while we listen to songs like "Chapel of Love." Perhaps because this "Cinemax Reel Life" documentary is directed by Beeban Kidron (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*), lesbians are generously included.

Anita Liberty (2/14; 7:45 to 8 P.M.; Independent Film Channel), on the other cuff of a hand, disdains Valentine's Day. "Alternative comedian"–performance artist Liberty decides to avenge herself on the boyfriend who dumped her by devoting her entire career, and these fifteen minutes, to humiliating him in public. What follows are hate poems, scissored snapshots, satiric savagings of his new consort (her name, of course, is Heather), meditations on "Not Getting Any," and a best-selling book, *Heal the Hurt by Hating,* followed by a hit single, "Independence Day," and concluding in cult status for the deadpan heroine. Trust me: It builds.

Broadway's New "Annie": Search for a Star (2/16; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC), with Barbara Walters, is a special "sweeps" edition of *Turning Point* devoted to the auditioning of 2,000 little girls, between the ages of 5 and 13, for the lead role in a revival of the musical whose signature song, "Tomorrow," may be, from overplay, the most loathed pop tune in recorded history—as well as a requiem look back at the career of the first Noisy Orphan (Andrea McCardle) and one of her illustrious successors (Sarah Jessica Parker), not to mention several Sandys ("Arf!").

Eco-Challenge (2/16, 9 to 11 P.M.; 2/17, 18, and 19, 10 to 11 P.M.; Discovery) asks 350 masochists to run, raft, hike, bike, canoe, climb, and horse around to cover, in less than a week, more than 300 miles of mountainous terrain in British Columbia. See five-person teams of marathon runners and Navy SEALS, city cops and white-collar bankers, negotiate grizzlies and glaciers, hypothermia and dehydration, with a compass and a loose screw somewhere.

Radio Highlights

Amsterdam Mahler—2/16: Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, Symphony No. 5, with the Berlin Philharmonic and Claudio Abbado, conductor. Sundays at 1. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

African Heritage Month Segments—2/12: *A Life of Service:* Tribute to Barbara Jordan. 2/13: *Can I Preach?:* A Tribute to Our Spiritual Leaders. 2/14: *Love Is in Need of Love Today:* Reflections on Love. 2/17: A Tribute to Our Healers. 2/18: *Caribbean Flavor:* A Tribute to Our Caribbean Musicians. 2/19: The Origins of African Heritage. 7:15 A.M., 11:15 A.M., 3:45 P.M., and 6:45 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Group Harmony Review—2/15: The annual Black History Month Special with guest Fernando Gonzales, one of the leading historians of R&B music. 4 to 6 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Concert Artists Guild—2/16: Bachmann-Klibonoff-Fridman Trio. 7 P.M. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

City Folk—2/11: Dr. John, the Neville Brothers, Allen Toussaint, Mem Shannon, and Professor Longhair. 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Symphony Hall—2/12: Brahms's *Academic Festival Overture,* Harris's Folksong Symphony. 2/13: Mozart's Symphony No. 25 in g, part's Symphony No. 3. 2/14: Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde: Prelude and Liebestod,* Hanson's Symphony No. 2. 2/17: Corelli's *Concerto Grosso,* Borodin's Symphony No. 1. 2/18: Boyce's Overture No. 10 in F, Prokofiev's Symphony No. 6. 2/19: Boccherini's Cello Concerto in D, Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—2/15 at 1:30: *Un Ballo in Maschera.* Deborah Voigt, Barbara Dever, Luciano Pavarotti, Juan Pons, and Youngok Shin with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus. James Levine conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

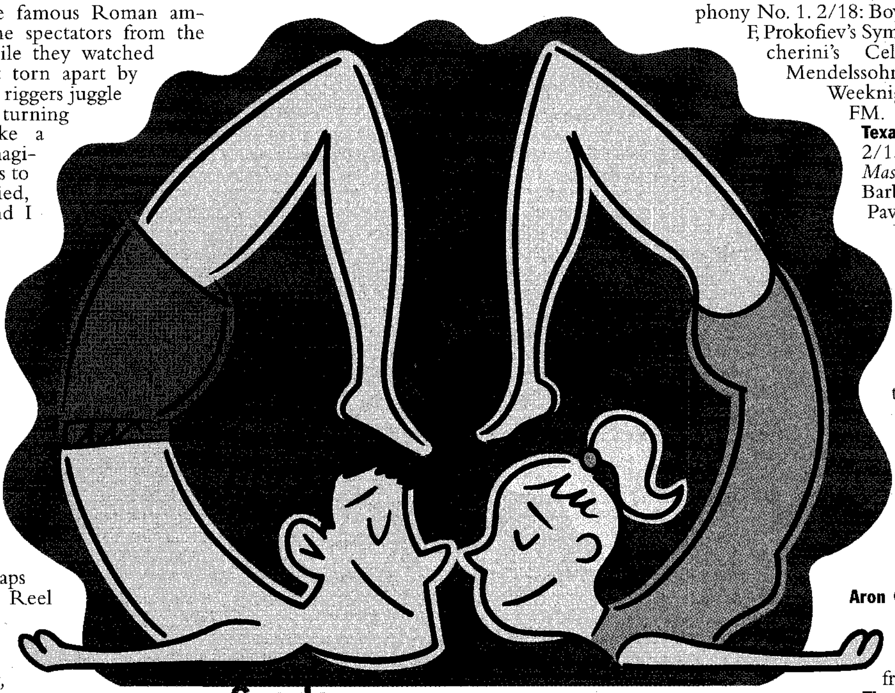
Sunday Night Opera House—2/16 at 8: Opera to be announced. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Aron Grunberg and Tom Kelly—2/11 at 7: Reading from their recent work. Limbo, 47 Ave. A (477-5271); free.

The Complete Breast Book—2/18 at 8: Presented by authors Dr. Niels Lauersen and Eileen Stukane. Shakespeare & Co., 939 Lexington Ave. (570-0201); free.

Allegra Kent—2/11 at 7: The legendary ballerina, reading from *Once a Dancer,* her autobiography of 30 years in the New York City Ballet. Barnes



Sports

Pose de Deux

This Valentine's weekend, tie knots of a different sort with the object of your affection—or a friendly stand-in—at Crunch Fitness's "Yoga For Two" workshop. (February 15; see listings.)

Illustration by David Bamundo.

& Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Jonathan Kaufman—2/11 at 7: Pulitzer Prize–winning author reading from *A Hole in the Heart of the World: Being Jewish in Eastern Europe*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Julia Alvarez—2/19 at 7:30: Reading from *¡Yo!* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Oliver Sacks—2/20 at 7:30: Reading from *The Island of the Colorblind*, a record of his study of a colorblind, isolated community and puzzling neurodegenerative paralysis. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Fly By Night Press—2/11 at 7:30: Star Black, Hal Sirowitz, and Michael Carter read from their work. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Arthur Danto and David Reed—2/18 at 7:30: Discussing Danto's *After the End of Art*. Books & Co. 939 Madison Ave. (737-1450); free.

St. Petersburg Festival Reading Series—2/18 at 6:30: "Humor and Political Resistance: Satire in the St. Petersburg Tradition." John Guare, Richard Howard, Cynthia Ozick, and Mark Rudman read from the works of Isaac Babel, Nikolai Gogol, Danil Kharms, and Nikolay Zabolotsky. The Stuyvesant High School Theater, 345 Chambers St. (334-1660); free.

Pearl Abraham, Beth Bosworth, Stephanie Grant, and John Keene—2/13 at 7: The NYU Creative Writing Program Alumni Reading. NYU's D'Agostino Hall, 108 W. 3rd St. (998-8816); free.

Lectures and Panels

Stanislavsky and Discovery—2/12 at 7:30: A lecture by John Strasberg, director, producer, teacher, and author of *Accidentally on Purpose*. Applause Books, 211 W. 71st St. (765-7909); $10, or free with purchase of *Accidentally on Purpose*.

Lee Strasberg and The Method—2/19 at 7:30: A lecture by John Strasberg on the acting technique his father, Lee, brought to prominence in this country. Applause Books, 211 W. 71st St. (765-7909); $10, or free with purchase of *Accidentally on Purpose*.

Gardening . . . in the Air and on the Ground—2/27 and 3/27 at 6: A lecture series at the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (718-549-3200, ext. 220); $30 for the series, $12 general admission.

Mental Illness and Health in Ayurveda—2/13 at 6:30: Renowned psychoanalyst and author Dr. Sudhir Kakar presents case studies on Indian mental-health practices. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); $10.

Culture: Show Business or Nation Building?—2/18 at 6: A discussion with the director of the Canada Council, Roch Carrier. The New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12 St. (800-709-4321 for tickets; 596-1699 for information); $8.

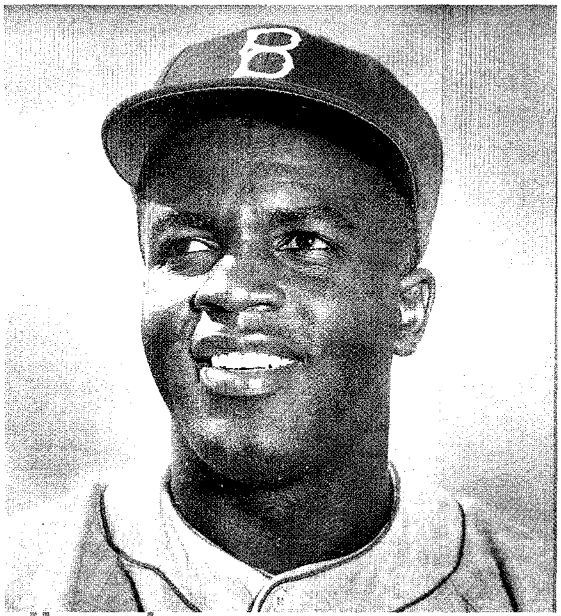
Random House Literary Breakfast—2/13 at 8:30 A.M.: Moderator Harold Evans talks with panelists Roger Angell, Elizabeth Berg, Amy Bloom, Olivia Goldsmith, Erica Jong, and Patrick McGrath about love. Fred's (at Barneys New York), 10 E. 51st St. (call 940-7480 to reserve a seat); $35.

The Contemporary Mosque—2/13 at 7: A discussion with prominent architects and authors on the creation of spaces for reflection and contemplation and a presentation of their work. The Architectural League of New York, 457 Madison Ave. (753-1722); call for admission information.

"Truth in Art: Audio-Visual-Verbal"—2/14 at 7 and 2/15 at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.: A three-part seminar with novelist Paul Auster, performance artist Laurie Anderson, video artist Gary Hill, and painter David Reed. Guggenheim Museum (423-3587); $15, $10 students and seniors.

If You Can Make It Here . . .—2/12 at 6: A discussion of the design-to-production potential of New York City. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960); $7, $5 members.

Columbus Circle: Great Potential, Needs Improvement—2/12 at 6: A slide lecture on midtown's "underachiever." Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960); $10, $8 members.



Photograph by Archive Photos.

Happening

Power and the Glory

It is hard to endorse Black History Month without simultaneously endorsing the notion that the eleven undesignated months implicitly belong to nonblack history. But if the celebration smacks of tokenism, the events scheduled *because of it* are, in the main, faultless. Squeezing African-American talent and African-American history into such a brief period is obviously impossible, which means failure has never felt so rewarding. Among the February bounty: WFUV's "African Heritage" (music and politics) series; the New-York Historical Society's exhibition on Seneca Village (the African-American community razed to make way for Central Park); a variety of screenings at the Museum of Television & Radio (call 621-6600; for black-history screenings at the AMMI, see "Movies"); and a spate of great lectures and symposia.

Tours

Chinese New Year in Chinatown—2/15 at 1: A holiday walk through the largest "Chinatown" in the Western Hemisphere. An exploration of the diverse Asian community on the Lower East Side. Meet at the southwest corner of Lafayette and Canal (439-1090); $9, $7 students and seniors.

Ellis Island—2/16 at noon: A tour of the museum and grounds and an exploration of our immigrant history. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument in Battery Park (439-1090); $15, $13 students and seniors.

Hail to the Chief: A Presidential New York Walking Tour—2/17 at 1: A president's weekend tour of lower Manhattan featuring landmarks associated with George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Meet on the front steps of City Hall. Call Big Onion Tours at 439-1090 for additional information; $9 adults, $7 students and seniors.

Annual Valentine's Weekend Romantic Greenwich Village Tour—2/14–2/17 at 1: A tour of the historic Village and its most beautiful hidden spots. Call 456-3331 for additional information and meeting place; $12.

Events

Valentine's Celebration and Auction—2/14: Bailey House will hold its ninth annual "Open Your Heart" Valentine's Celebration and Auction of jewelry, fashion, and furniture to benefit homeless people with AIDS. At the Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St. (245-6570); $75 in advance, $100 at the door.

St. Petersburg: A Cultural Celebration—Through 3/9: A visual- and performing-arts celebration encompassing more than 25 cultural institutions in St. Petersburg and New York. The World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Call 945-2600 for further information.

Paris Haute Couture—2/19 at 8 A.M., 10 A.M., noon, 2 P.M., and 5 P.M.: A comprehensive audiovisual presentation of spring–summer 1997 Paris haute couture. Time & Life Building, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, eighth floor (593-1715); $70, $55 for members.

Exhibitions

By the El—2/19 at 6:30. Photographer Lothar Stelter shares more than 500 photographs he's taken of Manhattan's Third Avenue since 1950. Logos Bookstore, 1575 York Ave. (387-9588); free.

French Children of the Holocaust—Through 3/6. More than 200 photographs telling the story of Jewish children caught in France at the start of WWII. Based on Serge Klarsfeld's recent book *French Children of the Holocaust*. At the New School, 65 Fifth Ave. (229-5488); $5.

The Treasures of the *San Diego*—Through 2/28. Sunken treasures from the 1600s. Among the artifacts on display: four cannons, navigational instruments, an ivory chess set, swords, and helmets. On display at the Philippine Center, Fifth Ave. and 45th St.; $4, $2 children. Call 922-3019 for further information.

The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations—Through 5/10. Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10. From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-0509).

The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman—Through 4/4. The life and garden designs of one of the early twentieth century's most important landscape architects will be the subject of this exhibition. At the PaineWebber Art Gallery (713-2885).

Sports

Valentine's 5K Run—2/15 at 10 A.M. File this fact for later, when you're running out of options: There are 13,000 single members of the New York Road Runner's Club. Of the other 21,000 that are married off or otherwise coupled, a respectable number have met at races or while training. So start competing or volunteer to pass out cups of water. Anything. Sounds like shooting fish in a barrel. *Start and finish at Engineer's Gate, inside Central Park entrance at Fifth Ave. and E. 90th St. Call 860-4455 for information.*

Yoga for Two—2/15 at 5:30 P.M. Crunch's 75-minute class promises you'll learn to make "pretzel-like

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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twists" with your partner, as well as try on a few stretching postures and relaxation techniques. Arrive alone and you'll be matched up with someone, which could be cool—or really awkward. *Crunch, 54 E. 13th St.; fee is $20 for nonmembers. Call 620-7867 for information.*

Harlem Globetrotters—2/16 at 7 P.M. Having reached the golden age of 70, the 'Trotters now come complete with a mascot named Globie, special effects, and their own musical score. Their opponents on this world tour are the International All-Stars. *Madison Square Garden; tickets start at $12.50. Call 465-6741 for information.*

Hockey—2/13: Devils vs. Hartford Whalers at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 2/17: Rangers vs. Islanders at 1:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network)

Basketball—2/15: Nets vs. Washington Bullets at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 2/13: Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 2/16: Knicks vs. Indiana Pacers at 12:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 2/18: Knicks vs. Phoenix Suns at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network).

Online

Dave Navarro—The reddest, hottest, and chilliest of the Red Hot Chili Peppers will be discussing his involvement in the new Howard Stern CD, *Private Parts: The Album*. On America Online at keyword *CyberTalk*, on 2/10 at 9:30 P.M.

You'd Think She'd Be Alone Now—But you would be wrong. Peripatetic, hyper-perky teen songstress Debbie Gibson is still hustling at age 26. She's made a second career out of Broadway musicals (*Grease* and *Les Miserables,* among them) and has started up her own record label. As befits a a budding mogul, Debbie is comporting herself with a new-found gravitas that is reflected in the title of her soon-to-be-released CD, *Deborah*. On America Online at keyword *PNO Events,* on 2/10 at 11:30 P.M.

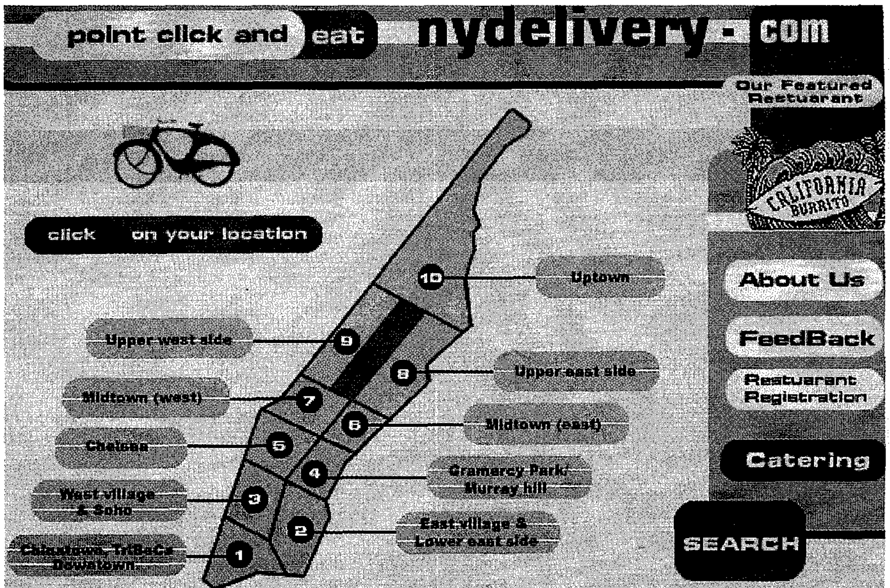
All He Needed to Know, He Learned From His Literary Agent—Author Robert Fulghum (*All I Need To Know I Learned In Kindergarten*) will be hyping his latest *oeuvre, True Love,* and discussing how it now really is possible to judge a book by its cover. Or at least its title. On America Online at keyword *Book Report,* on 2/12 at 10 P.M.

Murder One Alum—Actress Bobbie Phillips, late of the genuinely great prime-time drama *Murder One,* will be discussing her upcoming role as a wannabe astronaut in *The Cape,* which sounds like a distaff version of *The Right Stuff,* more or less. On America Online at keyword *Oldsmobile,* on 2/13 at 10 P.M.

This Year's Winner of the George Lazenbee Award—It looks as if Timothy Dalton, who has given some very distinguished performances (*Mary, Queen of Scots; The Lion in Winter; Cromwell;* and *Wuthering Heights*) will be remembered chiefly for having kept the role of James Bond warm while the producers waited for Pierce Brosnan to become available. Dalton will be discussing the fundamental injustice of that, and anything else you care to ask him about. On America Online at keyword *Hollywood,* on 2/13 at 9 P.M.

Does Your Mother Know What You're Doing?—Self-described "love/sex guru" Barbara DeAngelis will be pontificating on "how to keep passion alive inside and outside the bedroom." Feh. On America Online at keyword *Oprah* (what else?), on 2/13 at 8 P.M.

Pax Requiescat—One of the first genuinely intelligent corporate Websites died quietly last week, when Industry.Net pulled the plug on Lead Story (www.LeadStory.com). This was one of the earliest, and best, sites to embrace the Web paradigm of filtering information selectively from other sites to create a useful, unique resource. The days when big business was willing to lavish money on a site merely out of corporate pride are looking more and more like a fond memory.



Online Dining à la Web

Need mee krob delivered on Fulton Street? Have a hankering for vegetarian Chinese in the East Fifties? Consult *www.nydelivery.com.* An interactive map of Manhattan lets you click on a neighborhood, browse from a list of available eating spots (complete with menus), and submit your order over the Net. More than 125 boîtes are wired right now, and several dozen more are added each week. New gee-whiz technical features allow you to customize orders (as in, fresh garlic on the mushroom sandwich at Franklin Cafe) or find out whether the restaurant you've selected is still open and if your address is within delivery range. So far, however, system engineers haven't devised a way to stop delivery people from scattering menus in your building lobby.

in concert

Sarah Chang...SMUIN Ballets...Love Songs

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 11

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Orion String Quartet performs works by Schubert and Brahms. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $22–$30.*

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs works by Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Tchaikovsky with violinist Gil Shaham; Wolfgang Sawallisch, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Brahms and His Enemy: Tchaikovsky—Featuring the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio; Jaime Laredo, music director. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $22.50–$25.*

Trio di Milano—Performs works by Haydn, Brahms, and Shostakovich. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

Russell Sherman, Pianist—Performs works by Perle, Shapey, and Beethoven. *Miller Theatre, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.*

Wednesday, February 12

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—Performs works by Haydn, Prokofiev, and Brahms with guest Mark Peskanov. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17.50.*

New York Philharmonic—With violinist Sarah Chang, performs works by Debussy and Rachmaninoff; Yuri Temirkanov, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$75.*

Guarneri String Quartet—Performs works by Beethoven, Frank Bridge, and Schubert. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

Brahms and His Enemy: Tchaikovsky—See 2/11.

Thursday, February 13

Little Orchestra Society—"Sound Tracks IV," selections from *Modern Times*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *Battleship Potemkin*. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$28.*

Minnesota Orchestra—Performs works by Argento, Mozart, and Tchaikovsky with pianist Peter Serkin; Eiji Oue, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

St. Petersburg String Quartet—Performs works by Zurab Nadarejshvilli and Shostakovich. *Miller Theatre, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.*

Music In-Flux—Performs Judy Dunaway's *Balloon Improvisations. Landon Gallery, 1926 Broadway at 64th St. (721-8277), at 8; $10.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/12.

Friday, February 14

New York Pops—"Swing with Your Sweetheart"; Skitch Henderson, music director. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

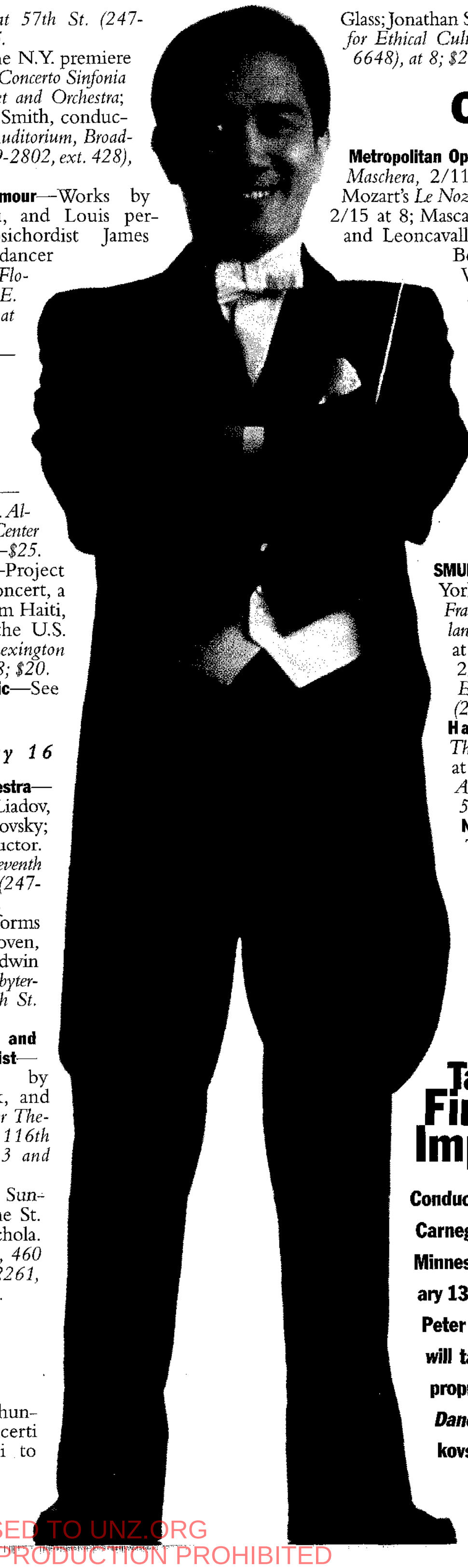
Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

MSM Philharmonia—The N.Y. premiere of Nicolas Flagello's *Concerto Sinfonia for Saxophone Quartet and Orchestra*; Lawrence Leighton Smith, conductor. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-2802, ext. 428), at 8; free.*

Le Triomphe De L'Amour—Works by Couperin, Rameau, and Louis performed by harpsichordist James Richaman and dancer Catherine Turocy. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160), at 8; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/12.



Saturday, February 15

Hélène Grimaud, Pianist—An all-Brahms recital. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$25.*

Africa in America—Project America's second concert, a survey of sounds from Haiti, Puerto Rico, and the U.S. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/12.

Sunday, February 16

Bolshoi Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Liadov, Prokofiev, and Tchaikovsky; Peter Feranec, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $15–$55.*

Omega Ensemble—Performs works by Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, and Edwin Finckel. *Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, 7 W. 55th St. (362-2723), at 3; free.*

Joel Krosnick, Cellist, and Gilbert Kalish, Pianist—Perform works by Beethoven, Janacek, and Robert Stern. *Miller Theatre, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 3 and 7:30; $15.*

Vespers—For the First Sunday of Lent, with the St. Patrick's Cathedral Schola. *St. Patrick's Cathedral, 460 Madison Ave. (753-2261, ext. 274), at 6:30; free.*

Monday February 17

EOS Ensemble—Three hundred years of concerti grossi, from Corelli to Glass; Jonathan Sheffer, conductor. *Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (691-6648), at 8; $20.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, 2/11 at 7:30, 2/15 at 1:30; Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 2/12 at 7:30, 2/15 at 8; Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, 2/13 at 8; Berg's *Wozzeck*, 2/14 at 8; Verdi's *Aïda*, 2/17 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

Cosi Fan Tutte—Mozart's classic set in 1911. Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 2:30. Through 3/16. *Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

SMUIN Ballets/SF—Four New York premieres, including *Frankie & Johnny* and *La Calandria*. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Through 2/16. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Hank Smith—Presents *Three's the One*. 2/13–2/16 at 7:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 10th St. (477-5288); $12.*

New York City Ballet—Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$65.*

Stanley Love Performance Group—Presents *The Love Number*. 2/13–2/16 at 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 10th St. (477-5288); $12.*

Talent First Impression

Conductor Eiji Oue makes his Carnegie Hall debut with the Minnesota Orchestra on February 13. Performing with pianist Peter Serkin, the orchestra will tackle the seasonally appropriate Argento's *Valentino Dances*, plus works by Tchaikovsky and Mozart.

kids

School's Out...TV Unplugged

Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

My Brother, Franz Schubert—Hear the *Trout* Quintet when Bruce Adolphe introduces kids ages 6 to 12 to his "brother's" wonderful repertoire in the second in the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center's "Meet the Music" family concert series. 2/16 at noon and 2. **MERKIN CONCERT HALL**, 129 W. 67th St. (875-5788); $12. ●

Seuss!—Kids can serve up green eggs and ham in the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN'S** new interactive exhibit, an homage to *Cat in the Hat* creator Theodor Geisel. Opens 2/14. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is $5.

Movement—At "Dance, Walk, and Climb Your Way to Good Health," an instructor from the Dance Theater of Harlem will teach dance movements and stretching techniques. Workshops for adults and kids 6 and older are given 2/15 from 10:30 to 2 and from 1:30 to 5; each will break for lunch or a snack. North Meadow Recreation Center, mid-**CENTRAL PARK**, at 97th St (348-4867). Register. ●

Making a Statement—This week's Sunday-afternoon workshop at the **MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART** invites kids to make their own banners to hang at home, inspired by hangings they'll see from West Africa, South America, and Haiti. 2/16 and 2/23. Columbus Ave. bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (595-9533); $1 materials fee. Register. ●

Street Smart—Big Bird, Snuffy, Cookie Monster, Elmo, and other large—tending to be fuzzy—creatures riff on getting along, preschool-style, in *Sesame Street Live*. (No doubt we could all learn a thing or two.) Several performances a day, through 2/23. The Theater at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,** Seventh Ave. bet. 31st and 33rd Sts. (307-7171); $12.50–$28.

Neverland—Childhood fantasies glide into adult realities in Mabou Mines's bunraku-puppet performance of *Peter and Wendy*. The production's Celtic musical accompaniment brings the story back to J. M. Barrie's Scottish roots. Through 3/2. The **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Vacation Solution—As usual, the **92ND STREET Y** has got the midwinter school vacation figured out. Call 415-5600 for information about "Minicamp" for children ages 5 to 10, 2/18 through 2/21. 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $55 per child per day. ●

Seaworthy—On board the **INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM** (a floating aircraft carrier) during Kids Week '97, children can hunt for actual treasure found in New York waters, read (and write) ship logs, and learn about the history of flight. 2/19 through 2/21, from noon to 2:30. W. 46th St. at Twelfth Ave. (245-0072); $10 for adults, $7.50 for seniors and teens (12 to 17), $5 for children (6 to 11).

Making It—Not booked in the Caribbean this school break? Consider a trip to Staten Island to visit the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM.** The Ms. Frizzle interactive science exhibits take kids on tours inside volcanoes. Craft projects include Egyptian clay-tile carving (2/17 and 2/18 at 1, 2, and 3) and wooden-marionette-making (2/21, 2/22, and 2/23 at 1, 2:30, and 4). 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060); $4 per person, free to children under 2. Several of the workshops have additional materials fees, all under $5. Call for directions and to register.

Pow-Wow—Visitors will smell the corn soup, wild rice, and venison cooking as they watch a Jingle Dress Dance—from the Northern Plains people. The annual Dance Concert and Pow-Wow is a twenty-year-old tradition at **THEATER FOR THE NEW CITY,** a celebration of Native American dance, food, music, crafts, and lore. All proceeds go to scholarship funds for needy American Indian students. 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109), 2/14 to 2/16 and 2/21 to 2/23. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. Admission $10; children under 12 accompanied by an adult are admitted to the two-o'clock show on Sundays for $1.

Bouncing Ball—The Harlem Globetrotters are at **NASSAU VETERAN MEMORIAL COLISEUM** for one performance only 2/16 at 1. 1255 Hempstead Tnpk., Uniondale. For information, call 516-794-9300; for tickets, 516-888-9000.; $12.50 to $20. ●

Telling Tales—Jim Weiss—whose mesmerizing tapes of *Gulliver's Travels* and Sherlock Holmes mysteries bring the classics to life—will be at **MY FAVORITE PLACE** 2/15 at 1 to tell some more great ones. 265 W. 87th St. (362-5320); $3. ●

Dreamstuff—A fanciful new Off Broadway musical comedy with a familiar *Aladdin*-ish plot. The story of a teenage runaway who is handed a magical text is set in New York, approximately now. Wed. through Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, and matinees Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. (Through March 30.) **SAMUEL BECKETT THEATER,** 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100); $37.50.

Performance
Live From Your Living Room

Laurence Olivier gave his son a toy theater and later went on to direct and star in a film version of *Hamlet.* These seemingly unrelated events are "collapsed together," as Great Small Works' Mark Sussman puts it, in the group's twenty-minute toy-theater production of the Shakespearean play, which incorporates color photocopies of characters and sets from Olivier's *Hamlet.* "A Celebration of Toy Theaters," at the Museum of the City of New York (February 19 and 20 at two), gives kids a chance to see several miniature dramas and a collection of toy theaters—the family entertainment centers of the nineteenth century.

After watching puppeteers in plain sight on either side of the theater pulling strings, pushing rods, and vigorously clinking kitchen knives for sword-fight sound effects, audience members may find they want to stage their own shows. Several kinds of toy theaters can be purchased in the Museum gift shop, ranging in price from $16 to $20. Or simple adjustments can be made to a cardboard box. Young directors on a budget need not restrict their artistic visions in this particular medium (which may have something to do with its growing popularity). "With enough cardboard and glue, we can stage something as grand and glorious as anything you'd see at the Metropolitan Opera," says Sussman. "The more grandiose the dramatic moment, the funnier and more endearing it is to see it condensed in small scale." Call to register in advance. BARBARA ENSOR

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This issue Will Be Devoted To The New York Kids

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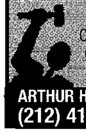

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Just Right—Seek woman passionate in life and love, 35-45, Westchester/CT, slim, good shape, fun-loving...growing to serious relationship. I'm young 50, 5'9", 170 lbs, good shape, Ivy, flexible. Enjoy dining, movies, travel, sushi, friendship. Recent photo (will reciprocate)/note/phone. 5066 ✉

Handsome Southern Wasp—6' tall, 44, 195 lbs, Manhattanite, very successful, would like to meet woman of substance. You are a sensual lady, 40-60, who is looking for an easy, uncomplicated relationship. Phone/photo. 5007 ✉

Seeking My Soul Mate—Single Jewish man, 38, warm, sentimental, affectionate and fit, seeks an exceptionally bright, spirited woman for marriage of the heart and mind. Pleasures range from the serious (opera, languages and literature), to the pedestrian (well, I do like to walk), to the downright silly (no confessions in print). Will take a size twelve over the "waif look" any day, but a generous spirit is the only sine qua non. Photo appreciated. 5059 ✉ ☎

Seeks One Special Lady—Understated, successful, good-looking, blue-eyed Manhattan businessman, 47, slim, athletic, with integrity and wit, seeks upbeat, bright lady, beautiful (in/out), slender, sensuous, 30 plus, independent, with an easy smile, to share romance, travel and possible future. Photo required. 5078 ✉

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Charming Brunette—Beautiful inside and out, baby blues, long legs, tall, slender, shapely, feminine Jewish JD, 36, elegant, refined, cultured, playful, warm, gentle, loving - has wit, depth, sparkle, style, glamour. Loves classical music, ski, cook, antiques, luxe travel/dining. Seeks exceptional Jewish gentleman, 30s-40s, with integrity, heart of gold, for marriage/kids. He's polished, successful, learned, loving, funny, good-natured, strong, old world manners, romantic, mature, sexy, handsome. 5067 ✉

Sweet Smile—Sexy professional female with zest for life seeks nonreligious Jewish male MD/DDS over 45. 5071 ✉☎

Prime Male—60, looks 40, good health, never married. Seeks childless lady for commitment. I: empathetic, romantic, wealthy, successful, athletic, yachtsman, intellectual, probably handsome enough. You: spiritual type plus character, sunny disposition, sexy, charming, stimulating. Exchange photos. 5024 ✉

Do It!—Italian professional, 47, Jersey resident, seeking nonsmoking female for companionship. Note/phone. 5018 ✉

Real Woman Seeks Real Man—Single white female, 23 years, comfortable with sports, computers and the arts, tallish (5'8"), full figure, self-supporting, well-educated, Christian, (usually) nonsmoker, has in mind 25-35-year-old, attractive guy who her parents would appreciate (and he, them). 4949 ✉

Dynamic Graphic Designer—NYC office/Westchester home, Jewish, divorced female, 40ish, pretty, slim, Yale MFA, one child - seeks educated, successful, attractive, aesthetic, cultured professional with integrity. Photo/note. 5027 ✉

Gay Guy—30, personable, sensitive, altruistic, outgoing, fun-loving, ready laughter, seeks gay guy, 21-39, to form mutual admiration of two. Prefer contact with you by mail, not phone. Please write: POB 544, Bronxville, NY 10708-0544

Savvy, Highly Intelligent—Trader - Asian, 31, 5'10", athletic, sensitive, seeks attractive, down-to-earth woman for relationship. Note/photo. 5019 ✉

Attractive Jewish Female Attorney—Early 40s, 5'2", 110 lbs. Enjoys working out, reading, movies, theater, animals. Seeks quality, sensitive gentleman with sense of humor. 4952 ✉

Handsome, Successful, Romantic—Man, longing to embrace loving, sexy, 35-45-year-old, passionate Jewish beauty. Photo and revealing note. 4836 ✉

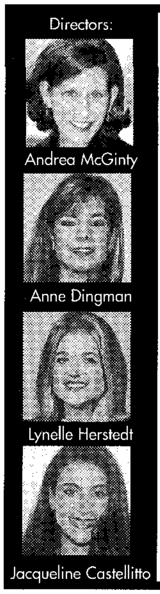
Very Attactive, Petite—Divorced Jewish female, 35, looking for a male, 35-50, with a great sense of humor, to share theater, movies and walks in Central Park. Photo/letter. 5020 ✉

Waiting For—The right chemical reaction! Very pretty, exotic, 39-year-old female professional, 5'5", 115 lbs, dark hair, brown eyes, high cheekbones, fit - seeks real man: ruggedly handsome, with a mind and mental stamina...muscles a plus! 37-52. Note/recent photo. 5036 ✉

Beautiful Blond Southern Belle—Former model, divorced, would like to meet successful man, 50-70, for a loving relationship. 5005 ✉

Brainy Beauty—33, culture and nature lover, seeks mensch. Photo. 5028 ✉

There's A Pot For Every Lid—Romantic man, 46, seeks very attractive, warm woman for perfect fit. Photo/note. 4954 ✉☎



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Tired Of Dating Rat Race—Athletic, nonreligious Jewish man, 5'10", 42, seeks that special woman with sparkle in her eyes, for long-term relationship. I enjoy sports, movies, fine/casual dining. Seek like-minded, attractive woman with good sense of humor, 30-39. Note/photo. 5023 ✉

Needle In A Haystack—Male TV producer, 47, 6'2", athletic, lives top-shelf life, loves to travel, sports, concerts and fine dining. I have everything but someone to share it with. I'm looking for a beautiful woman, inside and out, 30-40, with a great personality, who will be my best friend to start. 5081 ✉☎

Wanted: Gentleman—50s-young 60s, warm, witty and wise, with a keen sense of humor, for smart, sexy, independent professional woman. 5064 ✉☎

I Hear—A lot of people meet here... so, here goes. Me: Jewish female, 37, very successful and funny, tall, slim, dark, sexy look (including long legs). Likes: dining, movies, concerts, beach, city life. You: male, 35-42, slim, cute, Jewish, funny, smart, already successful. I'm ready to work less on a career and more on a relationship and family. Note/photo required. 4961 ✉

Eye-Catching—Stable female rocket scientist sought by boyish 40-year-old, lox-eating, atypical JD with personality and medium-size wallet - for co-valent bonding and fusion if the chemistry is right. Note/photo. 5016 ✉

Great-Looking, Affluent Brunette—Looking for long-term relationship built on love, trust, respect and emotional stability. Looking for a man who's not afraid to cry or laugh. Only the self-confident and affluent need apply, age 45-60. Photo appreciated. 5003 ✉☎

No Wimps!—Performer, 42 (looks 32, really!), pretty, fit, funny, seeks stylish, masterful mensch, 35-48. Photo. 5072 ✉☎

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Divorced Jewish Dad—43, with young daughter, professional, secure, fit, losing hair but little else, seeks 30ish, shapely woman who knows you can't have it all but is willing to try. Photo/note. 5055 ✉ ☎

A Night Full Of Stars—Handsome, athletic, witty producer, 30, financially secure, nonreligious, seeks attractive woman, 24-32, for upcoming Broadway premiere and long-term relationship. No smokers. Photo and note a must. 4969 ✉

Good-Looking, Selective, Creative—Jewish male, successful, sense of humor, warm, affectionate, athletic - enjoys the outdoors, theater, dance, etc. Seeks attractive, intelligent, single Jewish female, 33-39, with similar qualities. Photo. 5008 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty—Slender, bright, divorced Jewish lady, financially secure, well educated, traveled, cultured - likes concerts and the arts. Seeks stable, secure, active, life-positive, nonsmoking man with warm smile, 49-59, ready for commitment and lots of hugs. Note/phone. 5010 ✉

If You Agree—That scuba in the Sulu Sea beats the Bahamas, I'll share my Lonely Planet library with you. Petite, spirited redhead, 34, international economist who cooks without recipes, seeks brilliant, accomplished man under 45, serious but humorous, who loves the sun. Many frequent flier miles a plus. Tell me where they might take you. Photo, please. 5079 ✉

Gay George Clooney—(For real), 31, seeks quality man under 40. Photo. 4964 ✉

Petite, Fun, Cute—Observant Jewess, educated, worldly, professional, seeks worldly, strong, outgoing, educated, refined, traditionally oriented Jewish professional man. 5021 ✉

Outdoorsy Man—51, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned. Seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo, please. 5017 ✉

Handsome, Successful—Single, Christian, blond/blue-eyed, 6', 38-year-old male. Likes travel, tennis, golf, skiing and fine dining. Seeking special lady to share special times. 4955 ✉

Sensual, Sweet, Classy Lady Dentist—Strong yet feminine, independent yet vulnerable, mid 40s, 5'4". Loves dentistry, with its opportunities for lifelong learning, travel and service. Other interests: the arts, dancing, long walks, country weekends. Seeks accomplished, down-to-earth, fun-loving, warm and caring gentleman with healthy life style, to build a special and lasting relationship. 5052 ✉ ☎

Table For Two—Humorous and handsome male psychotherapist believes dreams do come true. Seeking attractive woman, 27-36, for commitment and lifetime of love. Note/photo. 5039 ✉ ☎

Handsome MD—36, slim, fun, Jewish Southerner, CPW, Reebok, travel, beach... Seeks that one special woman with a warm smile, great kisser, heart of gold, and wants kids. Bio/photo. 4922 ✉

Very Fit And Handsome (Honest!)—Jewish guy, 36, 5'10", 178 lbs, curly brown hair, warm smile, great sense of humor - loves soft music, working out, candlelight dinners and being with my best friend. Looking for very attractive, witty, physically fit, sensitive lady, 28-42. Photo/note, please. 4960 ✉ ☎

Whimsically Elegant—Yet shy. Creative, cosmopolitan, pretty Jewish woman, 35, 5'7". Passions range from artsy sophistication to Disney. Seeks kind, charming (as in Prince), dynamic professional - a child at heart, with good looks, great sense of humor and style. 5073 ✉

The Mirror Has Two Faces—Pretty, petite Manhattan professor (formerly from Philly), mom of first grade boy, seeks accomplished, fun-loving man with moxie, 48-58, for dining, dancing and Disney World. Phone/letter. 4956 ✉ ☎

Rare Blend Sought—Wall Street drive coupled with extreme sensuality - 5'9" plus, 33-48, fit, brilliant, multifaceted lover/friend for this highly exceptional, worldly, exciting, petite beauty. Note (in-depth)/photo. 5043 ✉

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Handsome, Successful Male—Honest, sincere, loyal, down-to-earth - likes travel, dining out and sports. Looking for serious relationship with attractive female, 29-38. Note/photo. 5026 ✉

Handsome, Irish, Harvard-Educated—Financially independent, fit, 5'10" gentleman, early 50s, seeks beautiful, blue-eyed, wholesome, petite, smart, athletic, financially independent, 40-plus lady for friendship and more. Note/photo. 5006 ✉

Pretty Asian-American Woman—PhD, slim, successful, seeks family oriented, kind professional man, 41-55, for loving, lasting relationship. Note/photo. 5054 ✉

If We Should Fall In Love—You'll know it every day of your life. I'm a pretty, petite professional lady from NJ, looking for a gentleman, 60-75, who can't wait to see what's around the next corner, and wants to share it with someone. 4963 ✉

Someone Special—Happy, healthy, caring, strikingly attractive, successful professional woman - looking for same in a man. I have a wide range of interests including family, friends, career, the arts, the city, dance, travel and ski. Divorced, 39, with one young child - I desire a man who wants commitment, children. 5035 ✉

White Jewish Male—37, 5'8", attractive, physically fit professional, great heart and great personality, not into games, loves the Knicks, music and comedy. 5033 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Warm, Caring—Single white female, 33, 5'7", seeks marriage-minded, successful, kind, emotionally and financially secure, single white male, 5'10" plus, 30-40, nonsmoker. Note/photo. 5051 ✉

Attractive White Female—25, brunette, artistic, cultured, fit, charismatic businesswoman, no bad habits, seeks intelligent, successful, Greek-American single male. POB 1822, Fort Lee, NJ 07024

Passionate, Pretty President—Successful, slim, sensuous, uncommon, divorced Jewish woman of humor and style, inspired by nature and art - seeks successful, good-looking, sensitive male, 48-60, best friend/lover for life. 5014 ✉ ☎

The Right Ingredients—Mix, stir, blend... Serves up a vivacious, attractive, funny, confident, fit, full-figured Jewish woman, young mid 40s. Seeks smart, spontaneous, exciting, warmhearted, humorous nonsmoking man, 42-52, to share love and life. Note/photo please! 5074 ✉ ☎

Zest For Life—Petite, blond-haired, vivacious, sincere, fun-loving, single white female, 32, seeking warm, attractive (inside and out), athletic, adventurous, intelligent, professional, single white male, 28-38, to enjoy the city and for lots of laughs. Photo/note. 5029 ✉

Head For Finance—And body made for little black dresses, 5'8" - seeks well-educated, clever, financially secure, athletic, affectionate guy (35-49). Photo/note. 4953 ✉

Beautiful Inside And Out—LI lady, mid 50s, seeks a gentleman with intellect, humor and passion. Note/photo. 4951 ✉

The Eyes Have It!—Mine: fascinating, blue, soulful. You: uncommon man (47-57), playful, clever, successful. Old enough to accept himself - young enough to creatively explore. I'm offbeat, pretty, interesting. 5075 ✉ ☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE

Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Gemini—Slim, single white female, 40, seeking male Aries, Leo, Libra, Aquarius or Gemini who would like to play tennis and golf with me forever, 35-45. 5041 ✉ ☎

All That Jazz—Blond Jewish female, 36, fiercely involved with two careers, seeks a man to seriously date - not someone to just massage my back, but a man happy and secure enough to share the pleasures of a relationship. Photo/phone. 5009 ✉ ☎

Goldie Hawn Looking For Alan Alda—Pretty, classy, thin, smart, vivacious, successful, world-traveled, blue-eyed blond seeks affluent, secure, tall, slim, elegant, 50-60, nonsmoking gentleman who enjoys food, wine, golf, tennis, skiing, the arts, friendship, romance and laughter. Note/phone/photo. 5048 ✉

Fireside Companion Wanted—Are you a caring, active, accomplished Jewish professional man with humor, nonsmoker, under 65, who wants spontaneity, love and romance in a committed relationship? This pretty, passionate, energetic, divorced woman, 54, successful psychotherapist, has fireplace and all you desire waiting. (212)/(914). Note/photo. 5076 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Woman MD—Slim, gentle, Jewish, 40s, seeks sweetheart. 5049 ✉

Sweet, Slender Jewish Female—Long dark hair, long legs, pretty smile, successful artist/musician...tender, strong, athletic, joyous, courageous, openhearted. Wishes to share fun and future with one sweet, handsome, caring man, 35-58, nonsmoker. Note/photo. 5042 ✉

Unusually Thoughtful—Prettily petite Ivy attorney with social conscience, seeks very bright, caring, honest man in 40s, to be partners forever! 5057 ✉ ☎

Neighborhood Girl Does Good—Nice Italian-Catholic professional woman with a solid foundation seeks similar in a man. I am 5'8", 39, slender and attractive, divorced with no children. I'm looking for someone older, taller, established and sophisticated, with a good sense of humor and a desire to put someone in his life. I'm old-fashioned and like to take care of a man and a home, and would like to find a partner who could do his share to keep things fun, exciting and alive. Do you exist? Note/photo. 5063 ✉

Looking For My Last Girlfriend—The one to marry. 36, 6'2", fit, handsome, successful, intelligent, humorous, stylish, down-to-earth, romantic male seeks soul mate. All the usual likes, plus horses. Race/religion unimportant. Photo/note. 4958 ✉

Godiva-Type—Long-haired beauty, smart, spirited and slender, seeks handsome man, 35-45, with great mind and heart of gold. Note/photo helps. 5037 ✉

Alluring, Attractive—Jewish female, 55, professional, seeks dynamic, educated, sexy male, 50-65, for passionate, adventurous, romantic relationship. 4962 ✉ ☎

Handsome Attorney—Early 30s, with varied interests and a good sense of humor, seeks an honest, balanced professional woman to share poetry, politics and laughter. Note/photo, please. 4959 ✉

Handsome North Jersey JD—40, seeks soul mate. Where are you? 5070 ✉

Mendeleyev Said It Was All Chemistry—Responsible, caring, educated, fit Jewish male, late 40s, 5'8". I dream of having kids of my own. Looking for down-to-earth, outgoing, fit, nonsmoking, marriage-minded Jewish female. 4968 ✉ ☎

Be My Valentine!—Warmhearted, pretty blond, bright, fit woman, 43, seeks attractive, athletic, calm Jewish man with integrity and sense of humor. 4916 ✉ ☎

Handsome Professional Man—33, 6', 175, seeks charming, passionate lady - friend, romance. Photo/phone. 4751 ✉

My Dream—Sharing life with a smart, slim, handsome, successful mate, 30-45. I'm pretty, slim, cute, engaging, Jewish, 35, 5'. Photo/bio. 4967 ✉ ☎

Male, Well-Educated, Well-Traveled—Practices yoga, meditation, physically fit, 5'6", 134 lbs, 56 years old, looking for a woman in her 30s. 5025 ✉ ☎

Mountains To Museums—Classy, witty, pretty, effervescent, professional NJ single woman seeks tall, fit, secure, educated, single, marriage-minded professional male, 36-44. 5053 ✉ ☎

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Seeking Model-Type Asian Lady—Professional, 30-38. Very handsome, successful executive, fun, romantic guy with integrity and good sense of self, looking for partner to meet life's challenges. Photo/note. 5040 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Athletic Female—PhD, 36, tall, slender and witty, seeks educated male, 28-40, for commitment. 5047 ✉

Gay Woman—Very attractive professional, feminine, youthful 50, 5'7", slim and fit, intelligent. I have a beautiful natural smile and I love to laugh. I also enjoy music, theater, movies, antiquing, travel, animals and wonderful romantic dinners. Seeking a smart, attractive woman, 36-53, who is emotionally and financially secure, with similar interests. Please be sensitive, thoughtful, full of laughter and fun! Manhattan a plus. Note/photo please. 5077 ✉

40s - Pretty—Active woman (MBA/MFA), seeks professional male, 40s-50s. Photo/note/phone. 5030 ✉

Spent Another Groundhog Day Alone?—Young 40s, adventurous, romantic, sharp, fit guy seeks 30s-40s, smokeless gal with good heart, mind and other stuff. 5022 ✉ ☎

Natural Beauty - Japanese Artist—26, 5'4", very fit, sweet and sexy, with warm heart...cat lover. Seeks successful, cultured, spiritual, attractive, fit, 5'8" plus, nonsmoking male, for real relationship and marriage. Photo/phone. 5032 ✉

Warmhearted Guy—Irish-Catholic corporate exec in senior living industry, 45, generous, introspective, athletic, handsome, winning smile, thinning hair. Enjoys country, sailing, tennis, family-minded/loves children and pets. Looking for attractive, sincere female, 35-45, with down-to-earth values, who wants a mature relationship, possibly leading to marriage/children. Note/photo, please. 5061 ✉

Adorable Blue-Eyed Redhead—Petite Jewish female, 34, seeks athletic, professional Jewish male, 30s, for fun and romance. Note and photo. 5031 ✉ ☎

Aspiring Millionaire—Handsome, athletic doctor seeks attractive, personable, marriage-minded woman, 26-33, who enjoys being spoiled. Catholic a plus, good sense of humor a must. Photo. 5004 ✉

Be My Obsession For Valentine's Day!—This pretty, vivacious, intelligent, successful, fit woman is ready to take a chance to find her soul mate. If you have similar qualities and are a Jewish male between 40-49, send a note and photo, please. You never know! 5062 ✉

Beautiful Blond/Blue—29-year-old, 5'7", slender Jewish professional - enjoys outdoors, reading. Seeks honest, fit, funny, professional, intelligent, relationship-minded man, 29-37. Photo, please. 5012 ✉

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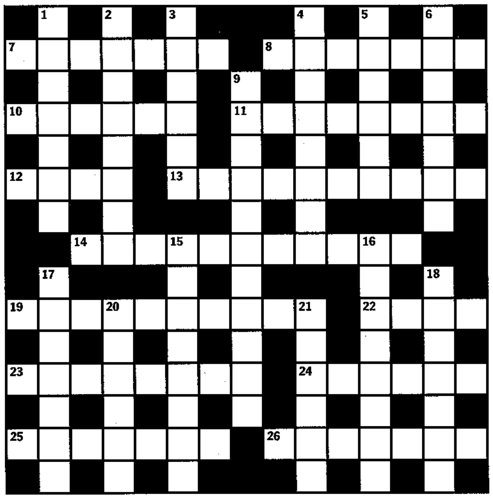
Special Guest DJ: Dr. Jerry Carroll

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

7 Stoker keeps backside hot here. (7)
8 Attention, please! (he said)—not true here. (7)
10 Doing a repair on a bird that's left off dragging its leg (fiendish business?). (6)
11 Former principals not shouldered by the young (3,5)
12 Where there's a law against love. (4)
13 Recited rapidly when demoralised and not working. (7,3)
14 Wilderness experiences, according to Mattins (poet's version). (11)
19 Primate getting round marshal to change hat. (7-3)
22 Essential to ship, it's removed from fruit. (4)
23 Hired by its backer first, it may pierce the floor. (8)
24 Interfere with underground workers at junction. (6)
25 Suitable place for poet's marriage? (7)
26 Fashionable piece of a liberal sort. (7)



NOTE: *7, 8, 12, 22, 25, 26, 1, 3, 5, 6, 9, 17, and 18 are of a kind.*

DOWN

1 Antimony in sordid spot. (7)
2 He once pledged himself to destroying the National Front with an ice-axe. (2-6)
3 Creative report: alternative—Welsh or Irish? (6)
4 Article missing from Roosevelt's policy—call on capital. (3,5)
5 East German's finish in Belgium. (5)
6 It makes some difference to transport. (7)
9 Where to give us a little Manchester hotpot. (11)
15 Former pupil who crossed the floor. (8)
16 In the matches game getting most of the heap is producing a destructive attitude. (8)
17 Where to get foreign pet food. (7)
18 It uses gas light on the outskirts. (7)
20 Country with a rule in the road. (6)
21 Quality of sound wood that's warped at the bottom. (6)

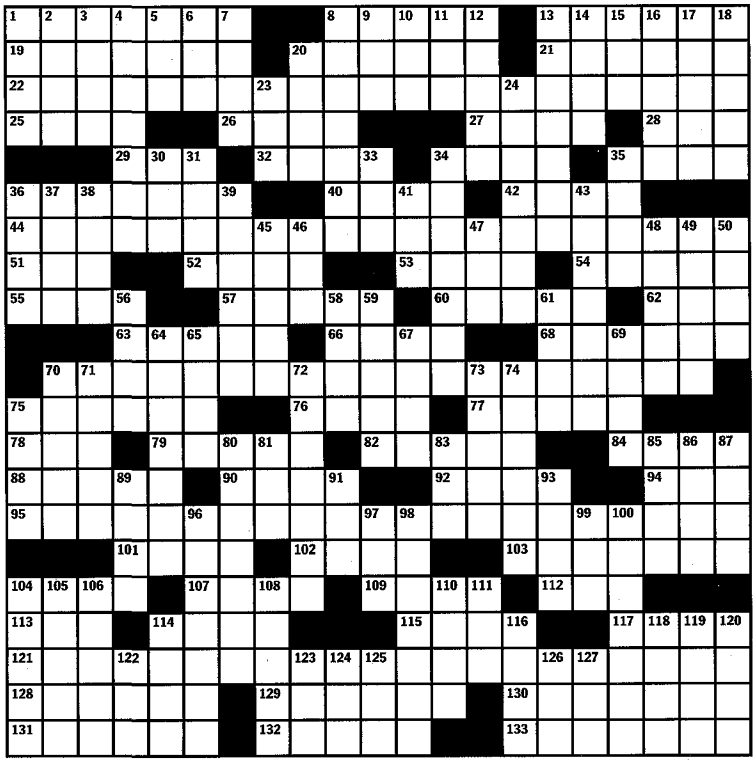
'Love Amid the Sea Life': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

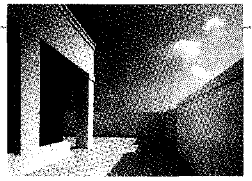
1 Admire excessively
8 Seat belt
13 Altar visitors
19 Devastated
20 "Lawrence of Arabia" star
21 Do over a gift
22 He said: "—— for me is to marry you."
25 Bed board
26 Fourth little piggy's share
27 Makes lace
28 "Ich bin —— Berliner"
29 Columnist Kupcinet
32 Bulb unit
34 Knox, for one
35 Clothed
36 Venezuelan river
40 —— En-lai
42 Newspaper section, for short
44 She said: "I must first ——."
51 Right from the oven
52 Saints, Portuguese style
53 Nobel Prize category: abbr.
54 Growing out
55 Athenian walkway
57 Louisiana's Long, and namesakes
60 Kingly
62 Roof metal
63 Hawaiian patio
66 Outermost Aleutian
68 Regret deeply
70 He said: "—— for an answer."
75 Wail over
76 Workers' rights agcy.
77 More than dislikes
78 Mauna ——
79 Religious factions
82 Apartment-house caretaker, informally
84 Risk-free
88 Great Lakes tribe
90 Rio girl of song
92 There are lodes of these
94 Bygone bird
95 She said: "—— any further objections."
101 The same, in footnotes: abbr.
102 Fight for breath
103 Septuagenarian's years
104 Tiffany merchandise
107 Miffed
109 Mountain lion
112 Lady Bird's successor
113 In the manner of
114 New Rochelle campus
115 U.S.S.R. planes
117 Abominable Snowman
121 They both said: "—— the news."
128 Director's shout
129 Staten, e.g.
130 Daughter of Polonius
131 Canned-heat trademark
132 Hindu's loincloth
133 Minks' relatives

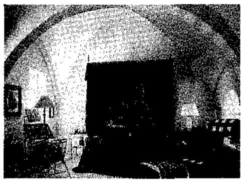
DOWN

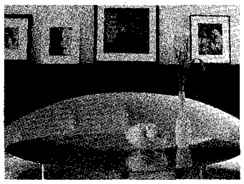
1 Part of B.A.
2 Arlene or Roald
3 Eye area
4 Wearing well
5 Back in time
6 —— Aviv
7 Adam's address
8 Aerobics warmup
9 Outbid
10 Milne marsupial
11 Boxing great
12 Basil-based sauce
13 Picturesque caverns
14 Umps' colleagues
15 It gives a hoot
16 Bay window
17 "Godfather" consortium
18 Shell out
20 Lady Chaplin
23 G.I. in a stalag
24 Jewelry-box item
30 Fish spawn
31 TV recorders
33 Second word of the Bible
34 Support on which a lever pivots
35 Neighbor of Mass.
36 Protest singer Phil
37 Kind of beer or canal
38 Look —— (investigate)
39 Certain Nebraskan
41 Hurray, to José
43 Marquand's "—— George Apley"
45 "I'll See —— My Dreams"
46 Compass pt.
47 No friend
48 Gone from the plate
49 Bee's revenge
50 Transmitted
56 Lowest female voice
58 Type of sailboat
59 Uses a swizzle stick
61 Dismounted
64 Stockpiled
65 Clementine's shoe size
67 No-no
69 Fail to hit
70 Actress —— Dana
71 Computer correspondence
72 In performance
73 Invitation information
74 Sultanas' lodgings
75 Gusted
80 Violin city of Italy
81 Twitch
83 "The Gold Bug" author
85 "—— for All Seasons"
86 A.J. of auto racing
87 Uncomplicated
89 The Yale team
91 Before a B
93 Big first for baby
96 Affirmative-negative choice
97 Cookery amt.
98 Ristorante ice cream
99 Eggs: Lat.
100 Amends wrong keyboarding
104 Red-carpet affairs
105 Campaign-poster word
106 Dull finish
108 Like a mad dog
110 Obey
111 One's born days
114 Sacred image
116 Pack away
118 Literary Gardner
119 Donkey pin-on
120 Take —— it comes
122 Knight's title
123 Smoker's evidence
124 Arafat's org.
125 Milliner's product
126 Unlatch: poetic
127 —— Na Na

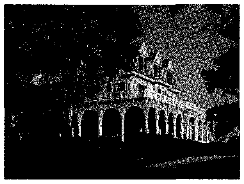


Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 94.









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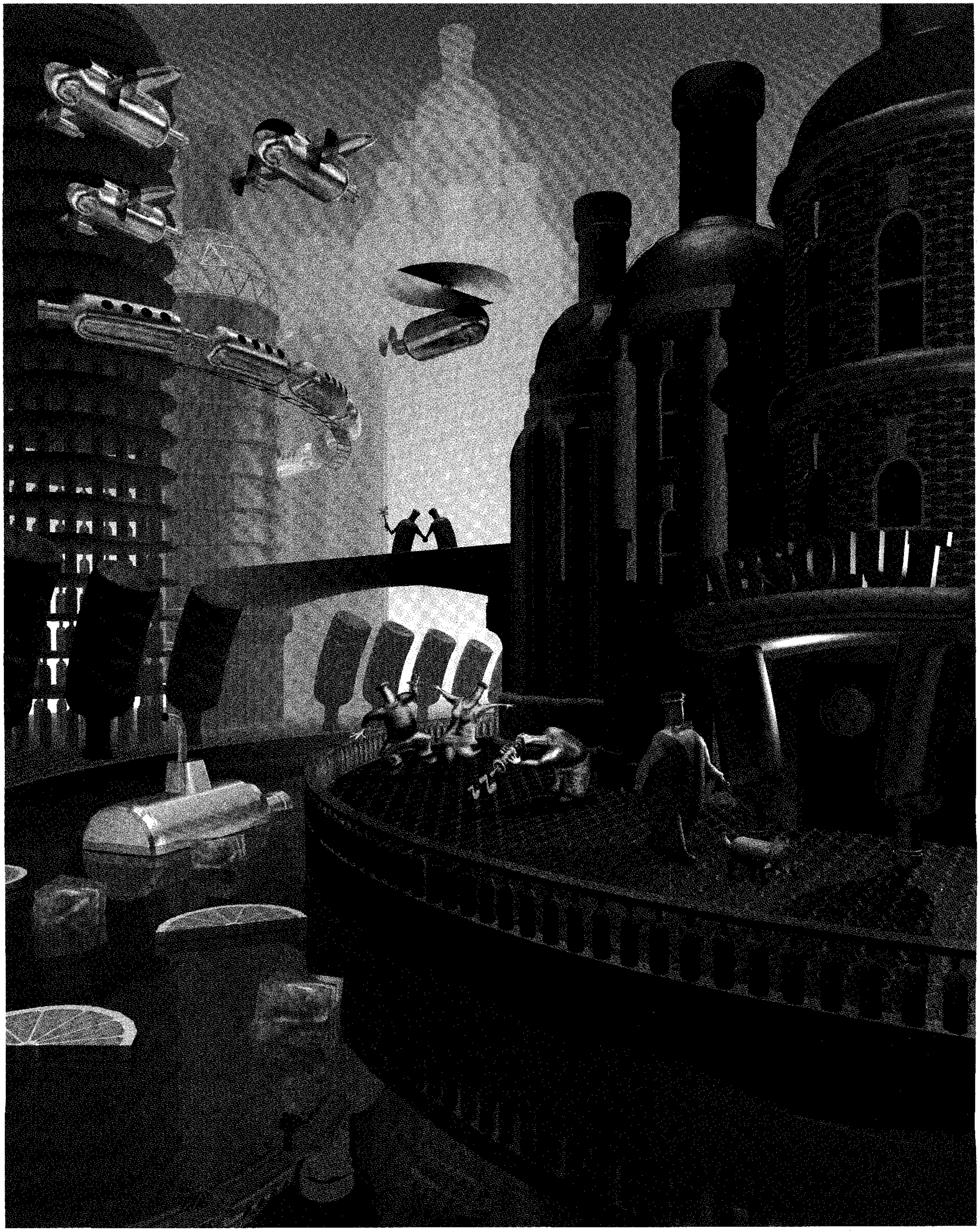

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